

Nichole Nordeman, My Offering

If You made me like the grass that is green
Growing tall; covering the hills above me
Maybe I would pray for sunshine and a little rain
To fall now and then to make me lovely
I could be a place where sheep could graze
Or barefoot feet could play
And I would grow and grow and hope You'd bend down low
To hear me sing my offering

Open up the heavens, open up the skies
All of Your creation wants to testify
I have a song so let the earth sing along
'Cause I just want to praise You

If You made me to be a cloud in the sky
Found the perfect place way up high where I could hover
Maybe I would pray for skies that were blue
Or a sunset or two to show Your colors
Or maybe I might be
A mountain strong and steep
But I would try and stand as tall as I can
And I would sing my offering

Open up the heavens, open up the skies
All of Your creation wants to testify
I have a song so let the earth sing along
'Cause I just want to praise You

And the sun every morning can not wait to shine
And the stars every evening are all standing by to light the sky
Give the rocks and the stones voices of their own
If we forget to sing praises to our King

So open up the heavens, open up the skies
All of Your creation wants to testify
Hallelujah
We just want to praise you
We just want to praise you
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
I have a song so let the earth sing along
'Cause I just want to praise You