Tell Me the Story Again

Chris Rice

Start with an infant world and an open sky
On a perfect day, breath from the mouth of God
Sends a quiver through His design of clay
And it is good, and it is goodTell me the story again
Tell me the story again
Wake to a girl beside
Here's a hand to hold and never go awayNow taste the forbidden fruit
Make a poor excuse
Feel the wall of shame
And run and hide, and run and hideTell me the story again
Tell me the story again
Child in a manger bed
See the virgin smile, she understoodNow grow up and break your bread
Pour your cup of wine
On a cross of wood
A cross of wood, a cross of woodTell me the story again
Tell me the story again
Tell me the story again
Tell me the story againTime twenty centuries
There's a boy on his knees
At the river's edge
Now plunge with his guilty stains
In the cleansing waves
And wash his sins awayOh, happy day
Oh, happy day
Oh, happy day
Oh, happy dayTell me that story again
Tell me that story again
Tell me the story, tell me the story
Tell me the story, tell me the story againStart with an infant world
And an open sky on a perfect day

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