

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 doWe'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 handsI 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 thoughtWe'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 handsAnd 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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