

Kathy Mattea

"Sending Me Angels"

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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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