

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