

## Seeds

Kathy Mattea

Sometimes I stop on my way home  
And watch the children play  
And I wonder if they wonder  
What they'll be someday  
Some will dream a big dream  
And make it all come true  
While others go on dreaming  
Of things they'll never do  
We're all just seeds  
In God's hands  
We start the same  
But where we land  
Is sometimes fertile soil  
And sometimes sand  
We're all just seeds  
In God's hands  
I saw a friend the other day  
I hardly recognized  
He'd done a lot of living  
Since I'd last looked in his eyes  
He told his tale of how he'd failed  
The lessons he'd been taught  
But he offered no excuses  
And he left me with this thought  
We're all just seeds  
In God's hands  
We start the same  
But where we land  
Is sometimes fertile soil  
And sometimes sand  
We're all just seeds  
In God's hands  
As I'm standing at a crossroads once again  
I'm reminded we're all the same when we begin  
And in the end...  
We're all just seeds  
In God's hands  
We start the same  
But where we land  
Is sometimes fertile soil  
And sometimes sand  
We're all just seeds  
In God's hands  
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