

THE PATHS OF GRACE

(Diary of an agnostic)

Words & Music Stuart Townend & Mark Edwards

♩ = 92

1. Well, I can't understand | $\frac{4}{4}$ F#m7 | A | E | E |
how a rational man could admit to this,
but somewhere deep inside
there's a visceral cry for something more than this. | F#m7 | A | E | E |
So is it a stone or a beating heart?
Is it oil on canvas or work of art?
A hunger for meaning | A/B | G#m/B | F#m/B | E/B |
that's more than a trick of the mind?
Or am I a note in a beautiful song,
with a great Orchestrator who says I belong? | A/B | G#m/B | F#m/B | E/B |

2. At the side of the road | A/B | G#m/B | C^{o7} | C#m7 | F#m7 |
where the lavender grows there's a hint of You.
In the smile of surprise,
in the look of the eyes, just a glimpse of You.
A mystery pulses beneath the skin, | A | F#m7 | B^{7(sus4)} | E | A | F#m7 |
with places and times where the layers are thin;
oh, give me the courage to dig
through the mud and the mire | 1. | B^{7(sus4)} | E | E | :||
to find what's been calling me all along,
a Love that embraces and says I belong.

3. So I called to the sky,
and the whispered reply sounded next to me.
He was here all along
through the rain and the sun watching over me.
And I'm learning to walk in the paths of grace: | 2. | B^{7(sus4)} | F#m7 | F#m7 | A | A |
it's not where you are, it's the way you face. | F#m7 | F#m7 | A | A | B^{7(sus4)} | :||
The past is behind,
and the future is safe in His hands.

There's joy in this knowing and being known,
and I may be a pilgrim who's far from home,
but I know where I'm going
and where I belong. | 3. | B^{7(sus4)} | E | A/B | G#m/B | $\frac{6}{4}$ B^{7(sus4)} | $\frac{4}{4}$ |
|| $\frac{4}{4}$ F#m7 | F#m7 | A | A | :||
i.-iii.

iv. | Dmaj7 | Dmaj7 | 7 | E | ||