

## Hand

### Jars of Clay

I'm here waiting for something new to break my heart  
So callous laden, I can't feel a thing at all  
Will You catch my fall?

From lost and not found, to run and not hide  
My hand inside... (Your hand)

Fear is keeping time with the beating of my heart  
Doin' way too much thinkin'  
And it's tearing me apart  
But 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 Your hand

I hear Your voice and follow  
So hard to believe, and still I go