

Hand

Jars of Clay

I'm here waiting for something new to break my heart
So callous laden, I can't feel a thing at all
Will You catch my fall?

From lost and not found, to run and not hide
My hand inside... (Your hand)

Fear is keeping time with the beating of my heart
Doin' way too much thinkin'
And it's tearing me apart
But I, I feel You reach for me

From lost and not found, to run and not hide
My hand inside... (Your hand)
Losing my grip falling so far
My hand inside Your hand

I hear Your voice and follow
So hard to believe, and still I go