

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower

"Long, Long Way"

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This is the hard part
Stopping to ask for directions
Sketching with these dirty colors just where I am

You might have heard me
Artfully dodging the buzz words
Scoffing at your insinuation
Of just where I am

I'm a long long way
From where I left to begin this refrain
From where Your mercy and grace remain
From where you sit is it true
It's not that far to You

It happened slowly
Feet falling hard on the pavement
Eyes reaching into the distance
Toward empty sunsets

Didn't I need to break out, want to be king
Wouldn't I face the gallows if I return
Or is a man freely pardoned
As I have heard

Precious Jesus
Where can I flee from Your Spirit
You know me too well.

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