

Just You

Words by Cal Chowning, music by Terah Lynn, (c) 2011

Whatever, O Lord, that you desire
To suffer the flood, to trudge the mire
If clouds must gather, should the sun shine fair -
I accept these things from you.
I accept these things from you.

But if some things you'd let me ask,
The blood poured forth from out your flask;
Fire and light to work within -
These things I want from you.
These things I want from you.

And though the flesh will raise its head
To come against that pure blood shed;
Send forth that fire and light the more -
These things I need from you.

Though I know now what these things be –
This fire, this light, that come from Thee;
If fire and light be what You are,
Then, it's You I want...just You.
Then, it's You I want...just You.