

Desperate Times

Lord, it's getting to be desperate times
Why do you seem to delay
In responding to my pressing needs
That I remind you of each day?

In my mind I know that you
Will come through in the end,
But in my heart emotions rise
And I worry and fret again

Help me, Lord, at those times
To give it again to you,
Help me know deep in my heart
That you will pull me through

And that you fully understand
Exactly where I'm at,
Though circumstances do not change,
In you, I shall not lack

Everything when given to you
Will work out for my good,
For when I cast my care on you,
It's then, that it's understood

That it's just a matter of your timing
In responding to my need,
For often it's because you're doing
A deeper work in me

So all that's left for me to do,
The one thing that is sure,
Is to put my trust in you each day,
For nothing matters more.

In desperate times