

Bebo Norman, Lake City

Well even in the light of day
We somehow slipped away
Into the city down by the lake.
And just beyond the crowded streets
We found a place to meet
Where the grass was greener.
And how we did sing beneath our God.

And the measure of that place
Was the pleasure on your face
As the music starts to rise
And the sun did fall.
But when the melody was young
Until the singers all were sung
The Maker of the skies,
Well He just smiled on.

And the move was fine...
Beneath the mountain city walls
It was a picture of us all
And our hearts were laughing
As the band did play
Until the music took our feet
To the motion of the street,
This grass was bluer
And how we did dance
On the yellow lines.

And the measure of that place
Was the pleasure on your face
As the music starts to rise
And the sun did fall.
But when the melody was young
Until the singers all were sung,
The Maker of the skies,
Well He just smiled on.

When the darkness finally fell
The mountains cast their spell
And we were together
With our eyes upheld
To the passion in the sky,
Our God and country lights.
It's an endless matter and how we did shine,
How we did shine beneath that night.

And the measure of that place
Was the pleasure on your face
As the music starts to rise
And the sun did fall.
But when the melody was young
Until the singers all were sung
The Maker of the skies,
Well He just smiled on.