

# Stephen Speaks, Doubting Thomas

All my life I've been working 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 sandcastles 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 arm's 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

So I'm Doubting Thomas and what can I do  
When my sandcastles don't get me closer to you  
As they all wash away what I thought was the truth  
In my hands, I have to open up my heart.

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

So I'm Doubting Thomas and what can I do  
When my sandcastles don't get me closer to you  
As they all wash away, look for a truth  
In my hands, I have to open up my heart.

So I'm Doubting Thomas and what can I do  
When my sandcastles don't get me closer to you  
As they all wash away and search for the truth  
In my hands, I have to open up my heart.