

Phillip Larue

"A Place Called Grace"

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So many years I heard it told
The story of compassion
A prodigal son who left the fold
And found no satisfaction
On my knees, Lord, I cried out to You
Im so alone
But if there's room in Your house for one more
Im ready to come back home?

I know there is a place
Where arms of compassion welcome me home
Sweet mercy falls like rain
I know there's a place called grace

So many days Ive trusted grace
Yet I have to wonder
How many times my human strength
Has kept me from surrender
The more I learn just to lean on the cross
The more I see
When I fall, I will fall to the place
Where mercy reaches me

If it seems that my courage is strong
There's just one reason
Hes my rock when my faith is all gone
He holds me in His arms
Gives me strength to carry on

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