

## Waiting

### "So Much Of Me"

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At the foot of the ocean  
I'm hearing winds whisper and waves shout  
The storm of the morning is clearing, the tide is  
running out  
I'm feeling obviously small  
A little of this sand is all I am  
A bit of dust blown from Your hand You made the wind,  
You made the sea  
Why do You make so much of me?  
You made the stars and every creature that breathes  
Why do You make so much of me?  
In the heart of the evening I'm counting the stars set in  
the sky  
Getting lost at a hundred or fifty or so I'm thinking  
I can only hide in some hole I carve in the earth  
What am I worth? I'm just a speck, a candle in Your  
universe  
And here I stand A bit of dust from Your big hand  
What am I worth? A candle in Your universe.

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