

# 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