

Beautiful History

Plumb

I have made mistakes
And I have been afraid
I have felt alone
Then you called my name

Things were crashing loudly
Happening all around me
But your still small voice
Was all that I could hear

"I am here
I'm holding you
You'll make it through this
I am here
I am here

I am here
I'm holding you
You'll make it through this
I am here
I am here"

Whenever you run away
Whenever you lose your faith
It's just another stroke of
The pen on the page

A lonely ray of hope
Is all that you need
To see
A beautiful history

Well I have been such a fool
When I have known the truth
I've wasted so much time
Doing what I want to do

I've been living solely
For myself and myself only
But your still small voice
Is whispering

Whenever you run away
Whenever you lose your faith
It's just another stroke
Of the pen on the page

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I toss and turn and scream
I try to do everything
With two feet on the ground
I just keep falling down again

I feel so far from home
Completely all alone
And then I hear you say
"I am here, I am here"

Whenever you run away
Whenever you lose your faith
It's just another stroke of
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