

# Jars Of Clay, Hand

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

From lost and not found, to run and not hide  
My hand inside... Your hand  
Losing my grip  
Falling so far  
MY hand inside....

The fear is keeping time  
with the beating of my heart  
I'm Doin' way too much thinkin'  
And it's tearing me apart  
Then 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 .....

I hear Your voice and follow (through the dark)  
So hard to believe, and still I go  
Yeah, still I go  
From lost and not found to run and not hide  
My hand inside ... Your hand  
Losing my grip, falling so far  
My hand inside, inside ... Your hand  
From lost and not found  
Run and not hide  
(my hand inside) My hand inside ... Your hand  
(losing my grip) Inside ... Your hand