

Michael W. Smith

"The Way"

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Words & Music: Gary Chapman, Tim Marsh, and Michael W. Smith

Caught in a dream of where I want to be
Wrapped in a web of where I am
I feel a wall between what is and what should be
You find me waiting for a miracle
You hear me praying for a plan
You are the only one prepared to rescue me
Chorus:
Then You take away the distance
Found between the truth and me
And You give a simple reason to my restless rhyme
Whoa, hide me in the heaven
You have held within Your hand
And make a way to find a way to soothe my mind

There is a way that might seem right to me
A dim reflection of what's good
Just an illusion of the best that I can be
But there's another path You offer me
I wish I always understood
Some way You see right through my thoughts
And know my needs

Chorus

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