

## Caedmons Call "Faith My Eyes"

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As I survey the ground for ants  
Looking for a place to sit and read  
And I'm reminded of the streets of my hometown  
How they're much like this concrete that's warm  
beneath my feet

And how I'm all wrapped up in my mother's face  
With a touch of my father just up around the eyes  
And the sound of my brother's laugh  
More wrapped up in what binds our ever distant lives

But if I must go  
Things I trust will be better off without me  
But I don't want to know  
'Cause life is better off a mystery

So keep 'em coming, these lines on the road  
And keep me responsible, be it a light or heavy load  
Keep me guessing with these blessings in disguise  
And I'll walk with grace my feet and faith my eyes

Hometown weather is on TV  
And I imagine the lives of the people living there  
And I'm curious if they imagine me  
'Cause they just wanna leave, I wish that I could stay

And I get turned around  
And I mistake my happiness for blessing  
And I'm blessed as the poor  
Still I judge success by how I'm dressing

So keep 'em coming, these lines on the road  
And keep me responsible, be it a light or heavy load  
Keep me guessing with these blessings in disguise  
And I'll walk with grace my feet and faith my eyes

So I'll sing a song of my hometown  
Breathe the air and walk the streets  
And maybe find a place to sit and read  
But the ants are welcome company

So keep 'em coming, these lines on the road

And keep me responsible, be it a light or heavy load  
To keep me guessing with these blessings in disguise  
And I'll walk with grace my feet and faith my eyes

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And I'll walk with grace my feet and faith my eyes

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