

Twiinciity

"Honor And Praise"

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(Words and Music by Twila Paris)

Every little baby comes into the world
Reaching for an anchor, fingers tightly curled
Grasping for a reason without knowing why
We will cling to anything 'til the day we die
We can hold on to sorrow, hold on to pain
We can hold on to anger when there is nothing to be
gained
We can hold to a thread at the end of a rope
But if we hold on to Jesus we are holding on to hope
Hold on, hold on
This is human nature; this is what He planned
When He put our hearts inside, when He made these
hands
We are here to reach for Him, never letting go
This is all we need to have, all we need to know
We can hold on to money, hold on to fame
We can hold on to glory and the honor of a name
We can hold to a thread at the end of a rope
But if we hold on to Jesus we are holding on to hope
Hold on, hold on
Go on hold on, hold on

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