In His Hands

The Clay Hess Band

They called him Mr. Guitar, Chet Atkins was his name
At 9 years old he swapped a pistol, for some old cheap six string
Probably a Silvertone or Stella, some Sears & Roebuck brand
But it sounded like a Martin in his handâ€™s
His hero was Merle Travis, so he picked his fingers numb
Till he finally learned the secret, of keeping rhythm with his thumb
Now if they need a little flattop, in Heavens angel band
The good Lord will surely place it in his hands

They called him the commerce comet, Micky Mantle was his name
And he ran faster than the wind could cross the Oklahoma plains
And he could knock a ball a country mile, long before he was a man
The bat felt like a matchstick in his hands
In 51 the old professor knew Dimag could not go on
So he put the Mick in center field and brought another pennant home
That boy could turn a Brooklyn dodger straight into a Yankee fan
When he put a Louisville slugger in his hands
Faulkner makes me feel the summer of a dusty delta day
And I can taste the salty ocean when Iâ€™m reading Hemmingway
How do the words upon the paper make feel the way they can
He only had a pen and paper in his hands

They called him the messiah, Jesus was his name
Just a carpenter from Bethlehem, who quickly rose to fame
Because he dared to claim his father, that sent him to this land
And placed the fate of this whole world in his hands
They scorned him and they mocked him, they put him on the cross
He died there to forgive them, so this world would not be lost

With his blood forever washed away the sins of every man
When they put those rust nails in his hands

All of us are only pieces in the puzzle of Godâ€™s plan
We just have to put our faith in his handâ€™s

Lyrics Submitted by Avery Ennis

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