

Weary to the Bone

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Sunday, 29 June 2008 18:56 -

Has the dregs of life filled your cup?
And you are down more than you are up?
The rut I am in I just seem to stay.
It has just been another miserable day.
No one sees the things in my life, the mess I am in, No one is able to help, not my family nor my kin.
The things in my life are up to my chin, Nothing I try, nothing I do I can't seem to win.
It seems there is really no right way to turn.
Oh, if things could be better, for them I do yearn.
But no matter how hard I try, Crying never seems to help, but I still cry.
Is there never any joy, is there never any peace, For my sorrow for my pains will it ever cease?
Is this all there is to life?
Is it always toils and strife?
Can't I find just a little peace and rest?
Is this all there is, is this the best?
Must I stay weary to the bone?
Must I wish I had never been born?
Is there any way out of what I am going through?
Can anyone help, or tell me what to do?
Yes, there is someone, Jesus is His name.
He is Lord of yesterday, and forever. He is the same.
Lord, I have been told I could come to You, That You care and that You would know what to do.

Now, Lord, I turn my miserable life over to You, Because I sure don't know what else to do.