

Chuck Butler, Tony Wood, Joseph Habedank

Feels like we're finally back on track Feels so good, I ain't looking back Been down a thousand dead-end roads Tried my best just to free my soul Couldn't see it then now I do Every road just led back to you

You were right there
In the middle of nowhere
We're finally getting somewhere
Finally getting somewhere
What a mystery
How You would pursue me
Took a minute but I see
Yeah now I see
That when I turned to run to You
You were already
Running to me
Running to me
Running to me

What grace would chase the wayward one And not give up on a foolish son Why would a Savior leave His throne Just to go bring the broken home Couldn't see it then now I do Every road just led back to You

What love
Would leave behind
The ninety-nine
The ninety-nine
What love
Would leave behind
The ninety-nine
Can't believe my eyes