

# Larue, Like Clay

Like clay in the potter's hands  
Mold me, mold me  
Like a child in her father's arms  
Hold me, hold me  
Like a sparrow afraid to fly  
Raise me, raise me  
This is just between You and I  
I love You, I love You

Let this song be an offering of my love for You  
I lay myself down upon Your throne  
For whatever You want me to do

For whatever it takes  
And whatever the faith  
I trust You  
For whatever the cost  
And whatever is lost  
I love You  
I love You, Lord

Like clay in the potter's hands  
Mold me, mold me  
Like a child in her father's arms  
Hold me, hold me  
Like a sparrow afraid to fly  
Raise me, raise me  
This is just between You and I  
I love You, I love You

Let my life be an example of Your love for me  
I give this world just to carry Your cross  
And to be what You want me to be

For whatever it takes  
And whatever the faith  
I trust You  
For whatever the cost  
And whatever is lost  
You know that I love You

If we call out Your name  
We should see our face  
If we sacrifice our lives  
We will see that grace