

Pulling in the Oars

by Kirtana (on CD *A Deeper Surrender*)

I'm pulling in the oars of this tiny boat,
growing weary of the rowing
and all the effort to reach some shore,
when it's not sure where I'm going

Rising with the tide, breaking with the wave,
I surrender any notion
that there is someone here to save --
as if I'm separate from the ocean!

And I surrender to the mystery
In the lap of God I rest my case
The force that bore this world can carry me
Who am I to question grace?

I surrender...

Who dreamed me into form?

I surrender...

Whose will sustains me?
Who brings what comes my way?
And when I die, who claims me?

I surrender...

I surrender to love.

Looking back, sometimes I have to laugh
What a lot of work it's been,
clinging to a sinking raft,
just to keep from falling in

So drown me in your darkest pain,
your softest kiss, your sweet despair
I've seen your face now and I know your
name
And I can find you anywhere

I surrender to the mystery
and to the love that rises up to sing
Come what may, I vow to wait and see
I really don't know anything

I surrender to the mystery
and to the love that rises up to sing
The force that bore this world can carry me
I really don't know anything

I really don't know anything
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