

Joey and Rory "Where Jesus Is"

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This mornin the pews were hay bales
the pulpit a saddle thrown over a stall
the floor just a carpet of sawdust
the babtistry just a rusty ol' traun

there were no stepals
there were no hymnals
but heaven came down
there were no suits
just worn out boots
standin on holy ground
i guess its true if even two
are gathered in his hands
thats where Jesus is

somewhere they were gathered and prayin
their alter a footlocker thrown in the sand
sundays at home just a memory
but there in that tent they still felt his hand

there were no stepals
there were no hymnals
but heaven came down

there were no suits
just worn out boots
standin on holy ground
i guess its true if even two
are gathered in his hands
thats where Jesus is

on an airplane or this old bus

in a silence he always meets us
where there's stepels
where there's no hymnals
heaven comes down
in our sunday shoes
or in our cowboy boots
it is all holy ground
i guess its true if even two
are gathered in his hands

thats where Jesus is
This is where Jesus is

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