

The Breaks

Rich Mullins

Here is my heart take what you want
Cause I have no use for it anyway
Well of all the stupid things I've ever said
This could be the worst may be the best
But those are the breaks
These are the bruises
And if I can't give myself away I'm the only one who loses
And I don't want to lose this

It is the sea that makes the sailor
And the land that shapes the sea
And I do not know yet what I am made of
Or all I may someday be
And it is the wood that makes a carpenter
It's the very tools of his trade
And it is love that makes a lover
And a cross that makes a saint

Here is my song, listen if you will
But I have no heart for it anymore
I just have half a mind to cut it loose
And if it sails off into the blue
Then I'll just let it soar
And the sky is better keeping
And I won't be any poorer
For giving it its freedom
And here's one for freedom

It is the sea that makes the sailor
And the land that shapes the sea
And I do not know yet what I am made of
Or all I may someday be
It is the wood that makes a carpenter
It's the very tools of his trade
And it is love that makes a lover
And a cross that makes a saint

Well, of all the stupid things I've ever said
This could be the worst may be the best
But those are the breaks