

Three Men
Randy Swift 2/14/98

I remember when I was just two or three,
How mama used to take good care of me.
She washed the dishes she washed the clothes,
She washed me from my head to my toes.
And I remember everyday while she washed me clean,
She had a little song that she would sing.
I was too young then to understand,
What mama was saying to her little man.
She sang,

Rub-A-Dub-Dub, There's three men in this tub.
Rub-A-Dub-Dub, There's three men in this tub.
You gotta do a little scrubbin on um every day,
If you want to keep the bad stuff washed away.
Rub-A-Dub-Dub, There's three men in this tub.

When I got a little older I had to ask,
Bout the song she used to sing when she gave me my bath.
So I said mama, why did you say three,
When the only one in the tub was me?
Through a big ole' smile she said I'm glad you ask,
Now a hard job is nothing but a simple task.
And it's important that you know without a doubt,
Just exactly what your mama's been talking about.
When she said,

She said I had a good reason that I said three
Cause there's much more to you than what you see
Then she showed me right there on the Bible's page,
In the image of God, That's how I was made.
She said, you've got a body, a soul and a spirit,
It's easy to see if you can only hear it.
It was then that I begin to understand,
How all three are wrapped up inside of one man.
I said,