

Just A Bag of Three Nails On The Wall

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Verse 1

A lifetime of mem'ries framed in a hallway
His camera had captured them all
Good times, and bad times
Glad times, and sad times
All displayed there on the wall

But placed in the middle of all of those mem'ries
One picture just captured my eye
A small bag was hanging
By some thread on a thumbtack
I stopped and asked the man...why?

Refrain

And he said...
You see all these pictures,
they're all full of mem'ries
One look, and they take you right there
Grandma's still cookin'
and grandpa's still rockin'
and the smell of the farm's in the air

We hang what is precious,
Then we hold to their mem'ry
Like the man who was hung for us all
To some it's just silly, but I love that picture
Just a bag of three nails on the wall

Verse 2

When the man stopped talkin',
We stood in the quiet
And just stared at that bag on the wall
His life had been broken
Like a bottle on pavement
He came close to losing it all

But right in the middle of his desperation
He called out to heaven above
And the hands that reached downward
Had scars where the nails were
Completing God's perfect picture... of love

Refrain 2

You see all these pictures,
They're all full of mem'ries
One look, and they take you right there
A walk down the aisle, a baby's first steps
A son coming home from the war

We hang what is precious,
Then hold to their mem'ry
Like the man who hung for us all
To some it's just silly, but I love that picture
Just a bag of three nails on the wall

Ending

Life moves so quickly from moment to moment
You're not be able to capture it all
So remember the truth found in the picture
Of a bag with three nails on the wall