

Ought to Be

[Audrey Assad](#)

I love you more than a slow falling summer rain
Or in the silence that only the snow leaves behind
I love you more And I love you better than the gray of the autumn air
Better than the spring in it's blooming against the sky
I love you more It may not be red as a rose is yet
It may not be strong as the old oak trees
But love planted deeply becomes what it ought to be
Your love is steady and sure as a mountain's high
Moving my heart like a river that gently bends
Your love is sure Your love is wide open spaces where I can run
And yet we're tangled up roots in the warm broken earth Yeah our love is sure And it may not be
clear as a morning yet
It may not be wide as a restless sea
But love given freely becomes what it ought to be
And it may not be clear as a morning yet
It may not be wide as a restless sea
And it may not be red as a rose is yet
It may not be strong as the old oak trees
But love planted deeply becomes what it ought to and
Hearts given freely become what they ought to and
Love planted deeply becomes what it ought to be
What it ought to be

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