The 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 its too cold to talk tonight, so I just sit with Him instead and thinkHow did I find myself in a better place
I cant look down on the frown on the other guys 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 ChristAfter 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 somedayHow did I find myself in a better place
I cant look down on the frown on the other guys 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 ChristSee you had no choice which day you would be born
Or the color of your skin, or what planet youd 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 allSo if you find yourself in a better place
You cant look down on the frown on the other guys face
You gotta stoop down low, look Him square in the eye
And get a funny feeling, you just might be dealingHow did I find myself in a better place
I cant look down on the frown on the other guys 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 ChristWith the face of Christ
With the face of Christ, yeahWith the face of Christ, yeah
With the face of Christ

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