

# At Your Feet

Clint Brown

An alabaster box held the costly perfume  
She anointed you that day as the fragrance filled the room  
She washed your feet with tears and dried them with her hair  
I know how Mary felt as she was kneeling there

At your feet  
At your feet  
I humbly bow before you  
With honor i adore you  
At your feet  
At your feet  
There's no place i'd rather be  
Than at your feet

Its hard to understand why life seems unfair  
Lord, I'm carrying this load that I'm not meant to bear  
But you said in your word that peace can be found  
If i can find the courage just to lay it all down

At your feet  
At your feet  
I humbly bow before you  
With honor i adore you  
At your feet  
At your feet  
There's no place I'd rather be  
Than at your feet

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Lyrics submitted by Hannah Vaughan.

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