

# The Face Of Christ

Chris Rice

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