

Alabaster Box, Alabaster Box

Verse 1:

The room grew still as she made her way to Jesus
She stumbles through the tears that made her blind
She felt such pain
Some spoke in anger
Heard folks whisper "There's no place here for her kind"
Still on she came through the shame that flushed her face
Until at last she knelt before his feet
And though she spoke no words, everything she said was heard
As she poured her love for the master from her box of alabaster

And I've come to pour my praise on Him like oil
From Mary's alabaster box
Don't be angry if I wash his feet with my tears and I dry them with my hair
You weren't there the night he found me
You did not feel what I felt when he wrapped his love all around me
And you don't know the cost of the oil in my alabaster box

I can't forget the way life used to be
I was a prisoner to the sins that had me bound
I spent all my days
And poured my life without measure
Into a little treasure box I thought I found
Until the day when Jesus came to me
And healed my soul with the wonder of his touch
So now I'm giving back to him all the praise he's worthy of
I've been forgiven and that's why I love him so much

And I've come to pour my praise on him like oil
From Mary's alabaster box
Don't be angry if I wash his feet with my tears
And I dry them with my hair.....my hair
You weren't there
The night Jesus found me
You did not feel what I felt when he wrapped his loving arms around me
And you don't know the cost of the oil
oohhhhhhhhhhhh
You don't know the cost of my praise
You don't know the cost of the oil in my alabaster box