

# Open My Hands

Sara Groves

I believe in a blessing I don't understand  
I've seen rain fall on wicked and the just  
Rain is no measure of his faithfulness  
He withholds no good thing from us  
No good thing from us, no good thing from us

I believe in a peace that flows deeper than pain  
That broken find healing in love  
Pain is no measure of his faithfulness  
He withholds no good thing from us  
No good thing from us, no good thing from us

I will open my hands, will open my heart  
I will open my hands, will open my heart  
I am nodding my head an emphatic yes  
To all that You have for me

I believe in a fountain that will never dry  
Though I've thirsted and didn't have enough  
Thirst is no measure of his faithfulness  
He withholds no good thing from us  
No good thing from us, no good thing from us

I will open my hands, will open my heart  
I will open my hands, will open my heart  
I am nodding my head an emphatic yes  
To all that You have for me

No good thing from us  
No good thing from us  
He withholds no good thing from us

I will open my hands, will open my heart  
I will open my hands, will open my heart  
I am nodding my head an emphatic yes  
To all that You have for me