

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