## Nichole Nordeman "Help Me Believe"

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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 one of their wings
And I would be free
I would be free
I would be free
Help me believe
Help me believe
Could You, would You show Yourself to me
Could You, would You shoy Yourself to me
Help me believe

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