

## Father's Table Grace

Ferlin Husky

While we sit at our table my family heads bowed low  
My thoughts return to childhood to the finest guy I know  
He doesn't speak good English he's just a simple man  
But when he talks to the Lord even a little child can understand

I was awful young and reckless the thought still comes to me  
When I told dad I felt that I was old enough to leave  
He sat there at the table I looked him on his face  
He never spoke another word till he said the table grace  
He said our graceous heavenly father we all gathered here today

To give these things of blessings so humbly we pray  
My oldest son is leaving and I guess he knows what's best  
But just in case would you stand by and help him stand the test

And Lord he's awful neglectful about church on Sunday morn  
And if he gets with a wrong crowd would you let him hold your arm  
And if he flies too high would you clip his wings

But don't let him fall too hard I'm sure that you can hand the things  
Oh I've tried my best from day to day to teach him right from wrong  
He's grown to be a fine young man Lord but you've always blessed our home  
I just pray for understanding that he won't build upon the sand

But I won't worry half as much Lord if I know he's in your hands  
And oh yeah Lord it won't be long till I'll be coming home  
We'll have some long talks you and I don't make me wait too long  
We beg dear Lord for guidance please cleanse us from our sins

So we all can meet in heaven in Jesus name amen  
The table was silent as tears went down my face  
From that day on I base my life on father's table grace