

The Waiting

"Indian Summer"

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The day's divided my attention
Like a thousand days before
So as darkness falls around me
I'm in need of something more
For the wretch from the Redeemer
For the sinner from the Son
Who is arrayed in light forever
Who is the only Holy One
His heart has never hardened
His tongue has never lied
He sure has affected my pride

So I've harbored my redemption
And I've gathered my regrets
And I've gathered my regrets
And I've struggled like a debtor
Who's still carrying his debts
I've wandered like an orphan
Down every dirty street
Till I stood before the Man
Who bent down to wash my feet
And then He brought me to His table
A son He never denied
He sure has affected my pride

I used to put You to the test
Used to barrel out my chest
So much bigger than the rest
But now I'm crawling on my face
For a Savior's saving grace
It looks like You've finally put me
Into a place where I realize

It's time we got together
A Father and His son
The day threw dice for my affection
And now You're the only One
Who interprets my condition
Who sees clearly through the wreck
Who saw me crumble 'neath the weight
Of this piece of tin around my neck

A cross I never could've carried
No matter how hard I tried
He sure has affected my pride
Yeah, He sure has affected my pride

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