

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>