

# The Power of a Moment

Chris Rice

What am I gonna be  
When I grow up?  
And how am I gonna make  
My mark in history?  
And what are they gonna  
Write about me when I'm gone?

These are the questions  
That shape the way  
I think about what matters

But I have no guarantee  
Of my next heartbeat  
And my world's too big  
To make a name for myself

And what if no one wants  
To read about me when I'm gone?  
It seems to me that right now's  
The only moment that matters

You know the number of my days  
So come paint Your pictures  
On the canvas of my head and  
Come write Your wisdom on my heart  
And teach me the power of a moment  
The power of a moment  
The power of a moment

In Your kingdom  
Where the least is greatest  
The weak are given strength  
And fools confound the wise

And forever brushes up  
Against a moment's time  
Leaving impressions  
And drawing me into  
What really matters

You know the number of my days  
So come paint Your pictures  
On the canvas of my head and  
Come write Your wisdom on my heart  
Teach me the power of a moment  
The power of a moment  
The power of a moment, yeah

I get so distracted  
By my bigger schemes  
Show me the importance  
Of the simple things  
Like a word, a seed, a thorn  
A nail and a cup of cold water

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So come paint Your pictures

On the canvas of my head and  
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The power of, the power of  
The power of a moment, yeah