

Kathy Mattea

"Seeds"

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(Pat Alger/Ralph Murphy)

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
We're all just seeds
In God's hands

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