

# 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.