

# Hands of the Potter

## Caedmon's Call

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Lord if I'm the clay then I've been left out in the sun  
Cracked and dry, like mud from the sky  
Still clinging to the prodigal sun But I'm on my way back home  
Yes I'm on my way back home Into the hands  
That made the wine from the water  
Into the hands  
The hands of the Potter Lord if I'm the clay that let your living water flow  
Soften up my edges Lord  
So everyone will know That I'm on my way back home  
Yes I'm on my way back home And Lord when you listen for the song of my life  
Let it be, let it be, a song so sweet  
Let it be, let it be, a song so sweet  
Let it be, let it be, a song so sweet, let it be Lord if I'm the clay then lay me down  
On your spinning wheel  
Shape me into something you can fill  
With something real And I'll be on my way back home  
Yes I'm on my way back home

Lyrics provided by

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