

# 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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