

Pictures In The Sky

Rich Mullins

Lord Jesus You are the One
Who made the heavens
And You'll take me there someday
But 'til that time they'll hang around
To say that You love me
And down here on earth
It's hard to keep in mind
When the days are hazy
The sun still shines
But if my head's in the clouds
It suits me just fine
'Cause they're what's above me

And there the world unfolds
Right before me
With whispers of hope
And shouts of glory

I like to see the pictures
Way up in the sky
It looks like moving pictures
When the clouds go by
I like to see the pictures
Way up in the sky
It looks like moving pictures
When the clouds go by (by, by, by)

Lord Jesus You are the One
Who sends the clouds
That roll along
On the crest of the wind
I look up I see in them Your power
See the vapor trail
Reddened in the setting sun
It's like a heavenly blessing
On a trail of crumbs
See the light beam burning bright
Shining like a rung
On Jacob's ladder

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When the clouds go . . . by (by, by, by)

(By, by, by)
I see another world
(By, by, by)
I see another world
(By, by, by)
I see another world