

# Sixpence None the Richer, Dizzy

I'm like Thomas doubting  
Fingers routing the scars  
Of Your wrists and side  
Touching flesh will make my mind believe

But I want to be like David  
Throw his clothes to the wind  
To dance a jig, in my skin  
To be re-made by your cleansing again

Chorus:  
I give You myself  
It's all that I have  
Broken and frail  
I'm clay in Your hands  
And I'm spinning unconcealed  
Dizzy on this wheel  
For You my Love

I'm like Peter crying  
Crowing burning my ears  
Still You come near  
You take my hand  
And place it upon an eternal chance

Chours x2