

John Mark McMillan

"Let The Good Things Come"

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Oh, she'd walk down every road I ever set my eyes
upon
Wish she could take care of every dream I ever set my
heart upon
I wish she could step free of every weight I ever leaned
my weight upon
Laying low, let the good things come
Laying low, let the good things come
Wish she could walk out of every scene of every game I
ever played
I wish she could move on from every place in every
town I ever stayed
I wish she could let go and hold on on anything I
wanted to
Letting go, let the good things come
Letting go, let the good things come
Laying low, let the good things come
Letting go, let the good things come
I wish she could see you in better times and longer
days to waste away
I wish she could be you and see the world another way,
another way
I wish she could get through to every face and every
friend I ever knew

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