

Watchtower

"My Little Hands"

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She plays with my words like they were hers
Little soldiers in a war against themselves
She used to rob me of my own intent
But now I'm keeping my findings from her shelves
I used to think that honesty was all
Between the two of us, nothing should go unsaid
Then she taught me, although I took too long
That some things should be said to God and then just
left for dead

I've got to learn to live alone
Just lean into the Wing
I've got to know that there is only One
For whom I sing
I've got to learn the difference
Between me and this place
Got to let my little hands
Reach only for Your face

I've felt the pressing of listening
I've known an empathetic overload
I've been a mile in so many other shoes
I forgot my own out on the road
But I'm coming now to understand
That where my heart is, there's my treasure
And the suffering that I am going through
Will be replaced with a glory that I can't even measure

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