So Much of Me

The Waiting

At the foot of the ocean
I'm hearing winds whisper and waves shout
The storm of the morning is clearing, the tide is running out
I'm feeling obviously small
A little of this sand is all I am
A bit of dust blown from Your hand You made the wind,
You made the sea
Why do You make so much of me?
You made the stars and every creature that breathes
Why do You make so much of me?
In the heart of the evening I'm counting the stars set in the sky
Getting lost at a hundred or fifty or so I'm thinking
I can only hide in some hole I carve in the earth
What am I worth? I'm just a speck, a candle in Your universe
And here I stand A bit of dust from Your big hand
What am I worth? A candle in Your universe.

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