

Denison Witmer "Miles"

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We'll get in my car around 10:30 that night
For the New York city skyline, destination of our sights
It's the biggest healing session that I've had for some
years
The laughter and the driving and the letting go of

She seems to have a way
Of making me feel
You always have a way
Of keeping me real

Hold me, my world is closing
Help me to keep it open

We stand in the parking lots
Of late afternoons
Talking of the ways we pray
For healing of wounds

She seems to have a way
Of bringing me down
You always have a way
Of bringing me out

Hold me, my world

We feel the push of
The love directed life for us
We feel the push of
The Christ directed life
The love directed life

Hold me, my world

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