

Jars Of Clay, Lesser Things

Looks a lot like givin' up
Peace we bring is a bitter cup
Set our bodies down like offerings
While we pray to the god of the lesser things

If the wind should shake this house apart
The cradle hits the ground with a broken heart
We will say we never knew a thing
While we pray to the god of the lesser things

Chorus:
Is there grace for a wayward heart
Is there grace for a wayward heart
Grace, grace

Ash to ash and dust to dust
Steel on steel or rain to rust
What mortal breath blood money brings
Forth from the altar of the lesser things

Is there grace for a wayward heart

Is there grace for a wayward heart is there grace, grace