

# Seeds

**Kathy Mattea**

Sometimes I stop on my way home and watch the children play  
And I wonder if they wonder what they'll be some day  
Some will dream a big dream and make it all come true  
While others go on dreaming of things they'll never do  
We're all just seeds in God's hands  
We start the same but where we land  
Is sometimes fertile soil and sometimes sand  
We're all just seeds in God's hands  
I saw a friend the other day, I hardly recognized  
He'd done a lot of living since I'd last looked in his eyes  
He told his tale of how he'd failed, the lessons he'd been taught  
But he offered no excuses and he left me with this thought  
We're all just seeds in God's hands  
We start the same but where we land  
Is sometimes fertile soil and sometimes sand  
We're all just seeds in God's hands  
And as I'm standing at a crossroads once again  
I'm reminded we're all the same when we begin  
And in the end? We're all just seeds in God's hands  
We start the same but where we land  
Is sometimes fertile soil and sometimes sand  
We're all just seeds in God's hands  
We're all just seeds in God's hands

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