

Phil Joel "Author of Life"

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Things aren't exactly what I thought they would be
I won't pretend, disappointment's never free
The sky's on fire, feels like the sky's on fire

I may be young but I'm feeling old
Like somebody borrowed years
And I found out they got sold
But I still love You, although my sky's on fire

To the author of life, be the author of my life
To the author, do You hear me sing? Hear me sing

Swallow my pride, let go inside
Show me Your ways
Refine me and I'll still love You
Although my sky's on fire

To the author of life, be the author of my life
To the author, do You hear me sing?
To the author, do You hear me

I see You've been hanging in there
Looking back, I've been running everywhere
I've done it my way for far too long
Like I promised You years before
I say, "All I have is Yours, all I have is Yours"

And to the author of life, be the author of my life
To the author, do You hear me sing?
And to the author of life, be the author of my life
To the author, do You hear me sing? Hear me sing

Swallow my pride, let go inside
Show me Your ways, refine me
Swallow my pride, let go inside
Show me Your ways, refine me
Swallow my pride, let go inside
Show me Your ways, refine me

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