

Needful Hands

Jars of Clay

For those under the clouds
Staring up in awesome wonder
As tears come slowly down
I'm reaching up a needful hand And You are my eyes when I cannot see
And You are my voice, see, sing through me
And You are my strength in weakness be To find that I could fall
And still Your grace surrounds, pursuing
To freely stumble down
I feel Your hands around my heart And You are my eyes when I cannot see
And You are my voice, see, sing through me
And You are my strength in weakness be holy

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