Where Jesus Is

Joey + Rory

This mornin the pews were hay bales
The pulpit, a saddle thrown over a stall
The floor just a carpet of sawdust
The baptistery just a rusty ol' traulThere were no stepples
There were no hymnals
But heaven came down
There were no suits
Just worn out boots
Standin' on holy ground
I guess its true if even two
Are gathered in his hands
That's where Jesus isSomewhere they were gathered and prayin'
Their altar a footlocker dropped in the sand
Sundays at home just a memory
But there in that tent they still felt his handThere were no stepals
There were no hymnals
But heaven came down
There were no suits
Just worn out boots
Standin on holy ground
I guess its true if even two
Are gathered in his hands
Thats where Jesus isOn an airplane or this old busIn a silence he always meets us
Where there's stepels
Where there's no hymnals
Heaven comes down
In our Sunday shoes
Or in our cowboy boots
It is all holy ground
I guess its true if even two
Are gathered in his hands
That's where Jesus is
This is where Jesus is

Songwriters
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