

Jan Wickline "Artist"

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Artist, finding your brush then you paint my days
Holding my thoughts as they fade away
Knowing inside we are one, one

Poet, jotting the words that will light my ways
Slicing the bread that will be my pay
Knowing inside we are free, free

And all the endless pasts wouldn't spill the time
Our friendship lasts
Wouldn't you be mine
We'll make it through our ways

Believer, holding my hand as I walk alone
Believing where I stand and then I'm shown
Deep down inside we are one,
As we love our home

Keeper, knowing the words to the songs I sing
Smiling at me and my foolish things
Knowing inside we are one, one

Artist, finding your brush then you paint my ways
Holding my thoughts as they fade away
Knowing inside we are one, one

Lover, sharing the fruits from the tree of life
Knowing you'll care for me all my life
Knowing inside we are one, one

And all the endless pasts wouldn't spill the time
Our friendship lasts
Wouldn't you be mine
We'll make it through our ways.

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