

Wayne Watson

"The Long Arm Of The Lord"

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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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