Drive Another Nail

Randy Travis

Sam was a carpenter fifty years
He pounded out blood, sweat and tears
One day he hung his hammer up
He wanted to do the things he lovedWhat once was Sunday fishin'
Now was seven days a week
He told his wife to find me
I'll be down at the creek'Cause I don't want to drive another nail
I've worked hard to do my job and I did it well
I've got the scars on these two hands
That show I haven't failed
But I don't' want to drive another nailNow she was a woman full of faith
And old Sam was full of pride
And she knew that he had one more job
To do before he diedEaster Sunday rolled around
In a country church for the lost and found
Oh, Sam was there against his will
As the preacher spoke on Calvary's HillOf how they took the Master
And they nailed Him to a tree
And you could hear old Sam a cryin'
As he fell down on his kneesI don't wanna drive another nail
I want to live my life for You, I want to do it well
You've got the scars on Your two hands
That show where I have failed
Lord, I don't want to drive another nailI don't wanna drive another nail
I want to live my life for You, I want to do it well
You've got the scars on Your two hands
That show where I have failed
Lord, I don't want to drive another nail

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