

Alathea

"Broken Down"

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I will come to You if You don't mind this mess
Cause I have brusehd up my act, but I'm still an
Orphan in rags trying to look her best

There's been talk all over town about the One who fixes
the broken down

I will come to You if You don't mind my unfaithfulness
Cause I have put my hand to the plow, but my spirit was
barely in it

There's been talk all in these parts about the One who
warms the coldest hearts

I will come to You if You don't mind my sorrow
Cause I have planted rows and rows,
But my sweat and tears won't make 'em grow

They're even talkin' on the farms about the One who
gathers us in His arms

He gathers us in His arms
So I will come to You if what they're sayin' is really true
Cause I have heard of blind that see, lame who walk, so
can You mend me?

I will gather all my stuff and bring it to the feet of
Jesus... Jesus
I will rise and go to Jesus--He won't mind my mess.

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