

Remind Me Dear Lord

Connie Smith

The things that I love and hold dear to my heart
Are just borrowed they're not mine at all
Jesus only let me use them to brighten my light
So remind, me remind me dear Lord

Roll back the curtain of memory now and then
Show me where you brought me from
And where I could have been
Remember I'm human, and humans forget
So remind me, remind me dear Lord

Nothing good have I done to deserve God's own Son
I'm not worthy of the scars in his hands
Yet he chose the road to Calvary to die in my stead
Why he loved me I can't understand

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