

Make Something Beautiful

Laura Story

When I'm at the point of breaking at the place where I resign,
When I'm at the stage of shaking my head as I look back on my life,
When I'm halfway through the grieving, but not quite through the ache,
When I cannot see the ending, or which road I'm supposed to take,
All I know to do is lift my hands to You

Take all of my life, all of my life,
And make something beautiful.
I open my hand, trusting Your plan.
Make something beautiful so all will see
Your work in me, as You make something beautiful

When I'm tired of pretending, and I can't recall my lines,
Do I say, I'm barely breathing, or just say, I'm doing fine.
I admit there is a yearning, for the hurting to subside,
But not at the risk of missing what You're doing with my life
All I know to do is lift my hands to You...

Take all of my life, all of my life,
And make something beautiful.
I open my hand, trusting Your plan.
Make something beautiful so all will see
Your work in me, as You make something beautiful
Make something beautiful

'Cause all I know to do is lift my hands to You.
All I know to do is lift my hands to You.

Take all of my life, all of my life,
And make something beautiful.
I open my hand, trusting Your plan.
Make something beautiful
Take all of my life, all of my life,
And make something beautiful.
I open my hand, I'm trusting Your plan.
To make something beautiful, so all will see
Your work in me, as You make something beautiful
Make something beautiful
You make it beautiful

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