

His Eyes

Steven Curtis Chapman

Sometimes His eyes were gentle and filled with laughter
And sometimes they cried
Sometimes there was a fire of Holy anger
In Jesus' eyes

But the eyes that saw hope in the hopeless
That saw through the fault to the need
Are the same eyes that look down from heaven
Into the deepest part of you and me

And His eyes are always upon us
His eyes never close in sleep
And no matter where you go
You will always be in His eyes
In His eyes

Sometimes His voice comes calling like rolling thunder
Or like driving rain
And sometimes His voice is quiet and we start to wonder
If He knows our pain

But He who spoke peace to the water
Cares more for our hearts than the waves
And the voice that once said, "You're forgiven."
Still says, "You're forgiven", today
Today

Sometimes I look above me when stars are shining
And I feel so small
How could the God of heaven and all creation
Know I'm here at all

But then in the silence He whispers:
"My child, I created you too
and you're my most precious creation
I even gave my Son for you."

And His eyes are always upon you
His eyes never close in sleep
and no matter where you go
you will always be in His eyes
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and filled with laughter