

Jordan

Tara MacLean

Forty years the wilderness held my sad children
Promises of lands that flow with milk and honey
Hold me Jordan, hold me Jordan
The builders of the wall, the temple fell
The sun and moon stood still circled by
By the twelve stones of Jordan, hold me Jordan
Tomorrow you will walk on water
Oh, twelve stones, twelve stones of Jordan
Tomorrow you will take me down to the river
Oh, twelve stones, twelve stones of Jordan
Well, divided were the waters at the feet of the priests
And did you see me Joshua, standing in the Jordan
See the open wounds flowing from your hands
Flowing from your feet, hold me Jordan
Tomorrow you will walk on water
Oh, twelve stones, twelve stones of Jordan
Tomorrow you will take me down to the river
Oh, twelve stones, twelve stones of Jordan
Oh, now you hungry my sad children
And are you thirsty, run to the river
And are you angry my sad children
Take the twelve stones, twelve stones of Jordan