

Grace

Michael W. Smith

I was lost when You found me here
You pulled me close and held me near
And I'm a fool but still You love
I'll be Your fool for the king of love

He gave me wings so I could fly
And gave me a song to color the sky
And all I have is all from You
And all I want is all of You

It's grace, grace
I'm nothing without You
Grace, Your grace
Shines on me

And there've been days when I've walked away
Too much to carry, nothing left to say
Forgive me Lord when I'm weak and lost
You traded heaven for a wooden cross

And all these years You've carried me
You've been my eyes when I could not see
And beauty grows in the driving rain
Your ode of gladness in the times of pain

It's grace, grace
I'm nothing without You
Grace, Your grace
Shines on me

You're grace, Your grace
I'm nothing without You
Grace, Your grace
Shines on me, oh yeah

Shines on me, shines on me
I'm everything with you
Shines on me, shines on me
It's Your grace

Shines on me, Your grace, oh
Your grace it shines on me
Your grace, Your grace
Shines on me, shines on me
Your grace it shines on me
Your grace it shines on me