

Religious Music

"Holes In The Floor Of Heaven"

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One day shy of eight years old,
When grandma passed away.
I was a broken hearted little boy,
Blowing out that birthday cake.

How I cried when the sky let go,
With a cold lonesome rain.
My mom smiled, said: "Don't be sad child.
"Grandma's watching you today."

"'Cos there's holes in the floor of Heaven,
"And her tears are pouring down.
"That's how you know she's watching,
"Wishing she could be here now.

"An' sometimes if you're lonely,
"Just remember she can see.
"There's holes in the floor of Heaven
"And she's watching over you and me."

Seasons come and seasons go,
Nothing stays the same.
I grew up, fell in love,
Met a girl who took my name.

Year by year, we made a life,
In this sleepy little town.
I thought we'd grow old together,
Lord, I sure do miss her now.

But there's holes in the floor of Heaven,
And her tears are pouring down.
That's how I know she's watching,
Wishing she could be here now.

An' sometimes when I'm lonely,
I remember she can see.
There's holes in the floor of Heaven,
And she's watching over you and me.

Well my little girl is 23,
I walk her down the aisle.

It's a shame her Mom can't be here now,
To see her lovely smile.

They throw the rice, I catch her eye,
As the rain starts coming down.
She takes my hand; says: "Daddy don't be sad,
'Cos I know Mama's watching now."

"And there's holes in the floor of Heaven
"And her tears are pouring down.
"That's how you know she's watching,
"Wishing she could be here now.

"An' sometimes when I'm lonely,
"I just remember she can see.
"Yes, there's holes in the floor of Heaven,
"And she's watching over you and me."

Watching over you and me.

Watching over you and me.

Watching over you and me...

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