

A Friend Called Grace

Dan Dean, Randy Phillips
Ariose Music / World Of Pentecost Publishing (ASCAP)

Tears dripped off of her crimson face
She covered her head tried to hide in shame
Caught and condemned, now she can't get away
Just a pawn in the hands of a Pharisee game.
Then the noise and the rage of the frenzied grew
As they struggled for the power in an ageless feud.
As she softly cried, they again reviewed
The obvious fate of this ill-repute.
Then a voice of love ended all debate.
His words of hope sent the crowds away.
The hands that flung the stars in space
Lifted her face as she heard Him say,

Let me introduce you to a friend called grace
Doesn't care about your past or your many mistakes
Covers your sin in a warm embrace
Let me introduce you to a friend a friend called grace.

The courtroom crowd grew quiet and still
As the white robed judge called truth appeared.
And the ring of the gavel brought a fierce debate
As the players of eternity decided my fate.
In the light of the truth I could clearly see
That the facts made the trial a formality
And my accuser stood with bated breath
Confident conviction would end in death
But from a blood stained cross to a witness stand
Walked a man with hope in his nailed scared hands
The words He spoke brought me sweet releasee whisperedH
He whispered, "I've a friend that you need to meet"

If you're tired of the guilt and the sleepless nights
And running from the shame of a wasted life
There's someone standing with an open hand
Waiting there to give you a second chance

Let me introduce you to a friend called grace
Doesn't care about your past or your many mistakes
Covers your sin in a warm embrace
Let me introduce you to a friend a friend called grace.