

## Watson Wayne

# "The Long Arm Of The Lord"

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Wayne Watson

Psalm 139:7-12/Isaiah 50:2

A million dark alleys you can hide in  
Dig a tunnel to the center of the earth  
Convinced you've got nobody to confide in  
Got you questioning the sum of what you're worth  
People label you the black sheep of the family  
Come collect upon your prodigal reward

Chorus

'Cause you can never outrun  
Or go beyond the reaches  
Of the long arm of the Lord  
I've been ashamed--I've been humbled and forgiven  
I've been chastened by my Father's loving hand  
But still, at times, I go on with my evil  
It seems to constitute the nature of a man  
But forgiveness is as close as my confession  
And my sin amputated by His sword

Chorus

If He gave to me all that I deserve  
This could be my final breath  
But with compassion in His eyes  
He's drawing me home  
Into His arms--Into His tender arms of rest  
There are pagans at the corners of creation  
Making light of the salvation that we know  
And with a small, narrow mind I give them over  
To the passion of the Godless seed they sow  
But, in truth, we have just as much potential  
To be Godly and perfected by the Word  
Repeat Chorus

My capacity for creative sin is never extended part  
God's  
capacity for restoration.

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