

O Lord, sometimes I'm stupid

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And foolish right inside
I let things live within me
Like anger, fear and pride.

Sometimes, like Frank Sinatra
I like things done "my way"
But that just leads to trouble
At the end of the day.

Each one of us has things
That destroy that perfect peace
That You died to give us:
But You can make storms cease.

Teach us, Lord, to walk with You
Though we cannot see the way.
Let us know what You would want
Us to think, and want and say.

And when we're submitted
To Your perfect will
We'll wonder why we worried
And life becomes a thrill!

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