

Normals

"The Best I Can"

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I sometimes hide behind my words
Sometimes Iâ€™m round the corner from these songs
But words are only words
Like days are only days
And Iâ€™m nothing for just singing along
The air is hot in Florida
The rain is cold in Maine
The thaw is flooding Washington
And this all feels the same
But Youâ€™ve brought me to this place where thereâ€™s
nothing else but faith
And this is what I have been given and I will make the
best I can
Thereâ€™s a joy we find in living and a love thatâ€™s in
Your hand
Casonâ€™s always talking about the sky that covers
Kansas
And I wish I could be under it today
Iâ€™m tired of all the spinning lies
Tired of all this killing time
Tired of always getting in the way
I wish I could conjure up a love song
Wish I could pray the way my friends do back home
Is there a part of You that I still donâ€™t believe
â€™Cause this is not what I thought I had been praying
for
But this is what I have been given and I will make the
best I can
Thereâ€™s a joy we find in living and a love thatâ€™s in
Your hand
Someday some girl will find my words beautiful
Someday some son will call me dad
Someday I wonâ€™t wake to find myself lying in another
cold and lonely hotel bed
Someday Iâ€™ll trade in this guitar for a city of golden
praise
Someday I wonâ€™t be here any longer
Someday but this is what I have been given
And I will make the best I can
Thereâ€™s a joy we find in living
And a love thatâ€™s in Your hand

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