

Thanksgiving Prayer

by Rick Lang

The doorbell is ringin', it's Thanksgiving day, that holiday spirit is in the air.
We stand there to greet them at the front door, with hugs and handshakes and
"heart felt" hello's.

Now some came a distance so they could be here,
to celebrate this special time of the year.
Like families still do, each in their own way,
and preserve the tradition of Thanksgiving day.

We've been busy all mornin' out in the kitchen,
cookin' the turkey and all of the fixin's.
Everything homemade right there on the stove,
just like the first pilgrims of so long ago.

The table is set, we all take our place.
We bow and join hands for that Thanksgiving grace.
To the head of the table all ears are turned,
you could have heard a pin drop as he spoke these words...

*CHORUS

Lord up in Heaven we thank Thee today,
for the food on our table and Thy bountiful grace.
Please watch over this family and our loved ones who are so far away.
Lord if you're listenin' from Your home up there,
we hope you can hear this Thanksgiving prayer.

Now we're all so full we can't eat one more bite,
when out come the minced meat and pumpkin pies.
Grandad's asleep there in his favorite chair,
the smoke from his pipe is still in the air.

The day's almost over, they pack up to go,
we're wavin' good-bye as they drive down the road.
This wonderful feelin' will last for days,
and I can still hear the words from that Thanksgiving grace...

*CHORUS