

Put Your Hands Together

Smokie Norful

Aahh yeah
Come on yeah
Come on everybody put yo' hands on it
I know that things are looking wrong
It's still the same sad song
But situations pass
Hope is fading fast
Now your girl is gone
And it all seems wrong
All your bills are due
And your pennies are few
But don't sweat to mess my friend
It's about to come to an end
Shake off all your blues
This is all you got to do
Let the sprirt move ya'
And the rhythm groove ya
Don't give up the fight now
It's gonna' be all right
Aahhh yeah
Oh, you don't believe me yet
Come on just look at what God has brought you from
The Devil offered Hell
Sometimes you fail
Got up after all
But you made through it all
Every lie they told
Seems all you heard was no
You all most lost yo' mind
But you made just in time
But don't sweat to mess my friend
It's about to come to an end
Shake off all your blues
This is all you got to do
Let the holy sprirt move ya'
And the rhythm groove ya
Don't give up the fight now
It's gonna' be all right
(I dare you to put'em together)

Let the holy sprirt move ya'
And the rhythm groove ya
Don't give up the fight now
It's gonna' be all right
Let the holy sprirt move ya'
And the rhythm groove ya
Don't give up the fight now
It's gonna' be all right
Let the holy sprirt move ya'
And the rhythm groove ya
Don't give up the fight now
It's gonna' be all right
(brotha)
(sista)
I dare you to clap yo' hands
I dare you to do a little dance
But give God all the Praise
It's a brand new day

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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