

## Mull Historical Society

### "Everyman"

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Rich Mullins and Beaker

Matthew 4:21-22, Matthew 9:35-36, Matthew 27:19

Matthew 27:24, Matthew 28:1-10, Mark 5:1-43

Mark 14:3-9, Mark 14:51-52, Luke 1:35-45

Luke 2:1-20, Luke 2:36-38, Luke 7:2-10

Luke 8:26-39, Luke 19:1-10, Luke 21:1-4

Luke 23:27-29, John 1:45-51, John 3:1-21

John 4:4-26, John 6:5-15, John 8:2-11

Acts 8:26-39, Acts 9:1-6

Well, he was out on a limb - he was sitting in the shade  
He'd led a hundred men - and lived alone among the  
graves

He had a thousand questions - and a million  
heartaches

He was everyman, he was everyman

She was caught in a sin - she knew the well was so  
deep

She threw her last pennies in - and poured oil upon His  
feet

She touched the garment's hem - she had only been  
asleep

She was everyman, she was everyman

And the Lord looks down and He understands

The world draws up it's lines

But at the foot of the cross there's room for everyone

And love that is not blind

It can look at who we are and still see beyond

The differences we find

But with thorns in His brow and a spear in His side

Nails in His hand, He died for you and I

For you and I and everyman

He had nets to mend - he gave his fish and his loaves

He had to wash his hands - and ran away without his  
robe

He couldn't understand - until on Damascus road

He was everyman, he was everyman

She brought the world a lamb - and took warning from  
a dream

From an empty tomb she ran - for her children she  
would weep

In her womb a baby danced - she'd been waiting for a

King  
She was everyman, she was everyman  
And the Lord looks down and He understands  
The world draws up it's lines  
But at the foot of the cross there's room for everyone  
And love that is not blind  
It can look at who we are and still see beyond  
The differences we find  
But with thorns in His brow and a spear in His side  
Nails in His hand, He died for you and I  
For you and I and everyman  
The world draws up it's lines  
But at the foot of the cross there's room for everyone  
And love that is not blind  
It can look at who we are and still see beyond  
The differences we find  
But with thorns in His brow and a spear in His side  
Nails in His hand, He died for you and I  
For you and I and everyman  
Everyman

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