

# Hand

## Jars Of Clay

I'm here waiting  
For something new to break my heart  
So callous laden that I can't feel a thing at all  
So will you catch my fall?  
From lost and not found, to run and not hide  
My hand inside your hand  
Losing my grip falling so far  
My hand inside  
The fear is keeping time with the beating of my heart  
I'm doin' way too much thinkin'  
And it's tearing me apart  
Then I, I feel you reach for me  
From lost and not found, to run and not hide  
My hand inside your hand  
  
Losing my grip falling so far  
My hand inside  
I hear your voice and follow  
So hard to believe and still I go  
Yeah still I go  
Lost and not found, to run and not hide  
My hand inside of your hand  
I'm losing my grip falling so far  
My hand inside, inside of your hand  
To lost and not found, to run and not hide  
My hand inside of your hand  
My hand inside of your hand

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