

Why

Why is it that I have to strive
To gain my Father's love,
When all it takes is trusting in
His promise from above?

Why do I go on asking men
When something's not quite right?
I just have to go to Him
And leave it in His sight.

Why do I, Lord, when I am ill,
Start picking up the phone?
The answer's there, quite obvious,
Just take it to the throne.

Why do I feel so nervous when
The money's running out?
Why not give it to our Lord
So He can use His clout?

Why do I simply persevere
In being second best,
When I can be a son and heir
And come into His rest?

Why do I feel so oft ashamed
When talking 'bout my Lord?
I've got to place Him higher than,
And live in His accord.

Why do you bother with me, Lord,
Why do you persevere?
"Because my son, I love you, and
Enjoy you being near."

Why can't I trust with all I am,
Just what is wrong with me?
Help me, Lord, and give me faith,
This is my simple plea.

Why do I always have to doubt
When healing's on the go?
I have a God of miracles and
Why can't I trust him so?

Why can't I hear that still small voice,
That gently cautions me,
Who only wants a closer walk,
Whose faithfulness I see?

Why can't I say, "I love you, Lord,"
Each time I start to pray?
He's waiting for these timely words
As I draw near each day.

Why is it, Lord, You love me so?
You know what I've been through,
You keep on loving every day,
I've much to learn from You.

Why did you die upon that cross,
Why did You die for me?
I wasn't holy that far back,
You still hung on the tree.

Why have You, Lord, forgiven me
For all the wrong I've done?
Is that the reason that He died,
Your precious only Son?

Why do I cry a lot these days?
With prayers it seems to start,
Is the reason, could it be,
That I can feel your heart?

Why do You, Lord, put up with me?
I don't think I'm the best,
Could it be You're asking that
I come into Your rest?

Why do I strive to be the best,
Impress all other men?
And to me the answer is
Psalm 46 verse 10.

Why do You keep on blessing me
When I've done something wrong?
Why do I feel Your presence near,
Anointing is so strong?

Why do I need You every day,
Why do I need Your throne?
Don't tell me, Lord; the answer is
I'm helpless on my own.

Why is it when I pull away,
You always feel so near?
Could it be You're letting me
Embrace my biggest fear?

Why do we always have to pray?
It seems like so much fuss,
Could the simple reason be
You want to talk to us?

Why is it that I have two ears
And only have one mouth?
Do I have to listen more
And close my north and south?

Why do I have a ministry
With problems I can't meet?
Why can't I sit contentedly
And worship at Your feet?

Why do I always rant and rave
When I can't get my way?
Why can't I keep my mouth shut
So You can have Your say?

Why can't I take my hands off, Lord,
And let You be in charge?
Why do I gather problems that
Just seem to me too large?

Why can't I cry to my dear Lord?
"Oh, Father, You're the boss,
Don't leave me, Lord, please never do,
I couldn't stand the loss."

Why is it, when we go to shop,
Our wallet's feeling small?
Shouldn't we give 90 and
Take 10 into the wall?

Why do we tithe just 10 percent
To Jesus? is my call,
He didn't give just 10 percent,
He died and gave it all.

Why does our church have sessions that
Don't differ week to week?
Why don't we close up shop and let
The Holy Spirit speak?

Why is it, Lord, is it so hard
That You have died for me?
If only I could grasp that fact
And make my home with Thee.

Why do I say a lot of whys?
My confidence feels flat,
I need to be with Holy Ghost,
And He'll put paid to that!

Why have You made me for this time,
What is it I can do?
To give it all away, my Lord,
So I can be with You.

Why is it, Lord, that You require
That we must give our all?
It just won't work with half of it
In answer to Your call.

Why must we try to save the lost
When our lives feel so good?
The answer lies upon our hearts,
I really know we should.

Why is it, Lord, You're by our side
When we feel we must go?
To take the gospel to the world
Your faithfulness will show.