

Face Of Christ

Chris Rice

He shares a room outside with a dozen other guys
And the only roof he knows is that sometimes starry sky
A tattered sleeping bag on a concrete slab is his bed
And it's too cold to talk tonight
So I just sit with him instead and think

How did I find myself in a better place
I can't look down on the frown on the other guy's face
'Cause when I stoop down low, look him square in the eye
I get a funny feeling, I just might be dealing
With the face of Christ

After sixteen years in a cold, gray prison yard
Somehow his heart is soft, but keeping simple faith is hard
He lays his Bible open on the table next to me
And as I hear his humble prayer
I feel his longing to be free someday

How did I find myself in a better place
I can't look down on the frown on the other guy's face
'Cause when I stoop down low, look him square in the eye
I get a funny feeling, I just might be dealing
With the face of Christ

See you had no choice which day you would be born
Or the color of your skin, or what planet you'd be on
Would your mind be strong, would your eyes be blue or brown
Whether daddy would be rich, or if momma stuck around at all

So if you find yourself in a better place
You can't look down on the frown on the other guy's face
You gotta stoop down low, look him square in the eye
And get a funny feeling, 'cause you might be dealing ...

How did I find myself in a better place
I can't look down on the frown on the other guy's face
'Cause when I stoop down low, look him square in the eye
I get a funny feeling, I just might be dealing
With the face of Christ

With the face of Christ, yeah

With the face of Christ