

The Breaks

[Rich Mullins](#)

Rich Mullins

First Corinthians 9:24-27

Here is my heart take what you want

'Cause I have no use for it anyway

Well of all the stupid things I've ever said

This could be the worst may be the best

But those are the breaks

These are the bruises

And if I can't give myself away I'm the only one who loses

And I don't want to lose this

It is the sea that makes the sailor

And the land that shapes the sea

And I do not know yet what I am made of

Or all I may someday be

And it is the wood that makes a carpenter

It's the very tools of his trade

And it is love that makes a lover

And a cross that makes a saint

Here is my song, listen if you will

But I have no heart for it anymore

I just have half a mind to cut it loose

And if it sails off into the blue

Then I'll just let it soar

And the sky is better keeping

And I won't be any poorer

For giving it its freedom

And here's one for freedom

It is the sea that makes the sailor

And the land that shapes the sea

And I do not know yet what I am made of

Or all I may someday be

It is the wood that makes a carpenter

It's the very tools of his trade

And it is love that makes a lover

And a cross that makes a saint

Well, of all the stupid things I've ever said

This could be the worst may be the best

But those are the breaks

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