

Nicole Nordeman

"Help me believe"

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Help me believe

Take me back to the time
When I was maybe eight or nine
And I believed
When Jesus walked on waters blue
And if He helped me, I could too
If I believed

Before rationale, analysis and systematic thinking
Robbed me of a sweet simplicity
When wonders and when mysteries
Were far less often silly dreams
And childhood fantasies

Help me believe
'Cause I don't want to miss any miracles
Maybe I'd see much better by closing my eyes
And I would shed this grownup skin I'm in
To touch an angel's wing
And I would be free
Help me believe

When mustard seeds made mountains move
A burning bush that spoke for You was good enough
When manna fell from heavens high
Just because You told the sky to open up

Am I too wise to recognise that everything uncertain
Is certainly a possibility?
When logic fails my reasoning
And science crushes underneath
The weight of all that is unseen

Help me believe
'Cause I don't want to miss any miracles
Maybe I'd see much better by closing my eyes
And I would shed this grownup skin I'm in
To touch an angel's wing
And I would be free
Help me believe

When someone else's education
Plays upon my reservations
I'm the first to cave, I'm the first to bleed

If I abandon all that seeks
To make my faith informed and chic
Could You, would You show Yourself to me?

Help me believe
'Cause I don't want to miss any miracles
Maybe I'd see much better by closing my eyes
And I would shed this grownup skin I'm in
To touch an angel's wing
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