## Michael W. Smith, Reach Out To Me

Another million miles from the truth now I know there's peace but I can't figure out how
To stop this race that's taking over me I'm under the gun I wait for you to see

Chorus:

Oh, please reach out to me Open my eyes to see I'm running from you now Come rescue me somehow

Another scar from fighting the truth now Has left me like a stranger to my need now A masquerade, a game to figure out now A cruel charade I cannot scream aloud

A narrow stretch of road in the way now A heavy load still hanging on to me now I'm in a maze that I can't seem to get out Without a view from these shoulders of doubt