

Put Your Hand in the Hand

Gene MacLellan

*Put your hand in the hand of the man who stilled the water
Put your hand in the hand of the man who calmed the sea
Take a look at yourself, and you can look at others differently*

Put your hand in the hand of the man from Galilee

Every time I look into the Holy Book, I want to tremble
When I read about the part where a carpenter cleared the temple

For the buyers and the sellers were no different fellas than what I profess to be

And it causes me shame to know I'm not the gal that I should be

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Mama taught me how to pray, before I reached the age of seven

When I'm down on my knees, that's when I'm close to heaven

Daddy lived his life with two kids and a wife, he do what he must do

But he showed me enough of what it takes to see you through

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By putting your hand in the hand of the man from Galilee