

Paula Cole "Comin' Down"

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Lord, make me a lightnin' bolt to burn off this ring
Comin' down, comin' down
Lord, make me a skilsaw to cut through these chains
Comin' down, comin' down
Lord, give me the clarity to see through this smoke
And salvage the woman comin' down

Lord, make me an arrow to pierce through the lies
Comin' down, comin' down
Lord, make me a lens to better see my life
Comin' down, comin' down
Lord, make me an instrument to sing away the pain
This rushing river, comin' down

I'm free, here in the mountains of peace, may I be
I see the greatness above and the smallness of me

Lord, I'm mistaken in the choices that I make
Comin' down, comin' down
I made me a prison that should've been a man
Comin' down, comin' down
Lord, help me discover the courage to be
To handle these changes comin' down

I'm free, here in the mountains of peace, may I be
I see the greatness above and the smallness of me
So free, here in the garden awake consciously
I see the greatness within, the greatness in me

Lord, I'm your instrument, I'll shoulder the weight
Comin' down, comin' down
Feeling emotions in a deeper shade
Comin' down, comin' down
I'll be the one who puts them to song
And liberate the heartache comin' down

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