

Family Bible

[Willie Nelson](#)

There's a family Bible on the table
Its pages worn and hard to read
But the family Bible on the table
Will ever be my key to memories
At the end of day when work was over
And when the evening meal was done
Dad would read to us from the family Bible
And we'd count our many blessings one by one
I can see us sittin' round the table
When from the family Bible dad would read
And I can hear my mother softly singing
Rock of ages, rock of ages cleft for me
Now this old world of ours is filled with trouble
This old world would also better be
If we'd found more Bibles on the tables
And mothers singing, rock of ages cleft for me

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