

WHILE WE TEAR APART

Your body and mine,
your arms, your legs,
your laughter and mine,
no longer two, but one,
no longer two, but one

Your future and mine,
your thoughts, your dreams,
your children and mine,
no longer two, but one,
no longer two, but one.

But what if a body rejects another,
dreams and thoughts collide?
One is trying to hold together,
one wants to divide.

We can't be disassembled,
we can't be disengaged,
we're like a coat without a seam,
and it feels like I'm disintegrating. *(Repeat these 4 lines)*

You can't tell where one begins and the other ends. *(3 times)*

Jesus, you be the patch.

Jesus, you be the stitches.

Jesus, hold me together while we tear apart. *(Repeat these 3 lines)*

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Within many church circles there's so much emphasis on building strong and happy families that people find it hard to admit to broken relationships. It's as if perfect marriages are the norm and anything less is unacceptable. But the reality of sin remains: we struggle to love each other, we make continual mistakes, we focus on the wrong issues, we completely overlook the needs of those who are closest to us. What's remarkable is that God gives us some glimpses of heaven in the midst of our foolish and self-centred ways. And of course Jesus was, and is, always most active in healing and helping when we are most desperately in need.

This song was written for a worship service — on the twentieth Sunday after Pentecost in Year B when the gospel reading is Mark 10:2–16.