

# Everyman

Rich Mullins

Well, he was out on a limb - he was sitting in the shade  
He'd led a hundred men - and lived alone among the graves  
He had a thousand questions - and a million heartaches  
He was everyman, he was everyman  
She was caught in a sin - she knew the well was so deep  
She threw her last pennies in - and poured oil upon His feet  
She touched the garment's hem - she had only been asleep  
She was everyman, she was everyman  
And the Lord looks down and He understands  
The world draws up it's lines  
But at the foot of the cross there's room for everyone  
And love that is not blind  
It can look at who we are and still see beyond  
The differences we find  
But with thorns in His brow and a spear in His side  
Nails in His hand, He died for you and I  
For you and I and everyman  
He had nets to mend - he gave his fish and his loaves  
He had to wash his hands - and ran away without his robe  
He couldn't understand - until on Damascus road  
He was everyman, he was everyman  
She brought the world a lamb - and took warning from a dream  
From an empty tomb she ran - for her children she would weep  
In her womb a baby danced - she'd been waiting for a King  
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