

I'm making a mess of it all, I can't do it right,

I'm picking up pieces of paper and dropping them through the night;

I want to do the right thing but litter litters my mind,

I am trying to do what I should do but heaven is hard to find.

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I know Jesus is the centre of it all and he can always fix my mess,

He's the king and messiah coming back to take me home after I confess;

He'll forgive my sin and help me get back on the right road again,

He'll show me the light at the end of the tunnel to find my way then.

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I know I keep going the wrong way but God keeps drawing me back to him,

When I'm down and out and forsaken he leads me to stop my whim;

In the deepest darkest desire of my heart and my soul is caught in sin,

He teaches me to be whole again and leads me to live and to win.

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I'm making a mess of it all because I can't even put it down right,

I'm trying to write my way out of it all but God will win the fight;

I'm trying to learn to live and love instead of dying and going to hell,

Where he works out everything for me and my life it will turn out well.

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I know I'm making a mess of it all with temptations offered by,

The devil who tricks and fools me to let me think not to try;

But I want to be more like Jesus and I really want to do what's right,

And I write this along the lines to find his design and sure sight;

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I know I'm making a mess of it all and I really need pray and care,

For I'm not smart enough to do it alone and the Lord is in the air;

I know I'm making a mess of it all even when I try the best I can,

For I always fall short of God's Glory because I deny and doubt and plan.

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Signed,

Get me out of this

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