

PIECES

Pieces . . . pieces

So many pieces to my life

Scattered all around . . . and some of them are gone

And I know that I can't ever . . . put them back to-ge-ther again.

Pieces . . . pieces

So many pieces to my life

A puzzle left unfinished . . . jumbled and unformed

Who can really ever . . . fit it all-to-ge-ther . . . again?

In a vision like a day-dream . . . that filters through your mind.

I saw Jesus coming closer . . . holding all my hopes combined.

He spoke with great compassion . . . as He put one hand on me

And-in-His-other-hand He held . . . what I could never see.

He said, "Pieces . . . pieces,

I've got all the pieces to your life.

A thousand tiny fragments . . . of every single day.

I can put them all-to-ge-ther

And there'll never be another one who can."

He said "Pieces". . . He said, "Pieces,

I've got all the pieces to your life.

In my hands I hold the pieces . . . of every single day.

I can put them all-to-ge-ther

So they'll never fall away,

I can put them all-to-ge-ther

And they'll never be another one who can."