

You Prepare a Table

Paul Baloché

When the battle's fierce and the walls are crashing in
and I have no place to go, surrounded by my foes yet
not alone there's one thing I know
that they don't know.

If not for You I would surrender to my fears
and hope would surely slip a way I find comfort knowing
You are near, I'm ready to say
renew my strength

You prepare a table for me,
and bless me in the presence of my enemies
You fill me 'till my cup overflows,
and You restore my soul

I will lift up my eyes
to where my help comes from
I know You hear my cries,
You are my champion