

# Chris Rice, The Power of a Moment

What am I gonna be when I grow up?  
How am I gonna make my mark in history?  
And what are they gonna write about me when I'm gone?  
These are the questions that shape the way I think about what matters  
But I have no guarantee of my next heartbeat  
And my world's too big to make a name for myself  
And what if no one wants to read about me when I'm gone?  
Seems to me that right now's the only moment that matters  
You know the number of my days  
So come paint Your pictures on the canvas in my head  
And come write Your wisdom on my heart  
And teach me the power of a moment  
The power of a moment, the power of a moment, yeah  
In Your kingdom where the least is greatest  
Weak are given strength and fools confound the wise  
And forever brushes up against a moment's time  
Leaving impressions and drawing me into what really matters  
You know the number of my days  
So come paint Your pictures on the canvas in my head  
And come write Your wisdom on my heart  
And teach me the power of a moment  
The power of a moment, the power of a moment, yeah  
I get so distracted by my bigger schemes  
Show me the importance of the simple things  
Like a word, a seed, a thorn, a nail and a cup of cold water  
You know the number of my days  
So come paint Your pictures on the canvas in my head  
And come write Your wisdom on my heart  
And teach me the power of a moment  
The power of a moment, the power of moment  
You know the number of my days  
So come paint Your pictures on the canvas in my head  
And come write Your wisdom on my heart  
And teach me the power of a moment  
The power of a moment, the power of  
The power of, the power of a moment, yeah