

## **THE MASTER'S HAND**

*By: Mel Gibson*

*Written by: Carman*

I walked into the church that night  
Thought that I'd drop out of site, so I sat down  
I laughed in spite of all my blues,  
It's really not the type of place  
I'm used to hangin' around  
I looked ahead and saw a man  
And watched him close as he began to speak, that certain day  
And it seemed like something deep inside-  
Had seized my soul and though I tried to shake it,  
It wouldn't go away

It was as though the words he said  
Would echo back inside my head, I almost cried  
I'd be a fool, so I suppose-  
Then somehow got myself composed  
And held it inside  
I felt the blood rush through my wrist  
The tighter that I squeezed my fist-  
Determined not to let conviction start  
Then with all my wisdom left behind-  
I somehow saw that I was blind,  
And then slowly let his presence fill my heart

As everyone stepped to their feet  
I managed to somehow, to repeat the prayer  
That they were prayin'  
Then I dropped my head and I dropped my eyes  
And suddenly I realized just what, I was saying  
Through trembling lips and streaming tears-  
I envied all those wasted years of dreams, I'd built on sand  
I somehow felt both weak and strong-  
The night I took the Master's hand...

As I look back remembering,  
I still recall how everything just seemed different than before  
How every house and bird and tree was strangely beautiful to me  
And people were even more

Oh how could I have been so blind  
To rush through life and never find  
This rock, on which I stand  
But when I whispered Jesus' name,  
I knew I'd never be the same  
The night I took the Master's hand

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