

The Blackboard

By Ken Weatherford

I sit here in confusion; I don't know why
I sit here on my own self-reliance; it's time to cry out for You, Lord.
And I'm waiting; I'm waiting for You to show me.
Why can't you write it on a blackboard?

Your will for my life;
I need Your will for my life;
I need Your will for my life;
I need Your will.

I sit here and wallow in my pain; I feel such shame for what I've done.
I sit here on my own without You. Why can't I fix it my way?
I can't do it; no, I need You.
So take my life, take my will, through Your grace to me reveal

Your will for my life;
I need Your will for my life;
I need Your will for my life;
I need Your will.

So I will wait for Your glory to shine in my life;
For while I sit in this fire, I am refined through Your life.
Into Your hands I commit to You my all, 'cause it's not mine;
So let Your glory shine.

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