

Lying In the Hands of God

Dave Matthews Band

Baby I'll be your soldier
Gladly I'll do your bidding
For just a taste of what you're holding
For just a taste you could own me
Me Save your sermons for someone that's afraid to love
I'll be right here lying in the hands of God Here it comes diving into me
Now the floor is the ceiling
If you never flew why would you
Cut the wings off a butterfly
Fly
Save your sermons for someone that's afraid to love
If you knew what I feel then you couldn't be so sure
I'll be right here lying in the hands of God
If you feel angels in your hair
Teardrop of joy runs down your face
You will rise Filling me up now drain me
Skin begins to grow back slowly
Faster until I'm choking
I really should call my mother
Mother Save your sermons for someone that's afraid to love
If you knew what I feel then you couldn't be so sure
I'll be right here lying in the hands of God
I am in love with nothing else
Teardrops of joy runs off my face
I will rise for someone that's afraid to love
If you knew what I feel then you couldn't be so sure
I'll be right here lying in the hands of God Now the floor is the ceiling
If you never flew why would you
If you never flew why would you
You
Why would you

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