

# Alabaster Box

CeCe Winans

The room grew still  
As she made her way to Jesus  
She stumbles through the tears that made her blind  
She felt such pain  
Some spoke in anger  
Heard folks whisper  
There's no place here for her kind  
Still on she came  
Through the shame that flushed her face  
Until at last, she knelt before his feet  
And though she spoke no words  
Everything she said was heard  
As she poured her love for the Master  
From her box of alabaster

And I've come to pour  
My praise on Him  
Like oil from Mary's alabaster box  
Don't be angry if I wash his feet with my tears  
And I dry them with my hair  
You weren't there the night He found me  
You did not feel what I felt  
When he wrapped his love all around me and  
You don't know the cost of the oil  
In my alabaster box

I can't forget the way life used to be  
I was a prisoner to the sin that had me bound  
And I spent my days  
Poured my life without measure  
Into a little treasure box  
I'd thought I'd found  
Until the day when Jesus came to me  
And healed my soul  
With the wonder of His touch  
So now I'm giving back to Him  
All the praise He's worthy of  
I've been forgiven  
And that's why  
I love Him so much

And I've come to pour  
My praise on Him  
Like oil from Mary's alabaster box  
Don't be angry if I wash his feet with my tears  
And dry them with my hair (my hair)  
You weren't there the night Jesus found me  
You did not feel what I felt  
When He wrapped his loving arms around me and  
You don't know the cost of the oil  
Oh, you don't know the cost of my praise  
You don't know the cost of the oil  
In my alabaster box