

Crosse Clay, It Must Have Been Your Hands

Regie Hamm and Dan Muckala

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

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Drums: Dan Needham

Guitars: Jerry McPherson, George Cocchini

Bass: Jackie Street

Keyboards: Mark Heimermann

Strings: Nashville String Machine

Strings arranged by Tom Howard

BGVs: Clay Crosse, Mark Heimermann