Dyin' Day

Brandon Heath

Blue Mountain Penitentiary
Been housing sin for centuries
I am just a number, not a name
And you wear a gun and hold the keys
But you've always been good to me
Only see the man and not the shame
And I haven't seen my wife in years
Last memory is her in tears
Wonder if she'll even come tonight
There's something that she doesn't know
She needs to hear before I go
Could you tell her I'm alright

Would you pray with me
Touch the hand of a sinner
Would you stay with me
And be my guest for dinner

Looks like this is my dyin' day
They tell me that's the only way
I'll ever see the other side again
But they don't know who's been in here
Every day the last three years
Yes, sir, I'm the one who let Him in
And He comes and sits down in my chair
Weeping, breathing this same air
And opens up His hands
Reminds me that He walked this mile
Suffered for a little while
And made me an innocent man

Would you pray with me
Touch the hand of a sinner
Would you stay with me
And be my guest for dinner

Would you pray with me
Touch the hand of a sinner
Would you stay with me
My last guest for dinner

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