

## Drive Another Nail

Randy Travis

Sam was a carpenter fifty years  
He pounded out blood, sweat and tears  
One day he hung his hammer up  
He wanted to do the things he loved

What once was Sunday fishin'  
Now was seven days a week  
He told his wife to find me  
I'll be down at the creek

'Cause I don't want to drive another nail  
I've worked hard to do my job and I did it well  
I've got the scars on these two hands  
That show I haven't failed  
But I don't want to drive another nail

Now she was a woman full of faith  
And old Sam was full of pride  
And she knew that he had one more job  
To do before he died

Easter Sunday rolled around  
In a country church for the lost and found  
Oh, Sam was there against his will  
As the preacher spoke on Calvary's Hill

Of how they took the Master  
And they nailed Him to a tree  
And you could hear old Sam a cryin'  
As he fell down on his knees

I don't wanna drive another nail  
I want to live my life for You, I want to do it well  
You've got the scars on Your two hands  
That show where I have failed  
Lord, I don't want to drive another nail

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Lord, I don't want to drive another nail