LYRIC SHEET · FOR CHURCHES

THE KIND OF LIGHT

Caleb Ridge · Every Mile Held

Key **G major**
Tempo **78 bpm**

VERSE 1

There is a porch lamp swinging on a storm-soaked night
Mama says small flames can still fight dark skies
I used to want my name glowing high downtown
Till the cross showed me glory wears a servant’s crown
When my neighbor is tired and his bills come due
When my sister has faith bruised black and blue
I do not bring a spotlight or a polished line
I bring bread, bring prayer, bring the truth in time

PRE-CHORUS

The city does not need another star
It needs Christ reflected from forgiven hearts

CHORUS

Make me a window, not a mirror on a stage
Make me a warm hand reaching past my own front gate
Not proud, not loud, just mercy keeping sight
Make me the kind of light

VERSE 2

I have hidden grace under fear before
Kept good news quiet at an open door
Now love makes courage from a trembling chest
And truth sounds sweeter when it comes with rest
There are angry rooms where the jokes cut deep
There are lonely eyes that pretend to sleep
Let my life say more than my bumper can
Let my hands preach mercy to a hurting man

PRE-CHORUS

The Spirit fills what I cannot start
And moves through weakness like a healing spark

CHORUS

Make me a window, not a mirror on a stage
Make me a warm hand reaching past my own front gate
Not proud, not loud, just mercy keeping sight
Make me the kind of light

BRIDGE

You are the dawn, I am only a window
You are the fire, I am only a coal
You are the truth, I am only a witness
You are the life reviving my soul

FINAL CHORUS

Make me a porch lamp where the lonely find their way
Make me a true word when the dark won’t lift its weight
Not mine, not dimmed, just grace alive tonight
Make me the kind of light
Lord, make me the kind of light

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