A HUNDRED POUNDS OF CLAY - Rogers/Dixon/Elgin
4/4  1...2...123  (without intro)

Intro:  |  |  |  |  | (X2)

He took a hundred pounds of clay, and then He said, 'Hey, listen.'

I'm gonna fix this-a world to-day, because I know what's missin'.

Then He rolled his big sleeves up, and a brand-new world be-gan.

He cre-ated a woman and a-lots of lovin' for a man, whoa-oh-oh, yes, he did

With just a hundred pounds of clay, He made my life worth livin'.

And I will thank Him every day for every kiss you're givin'.

And I'll thank Him every night for the arms that are holding me tight.

And He did it all with just a hundred pounds of clay. yes, He did, whoa-oh, yes, He did.
p.2. A Hundred Pounds of Clay

Now can'tcha just see Him a-walkin' 'round and 'round, pickin' the clay up off the ground?

Doin' just what He should do, to make a livin' dream like you

He rolled his big sleeves up, and a brand-new world be-gan.

He cre-ated a woman and a-lots of lovin' for a man, whoa-oh-oh,

Yes he did, with just a hundred pounds of clay

People let me tell what He did, with just a hundred pounds of clay,
A HUNDRED POUNDS OF CLAY - Rogers/Dixon/Elgin
4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: | G | Em | Am7 | D7 | (X2)

G        Em                        Am7             D7
He took a hundred pounds of clay, and then He said, 'Hey, listen.'

G        Em                        Am7             D7
I'm gonna fix this-a world to-day, because I know what's missin'.

C                               D7              C                                D7
Then He rolled his big sleeves up, and a brand-new world be-gan.

G        Em                        Am7     D7               G                    Em               C    D7
He cre-ated a woman and a-lots of lovin' for a man, whoa-oh-oh, yes, he did

G        Em                        Am7     D7               G        Em               C    D7
With just a hundred pounds of clay, He made my life worth livin'.

G        Em                        Am7     D7               G        Em               C    D7
And I will thank Him every day for every kiss you're givin'.

C                               D7              C                                D7
And I'll thank Him every night for the arms that are holding me tight.

G        Em                        Am7     D7               G        C              G    D7
And He did it all with just a hundred pounds of clay. yes, He did, whoa-oh, yes, He did.

G        G#dim                       Am7                       D7
Now can'tcha just see Him a-walkin' 'round and 'round, pickin' the clay up off the ground?

G        G#dim                       Am7                       D7
Doin' just what He should do, to make a livin' dream like you

C                               D7              C                                D7
He rolled his big sleeves up, and a brand-new world be-gan.

G        Em                        Am7     D7               G        Em               C    D7
He cre-ated a woman and a-lots of lovin' for a man, whoa-oh-oh,

C                               D7              G
Yes he did, with just a hundred pounds of clay

Em                                       C                        D7                            G
People let me tell what He did, with just a hundred pounds of clay,

Em                                       C                        D7                            G
People let me tell what He did, with just a hundred pounds of clay