

Put Your Hand in the Hand

Put your hand in the hand of the man
who stilled the water.

Put your hand in the hand of the man
who calmed the sea.

Take a look at yourself and you can look
at others differently,

By puttin' your hand in the hand of
the man from Gallilee.

Every time I look into the Holy Book I
wanna tremble.

When I read about the part where a carpenter
cleared the temple.

For the buyers and the sellers where no
different fellas, than what I profess to be,
And it causes me pain to know we're not the
people we should be.

Put your hand in the hand of the man
who stilled the water.

Put your hand in the hand of the man
who calmed the sea.

Take a look at yourself and you can look
at others differently,

By puttin' your hand in the hand of
the man from Gallilee.

Everytime I look into the eyes of the One
who loves me.

When I feel the touch of His hand in mine I
wanna be free.

Oh the times that He reached out and healed
the sick and He caused the blind to see,
Well, it helps me discover what – a kind of
person I should be.

Put your hand in the hand of the man
who stilled the water.

Put your hand in the hand of the man
who calmed the sea.

Take a look at yourself and you can look
at others differently,

By puttin' your hand in the hand of
the man from Gallilee.

