

What If Your Best

FFH

I'm trying hard to keep from falling off this wheel
Trying hard to keep so still
As You're shaping and remaking
Something new is bound to surface

Something bound to bring You fame
Something sure to make You great, something You can use
But I am only clay and clay doesn't get to choose

I want Your best but what if Your best is brokenness
Would I be broken?
I want Your best but what if it's less than what I ask
And what I'm hoping?

What if Your best is here in the waiting
Here in the going through the motions?
I'll still be trusting all I am and all have
And nothing less to potter's hands

I'm trying hard to keep from giving You advice
It's like teaching Shakespeare how to write
Or Monet, the way to paint another scene

But there's just something in this amateur that thinks
That my opinion's what You need on how to work in me
But I am only clay and clay probably shouldn't speak

I want Your best but what if Your best is brokenness
Would I be broken?
I want Your best but what if it's less than what I ask
And what I'm hoping?

What if Your best is here in the waiting
Here in the going through the motions?
I'll still be trusting all I am and all have
And nothing less

So take my life and let it be consecrated just to thee
Take my voice and let me sing for You my King
Take my moments and my days
And let them flow in ceaseless praise
For You always, for You

I want Your best but what if Your best is brokenness
Would I be broken?
I want Your best but what if it's less than what I ask
And what I'm hoping?

What if Your best is here in the waiting
Here in the going through the motions?
I'll still be trusting all I am and all I have
And nothing less, only here for You to mold
I'm holding on because I belong in potter's hands