HANDS OF THE POTTER

G |G. . C|G. . C|G. .C|G. . C|

Lord if I'm the clay then I've been left out in the sun

C Am |G. . C|G. . C|G. .C|G. . C|

Cracked and dried like mud from the sty still clinging to the prodigal son

Em C G

But I'm on my way back home

Em C D

Yes I'm on my way back home

**G D C**

**Into the hands (into the hands)**

**G D C**

**That made the wine (wine) from the water**

**G D C**

**Into the hands (into the hands)**

**D**

**The hands of the potter**

Lord if I'm the clay then let your living water flow

Soften up my edges Lord so everyone will know

That I'm on my way back home

Yes I'm on my way back home

**CHORUS**

/G /F# Em D/F#

Lord when you listen for the song of my life

G /B C D

Let it be, let it be a song so sweet

G /B C D

Let it be, let it be a song so sweet

G /B C D

Let it be, let it be a song so sweet

C D

Let it be

Lord if I'm the clay then lay me down on your spinning wheel

Shape me into something you can fill with something real

I'll be on my way back home

I'll be on my way back home

**CHORUS (twice)**