

# 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 gracious 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