

## Geoff Moore

### "The Keeper"

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A big, black book  
In her small fragile hands  
The words she read  
I was too young to understand

Between the Thee's and Thou's  
And the Verilies  
I watched my Grandma live the truth  
In front of me

A little boy wakes  
From a dream in the night  
Runs down the hall  
To where she left on the light

But I stopped when I saw her  
Down on her knees  
Where she prayed every night for me  
In a whisper, I heard

Jesus, Keeper of this life  
You are my Refuge, my Savior, my Guide  
Watch over this little on tonight  
And guard his every footstep  
As he travels this lie  
In some quiet moment  
Draw him to Your side  
That he may come to know You Jesus  
As the Keeper of this Life

Twenty years have come  
And gone since that time  
And I can still see my Grandma's face  
In my little boy's eyes

You will find me tonight  
Somewhere down on my knees  
As I whisper a prayer  
That was once prayed for me

Jesus, Keeper of this life

You are my Refuge, my Savior, my Guide  
Watch over this little one tonight  
And guard his every footstep  
As he travels this life  
In some quiet moment  
Draw him to Your side  
That he may come to know You Jesus  
As the Keeper of this Life

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