

Paul Alan

"Canyon"

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And the river runs deep
Passing gracefully by
Beautiful to behold
Still there's more than meets the eye
The rises and falls
At the whim of the tide
Her every turn a mystery
Still she rolls on faithfully

And she winds her way along the barren countryside
Bringing hope as only a river can
And all the world's alive
And all the world's alive again

And the river is home
To the weary and weak
Redemption waiting at her side
Making miracles of hopes and dreams

And she winds her way along the barren countryside
Bringing hope as only a river can
And all the world's alive
And all the world's alive
And all the world's alive
And all the world's alive again
The world's alive again

And she sweeps away the life of bitter tears I've cried
All that once was old
Suddenly new
And this guarded heart a mountain cold with pain and
pride
The she carves a canyon through
She carves a canyon

And all the world's alive
And all the world's alive
And all the world's alive
And all the world's alive again

