

# I'm the Clay

Judy Martin, Charlotte Ritchie & Tanya Sykes

If you really are the gentle wind  
Let me feel your slightest whispered breath  
If you are the smallest drop of rain  
Let me feel the moisture on my skin  
If you are a silent soothing voice  
Let me hear your every single word  
If you walk down heavens golden street  
Let me sense your stirring in my heart

You are the lover of my heart  
I am the dear devoted child  
You are the master of my mind  
I am the captive meek and mild  
You are the light to guide my feet  
I am the pilgrim on his way  
You say the word and Iâ€™ll be there  
You are the model Iâ€™m the clay

If I have to sell all that I own  
If I have to give up all I have  
If I have to open up my hands  
If I have to wonder the unknown  
If I have to wait ten thousand years  
If I have to suffer through the pain  
All my joy will come from knowing you  
The hand that wipes away these tears

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You are the master of my mind  
I am the captive meek and mild  
You are the light to guide my feet  
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Lyrics Submitted by Darryl Reynolds

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