

Sara Groves

"Maybe There's A Loving God"

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Oh

I'm trying to work things out

I'm trying to comprehend

Am I the chance result

Of some great accident?

I hear a rhythm call me

The echo of a grand design

I spend each night in the backyard

Staring up at the stars in the sky

I have another meeting today

With my new counselor

My Mom will cry and say

"I don't know what to do with her

She's so unresponsive

I just cannot break through

She spends all night in the backyard

Staring up at the stars and the moon"

Oh

They have a chart and a graph

Of my despondency

They want to chart a path

For self-recovery

And want to know what I'm thinking

What motivates my mood

To spend all night in the backyard

Staring up at the stars and the moon

Maybe this was made for me

For lying on my back in the middle of a field

And maybe that's a selfish thought

Or maybe there's a loving God

And maybe I was made this way

To think and to reason and to question and to pray

And I've never prayed a lot

But maybe there's a loving God

And maybe this was made for me
For lying on my back in the middle of a field
Maybe that's a selfish thought
Or maybe there's a loving God

Maybe I was made this way
To think and to reason and to question and to pray
And I have never prayed a lot
But maybe there's a loving God

And that maybe a foolish thought
Or maybe there is a God
And I have never prayed a lot
And maybe there's a loving God

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