

3. When will it be my turn?

Oh, when?
Oh, when?
Oh, when will it?
Oh, when will it be?
Oh, when will it be me?

When will it be my turn, my turn, my turn?
When will it be me?
All the secret yearning, yearning, yearning.
When will it be me?

What if it never happens?
Will I spend my life growing cold?
My heart more embittered?
What's wrong with me?
There's something wrong with me when
Everyone else can get pregnant except me.
Why not me?
Everyone else getting started, while I am being left behind.
Maybe it's luck.
Maybe it's fate.
But I want to know
Why can't I conceive?
When will it be me?

The endless bitter cycle comes round and round
Put on the cheerful face to conceal the pain.

Our God is close to the broken-hearted
He comforts all those who mourn
His strength is made perfect in my weakness
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow*

*author of the final eight words: Thomas O. Chisholm, used by permission of Hope Publishing.