

Lesser Things

Jars of Clay

It looks a lot like givin' up
The 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 the broken heart
Will we say we never knew a thing?
While we pray to the God of the lesser things
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
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Grace, grace
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Grace, grace

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