

David Phelps "Virtuoso"

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A handful of dust, a worthless piece of clay
And you breathed the breath of Heaven
Then there was a soul, the heart, the hands, the voice
That could sing of your perfection

Life is a symphony
That only you can play
You know I can hear it
Through the madness everyday

Virtuoso, virtuoso
This heart is Your instrument
And this life is Your song
Virtuoso

There isn't a note of mediocrity
In all of your creation and all of the beauty
We create with human hands is only imitation
Thunder crashes, waves crescendo on the sand
The wind that's whispering can only be Your hand

Virtuoso, virtuoso
This heart is Your instrument
And this life is Your song
Virtuoso

A timeless melody of beauty and emotion
Perfect harmony inspiring true devotion
No one else can play its chords so graceful yet, so
strong
You made the instrument and wrote the song, virtuoso

Virtuoso, virtuoso
This heart is Your instrument
And this life is Your song
Virtuoso

Virtuoso, virtuoso
This heart is Your instrument
And this life is Your song
Virtuoso

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