

## Stephen Speaks "Doubting Thomas"

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(TJ McCloud)

All my life I've been reaching toward something  
Believing these hands could get me through  
As my heart collects dust upon the shelves of my life  
My hands are busy working up to you  
And it seems that this goes on forever  
One more rung on a ladder ten miles high  
And as I sweat working one hand or the other every day  
I look up, see the distance, start to cry

"So I'm doubting Thomas and what can I do  
When my sand castles don't get me closer to you  
(And the waves) wash away what I thought was the  
truth  
In my hands, I have to open up my heart."

My arms worn out from punching the air  
As if I'm fighting with opponents never there  
Yet I know deep inside that this fight is with my soul  
Stop spitting in the wind and let the father take control

"chorus"

My hands are tied I'm drowning  
My hands are tied what can I do  
My hands are tied I'm drowning without you

"chorus"

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