

# Tara MacLean, Jordan

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 the moon stood still circled by  
The twelve stones of Jordan, Hold me Jordan.

Tomorrow you will walk on water,  
twelve stones, twelve stones of Jordan.  
Tomorrow you will take me down to the river,  
Oh twelve stones, twelve stones of Jordan.

Divided were the waters at the feet of the priests.  
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.

Are you hungry my sad children  
are you thirsty run to the river  
and are you angry my sad children  
take the twelve stones, twelve stones of Jordan.