

Clay Crosse, It Must Have Been Your Hands

I was lost in indecision
In the corridors of purpose
Looking for a sign

The most human of conditions
Always asking, never knowing
Searching this heart of mine

A heart too prone to second guess
Weary eyes directionless
Something set my feet upon the road
It was a mystery, but now I know

Chorus:
It must have been Your hands
Turning my world in perfect time
I know it was Your hands
Holding my heart in our design

I see the multitude of faces
The empty eyes of my generation
Looking back at me

Wondering where we're headed
How we'll ever get there
In the midst of this insanity

There's always a new messiah comin' round
But the voice of reason can't be found
Until we choose to face the truth
That every good and perfect thing comes from you

Repeat chorus

The rivers rise
And the flower dies
And the picture keeps on turning
As we stand and we fall
You're there through it all
And I guess we just keep learning.