

Caedmons Call "Thousand Miles"

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Well, I have stolen, Lord, let me give
Well, I have left Your house a fugitive
And I have wandered in my own way
Squandered everything You gave
But my dying heart You saved and let me live

Well, I have cursed the air and clenched my fists
I have hungered for Your righteousness
And I have tried to walk the line
I drew between Your heart and mine
But You forgive me every time the mark is missed

So take my broken offering and make it whole
And set my feet upon the road that leads me home
Let me walk as one fixed upon the goal
Even though I've got a thousand miles to go

Well, I have sought Your grace in my defense
And I have plundered Your magnificence
Until my journey is complete
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
That I might sow what I have reaped from Your great
love

So take my broken offering and make it whole
And set my feet upon the road that leads me home
Let me walk as one fixed upon the goal
Even though I've got a thousand miles to go

As I struggle for Your hand
You use me in ways I can't understand
You take this sinful man and renew me
Working through me

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