

## **Rich Mullins**

### **"Here In America"**

Visit "[Here In America](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Saints and children we have gathered here to hear the  
sacred story  
And I'm glad to bring it to you with my best rhyming  
and rhythm  
'Cause I know the thirsty listen and down to the waters  
come  
And the Holy King of Israel loves me here in America  
And if you listen to my songs I hope you hear the water  
falling  
I hope you feel the oceans crashing on the coast of  
north New England  
I wish I could be there just to see them, two summers  
past I was  
And the Holy King of Israel loves me here in America  
And if I were a painter I do not know which I'd paint  
The calling of the ancient stars or assembling of the  
saints  
And there's so much beauty around us for just two eyes  
to see  
But everywhere I go I'm looking  
And once I went to Appalachia for my father he was  
born there  
And I saw the mountains waking with the innocence of  
children  
And my soul is still there with them wrapped in the  
songs they brought  
And the Holy King of Israel loves me here in America  
And I've seen by the highways on a million exit ramps  
Those two-legged memorials to the laws of  
happenstance  
Waiting for four-wheeled messiahs to take them home  
again  
But I am home anywhere if You are where I am  
And if you listen to my songs I hope you hear the water  
falling  
I hope you feel the oceans crashing on the coast of  
north New England  
I wish I could be there just to see them, two summers  
past I was  
And the Holy King of Israel loves me here in America

Visit [Rich Mullins](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

