

DESERT OF MY DAYS
WORDS & MUSIC GORDON JENSEN

IN THE DESERT OF MY DAYS
THERE CAME NO COOLING RAIN
AND THE BURNING SUN STALKED ME WITHOUT MERCY
AND I CRIED OUT AT THE TIME
I MUST BE PAYING FOR SOME CRIME
AND IN MY LONELINESS IT SEEMED NOBODY HEARD ME

CHORUS:
THE DAYS WERE WEEKS, THE WEEKS WERE MONTHS
THE MONTHS SEEMED YEARS
IN THE DUST AND SAND A THIRSTY MAN
BATTLES FEAR
PRAYING HELP WOULD APPEAR

IN THE DESERT OF MY YEARS
THERE FELL NO RAIN, ONLY TEARS
AS I STRUGGLED ON WITH HOPE ALONE TO LING TO
THE RUGGED HILLS ALL LOOKED THE SAME
ACROSS THE ENDLESS DRY TERRAIN
AND TO THE SILENT SKIES I CRIED "MY GOD WHERE ARE YOU?"

AND THEN HE CAME TO ME
IN A COOL AND GENTLE BREEZE
AND IN A HEALING RAIN
I HEAR HIM SAY "I LOVE YOU"
I'VE BEEN HERE MY CHILD
EVERY WEARY MILE
OH THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TIMES
WHEN IT SEEMED LIKE I'D FORGOTTEN YOU

AND I'VE LED YOU THROUGH
THE BARREN DESERT TO
THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY
NOW BEFORE YOU
YES I'VE LED YOU THROUGH
THE BARREN DESERT TO
THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY
THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY
THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY NOW BEFORE YOU