

Chris Rice

"The Face Of Christ"

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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 it's too cold to talk tonight, so I just sit with Him
instead and think

How did I find myself in a better place
I can't look down on the frown on the other guy's 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 Christ

After 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 someday

How did I find myself in a better place
I can't 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 Christ

See you had no choice which day you would be born
Or the color of your skin, or what planet you'd 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 all

So if you find yourself in a better place
You can't look down on the frown on the other guy's
face
You gotta stoop down low, look Him square in the eye
And get a funny feeling, you just might be dealing

How did I find myself in a better place

I can't look down on the frown on the other guy's 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 Christ

With the face of Christ
With the face of Christ, yeah

With the face of Christ, yeah
With the face of Christ

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