Skeeter Davis, Father's Table Grace

As we sit at the table my family heads bowed low
My thoughts return to childhood and the finest man I know
He doesn't speak good English he's just a simple man
But when he's talkin' to the Lord even a little child can understand
I was young and foolish but the thought still comes to me
When I told daddy I felt I was old enough to leave
He sat there at the table and I looked him on his face
But 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
Our oldest girl is leaving and I guess she knows what's best
But just in case would you stand by and help her to stand the test
Lord she's a little bit neglectful about church on Sunday morn
And when she gets with a wrong crowd would you let to hold her arm
And if she flies too high would you clip her wings
But don't let her fall too hard Lord I'm sure you can hand the things
I've tried my best from day to day to teach her right from wrong
And now she's grown to be a fine young lady and she always blessed our home
We pray dear Lord for guidance she won't build upon the sand
And we won't worry half as much if we know she's in your hands
And oh yes Lord it won't be long till I'll be coming home don't make mr wait too long
We pray dear Lord for guidance please cleance us from our sins
So we can all be together in heaven in Jesus name amen
The table was silent as tears ran down my face
And from that day on I base my life on father's table grace