

Caedmons Call, Hands Of The Potter

Lord if I'm the clay then I've been left out in the sun
Cracked and dry, like mud from the sky
Still clinging to the prodigal sun

But I'm on my way back home
Yes I'm on my way back home

Into the hands
That made the wine from the water
Into the hands
The hands of the Potter

Lord if I'm the clay that let your living water flow
Soften up my edges Lord
So everyone will know

That I'm on my way back home

Yes I'm on my way back home

And Lord when you listen for the song of my life
Let it be, let it be, a song so sweet
Let it be, let it be, a song so sweet
Let it be, let it be, a song so sweet, let it be

Lord if I'm the clay then lay me down
On your spinning wheel
Shape me into something you can fill
With something real

And I'll be on my way back home
Yes I'm on my way back home