

What Kind Of Joy

Steven Curtis Chapman

Anybody in their right mind
Would've given up their preaching and headed for home
They've been warned a hundred times
But something inside them keeps giving them hope
And just when you think they'd be crying
Instead of the tears, there's joy in their eyes

What kind of joy is this
That counts it a blessing to suffer?
What kind of joy is this
That gives the prisoner his song?
What kind of joy could stare death in the face
And see it as sweet victory?
This is the joy of a soul that's forgiven and free

Anybody else with his pain
Would wanna shake their fist at Heaven and give up the fight
'Cause trouble had been Paul's middle name
Ever since he'd been captured by God's blinding light
But just when his hope should be dying
You listen and hear him singing a song

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That counts it a blessing to suffer?
What kind of joy is this
That gives the prisoner a song?
What kind of joy could stare death in the face
And see it as sweet victory?
This is the joy of a soul that's forgiven and free

What kind of joy is this?
What kind of joy is this?
What kind of joy is this
The father has promised his children?
What kind of joy is this
That Jesus has come to reveal?
What kind of joy could give hope in this world
To someone just like you and me?
This is the joy of a soul that's forgiven
I've found this joy for my soul is forgiven and free

What kind of joy is this?
Tell me what kind of joy
What kind of joy, what kind of joy?