

Where Jesus Is

Joey + Rory

This morning the pews
Were hay bales
The pulpit a sack
Thrown over a stall
The floor just a carpet of sawdust
The baptistry was
A rusty old trough

(Chorus)

There were no steeples
There were no candles
But Heaven came down
There were no suits
Just worn out boots
Standing on holy ground
I guess it's true
If even two
Are gathered in his midst
That's where Jesus is

Somewhere they were gathered
And praying
Their alter a foot locker
Dropped in the sand
Sunday's at home
Just a memory
But there in that tent
They still felt his hand

(Repeat Chorus)

On an airplane
Or this old bus
In the silence
He always meets us

Where there's no steeples
Where there's no candles
Heaven comes down
In our Sunday shoes
Or in our cowboy boots
It's all holy ground
I guess it's true
If even two
Are gathered in his midst
That's where Jesus is
That's where Jesus is