

Pocket Full Of Rocks "Falling"

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Father it remains to me a mystery
Why You still love me
When You see the bad in me
You show me mercy
You show me grace
You call me Your own
Day by day I'm finding out, just a little more
Just exactly what the journey is for
It is to love You, hold You, touch You,
to call You my own, my own
And I trade treasure, I trade fame, just to hear You
speak my name
I've been touched by You and I will never be the same
I will never be the same for
I am falling more and more in love with You my King
My heart sings a song that even angels cannot sing
Father it remains to me a mystery
Why You still love me, when You see the bad in me
You show me mercy
You show me grace
And You call me Your own
Day by day I'm finding out, just a little more
Just exactly what this journey is for
It is to love You, hold You, touch You, to call You my
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