

Through Heaven's Eyes

Hans Zimmer

A single thread in a tapestry-
Though its color brightly shine-
Can never see its purpose
In the pattern of the grand design.

And the stone that sits on the very top
Of the mountain's mighty face-
Does it think it's more important
Than the stones that form the base?

So how can you see what your life is worth
Or where your value lies?
You can never see through the eyes of man
You must look at your life,
Look at your life through heaven's eyes.
Lai-la-lai...

A lake of gold in the desert sand
Is less than a cool fresh spring-
And to one lost sheep, a shepherd boy
Is greater than the richest king.
If a man lose ev'rything he owns,
Has he truly lost his worth?
Or is it the beginning
Of a new and brighter birth?

So how do you measure the worth of a man-
In wealth or strength or size?
In how much he gained or how much he gave?
The answer will come,
The answer will come to him who tries
To look at his life through heaven's eyes.

And that's why we share all we have with you,
Though there's little to be found.
When all you've got is nothing,
There's a lot to go around.

No life can escape being blown about
By the winds of change and chance,

And though you never know all the steps,
You must learn to join the dance-
You must learn to join the dance.

Lai-la-lai...

So how do you judge what a man is worth?
By what he builds or buys?

You can never see with your eyes on earth-
Look through heaven's eyes.
Look at your life,
Look at your life,
Look at your life through heaven's eyes!