

Lying in the Hands of God

Dave Matthews Band

Baby I'll be your soldier.
Gladly, I'll do your bidding
Just a taste of what you're holding, for just a taste you could own me...me. Save your sermons for someone that's
afraid to love.
I'll be right here, lying in the hands of God. Here it comes, dialing into me.
Now the floor is the ceiling.
If you never flew why would you, cut the wings off a butterfly? Fly. Save your sermons for someone that's
afraid to love.
You knew what I feel, then you couldn't be so sure.
I'll be right here lying in the hands of God.
If you feel angels in your hand, tear drops of joy runs down your face, you will rise. Fillin' me up, now drain me
Skin begins to grow back slowly,
faster until I'm choking.
Really should call my mother, mother. Save your sermons for someone that's afraid to love.
If you knew what I feel, then you couldn't be so sure.
I'll be right here lying in the hands of God. I am in love with nothing less.
Tear drops of joy runs off my face,
I will rise for someone that's afraid to love.
If you knew what I feel, then you couldn't be so sure.
I'll be right here lying in the hands of God. Now the floor is the ceiling.
If you never flew, why would you?
If you never flew, why would you? You.
Why would you?

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