

Martina McBride, The Rope

In waters calm I sailed from shore
To see what I might see
And having never sailed before
I drifted aimlessly
A warm breeze rocked my boat until
In slumber I fell sound
But woke to find the light grown dim
And dark clouds gathering 'round

In haste I worked at turning back
But now the wind blew wrong
And when the night came cold and black
My strength was almost gone
But with one last small thread of hope
I bowed my head to pray
Then through the dark I saw a rope
And heard a calm voice say

Grab the rope hold it tight
In the distance shines a light
Neither fear nor feel alone
There is one who'll lead you home

I heard my heart beat loud and fast
But did as I was told
And with the rosy dawn at last
Dry land I did behold
I kissed the sandy banks and swore
My sailing days were through
But should I ever stray from shore
I know now what to do

Grab the rope hold it tight
In the distance shines a light
Neither fear nor feel alone
There is one who'll lead you home

Grab the rope hold it tight
In the distance shines a light