

# The "I" Song

By Ben Townsend

Chorus: I am in the middle of His Will; I am in the middle of Delight,  
I am in the middle of happiness, 'Cause I am in the middle of Christ's;  
Once I was in captivity when I was in the middle of sin.  
Now I'm in the middle of a big smile, 'Cause I'm in the middle of Him.

Most people have I problems, When they're caught in the middle of a lie;  
In the middle of guilt and weariness, They're blind and unsatisfied.  
But once I left that multitude, I desired in Him to abide.  
In the middle of a fit, I'm excited, By faith I believe He's alive.

Chorus:

Now I can sing His praises, And unfailing be His bride,  
I raise my voice in rejoicing, I am no longer chief of pride,  
As a child I am joint heirs with Jesus, Who was blood stained and crucified;  
Now I can bring revival, I daily receiveth His guide.

Chorus:

The upright He's quick to deliver, From the sting of dying, besides,  
If your destitute and chained with grief, If you're exile, defiled, or gripe;  
Just arise quick, unite with the great I Am, Which will win and satisfy,  
You won't faint, so be spiritual and patient, With skill strifes are quite set aside.

Chorus:

The deceitful, spoiled, enticed and defiled, Did not rid the climb of climb.  
The arrival of the price of His sacrifice, Fulfilled the ancient designs.  
By rededication, obedience, and godliness, My condition 'tis continual saint,  
With abilities and insight, I'm confident, Tidings still saith I'll reign.

Chorus:

Approximately built impossibility, Inspiring selfishly,  
Exist, I think, actions criticize, Baptist stupidity,  
Deceiving committee experiences, Institute society swing;  
Facilitates continued blemished marriages, Anticipated difficult thing.