

Hands Of The Potter

Caedmon's Call

Lord if I'm the clay then I've been left out in the sun
Cracked and dry, like mud from the sky
Still clinging to the prodigal sun But I'm on my way back home
Yes I'm on my way back home Into the hands
That made the wine from the water
Into the hands
The hands of the Potter Lord if I'm the clay that let your living water flow
Soften up my edges Lord
So everyone will know That I'm on my way back home
Yes I'm on my way back home And Lord when you listen for the song of my life
Let it be, let it be, a song so sweet
Let it be, let it be, a song so sweet
Let it be, let it be, a song so sweet, let it be Lord if I'm the clay then lay me down
On your spinning wheel
Shape me into something you can fill
With something real And I'll be on my way back home
Yes I'm on my way back home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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