

Pool Boys, The

"Storehouse Full"

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days ran together like ink on a page
is this the occupation for a man his age
loosened up his tie to let the heat escape
all the while his ears scream for a break
but his workday is done his busy day is set aside
one thing left to do he says i won't let a day go by

lift my hands lift my voice give it all away
nothing here is mine i'm a steward to my pay
i will go the extra mile to show my love for Thee
storehouse full Your floodgates pour as You delight in
me

a boy twenty years and a dad who's ill
went to church with a sore heart and a cup to fill
his job and his family he could handle it himself
couldn't tell the difference from worldly and heavenly
wealth
now forty years have passed just now the light came
back to view
wished he'd never let it go he says i want to spend my
life with You

with a craftsman's hands He made three lives stand
still
gave them all desire to do His will
and now they live in honor of their King
thankful and convicted by the gifts He brings
let me not take for granted everything You've made
under the sun
keep my flesh and blood a working couple of Thine own

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