

# Amy Grant, Lead Me On

(Amy Grant, Michael W. Smith, Wayne Kirkpatrick)

Shoulder to the wheel  
For someone else's selfish gain  
Here there is no choosing  
Working the clay  
Wearing their anger like a ball and chain  
Fire in the field  
Underneath the blazing sun  
But soon the sun was faded  
And freedom was a song  
I heard them singing when the day was done  
Singing to the holy one

[Chorus:]

Lead me on  
Lead me on  
To a place where the river runs  
Into your keeping, oh  
Lead me on  
Lead me on  
The awaited deliverance  
Comforts the seeking...lead on

Waiting for the train  
Labelled with a golden star  
Heavy hearted boarding  
Whispers in the dark  
"Where are they going-is it very far?"  
Bitter cold terrain  
Echoes of a slamming door  
In chambers made for sleeping  
Forever  
Voices like thunder in a mighty roar  
Cry to the lord

[Chorus]

Man hurts man  
Time and time, time again  
And we drown in the wake of our power  
Somebody tell me why

[Chorus 2x]