

Call Caedmon's "Faith My Eyes"

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As I survey the ground for ants
Looking for a place to sit and read
I'm reminded of the streets of my hometown
And how they're much like this concrete
That's warm beneath my feet
And how I'm all wrapped up in my mother's face
With a touch of my father just around the eyes
And the sound of my brother's laugh
But more wrapped up in what binds our ever distant
lives

But if I must go
Things I trust will be better off without me
But if I don't want to know
Life is better off a mystery

So keep 'em coming, these lines on the road
And keep me responsible, be it a light or heavy load
Keep me guessing with these blessings in disguise
And I'll walk with grace my feet and faith my eyes

Hometown weather is on TV
And I imagine the lives of the people living there
And I'm curious if they imagine me
They just want to leave
I wish that I could stay'

But I get turned around
And I mistake my happiness for blessing
And I'm blessed with the poor
Still I judge success by how I'm dressing

So I'll sing a song of my hometown
Breathe the air and walk the streets
Maybe find a place to sit and read
But the ants are welcomed company

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