

## Clay Crosse "Time To Believe"

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Scott Cross

Ice is forming on the river  
The barges are held in tow  
Cold grey dawn, chilling to the bone  
Must be ten below  
Somehow you feel lost and alone out there  
Feeling like you ought to leave  
Such hard living in the cold cold world  
People its time to believe  
Sounds tear through the morning  
You pull yourself from your bed  
Try so hard to quiet your mind

Dodging thoughts of that lies dead ahead  
A chance to be dashed on the rocks  
Fooled by friendly lights  
Shining solely to deceive  
Such hard living in this cold cold world  
People its time to believe  
I say people its time to believe  
Remember when storm clouds come  
Soon the sky's gonna clear  
Just put your faith in Him  
Let Him wipe away your tears

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