

# 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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