

D↓	G
When the test comes in and the doct	or says I've only got a few months left
It's like a bitter pill I'm swallowing I ca	n barely take a breath <b>G</b>
And when addiction steals my baby o	girl And there's nothing I can do
My only hope is to trust You  N.C.	
I trust You, Lord	

N.C. D G D
In the eye of the storm, You remain in control

A
In the middle of the war, You guard my soul

G D A Bm

You alone are the anchor, when my sails are torn

A G D

Your love sur - rounds me in the eye of the storm

G D

You remain in control

A
In the middle of the war, You guard my soul

G D A Bm

You alone are the anchor, when my sails are torn

A G D

Your love sur - rounds me in the eye of the storm