Hilary Weeks "The Perfect Prayer"

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I may not know just what to say
Or how to put it into words sometimes.
My tongue gets tied
All the words of other men
Seem to sound so eloquent
Compared to mine.
When my brokenness is all I have to share
I may stumble and stutter, but to You
It's the perfect prayer.

I want to speak words from my heart
But I just don't know where to start sometimes.
What are my lines
I may not please the ear of man
But somehow You still understand
And It's all right.
If I'm honest You will meet me anywhere
And anything I whisper in Your name
Is the perfect prayer.

If I stood and paid You tribute With a long impassioned speech It still wouldn't mean as much As when I fall to my knees.

When my silences are all I have to share My quiet time I spend in thoughts of You Is the perfect prayer.

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