

Bucket Called Hope

Third dry well in a row, not a stone left to throw
Just this old bucket called hope, I'm sending down below
With the walls caving in, is there even water down
But to make it up here I got to start down there
So I'm sending My bucket called hope

Oh ... To the depths far below
Where your water runs cold
Oh ... On a rope so old
I'll never let go, Lord ... If you don't ... To my bucket called hope

The farmers 'round here, little hope in their eyes
When they look to the sky
All of us together, just can't remember
The weather so dry.....
So I'm sending My bucket called hope

Oh ... Just a bucket for my rows
And I'll never let go
Oh ... On a rope so old
From your depth far below, please bring back ... My bucket called Hope

HO OOOOO O-O HOPE
HO OOOOO O-O HOPE

Guitar Solo

Third drywall in a row, not a stone left throw
Just this old bucket called hope, I'm sending down below
With the walls caving in, is there even water down
But to make it up here I got to start down there
So I'm sending ... My bucket called hope

Oh ... Just a bucket for my row
And I'll never let go
oh..... On a rope so old
From your death far below, please bring back ... My bucket called hope

HO OOOOO O-O HOPE
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