

# Chris Rice, Tell Me The Story Again

Start with an infant world and an open sky  
On a perfect day, breath from the mouth of God  
Sends a quiver through His design of clay  
And it is good, and it is good  
Tell me the story again  
Tell me the story again  
Wake to a girl beside  
Here's a hand to hold and never go away  
Now taste the forbidden fruit  
Make a poor excuse  
Feel the wall of shame  
And run and hide, and run and hide  
Tell me the story again  
Tell me the story again  
Child in a manger bed  
See the virgin smile, she understood  
Now grow up and break your bread  
Pour your cup of wine  
On a cross of wood  
A cross of wood, a cross of wood  
Tell me the story again  
Tell me the story again  
Tell me the story again  
Tell me the story again  
Time twenty centuries  
There's a boy on his knees  
At the river's edge  
Now plunge with his guilty stains  
In the cleansing waves  
And wash his sins away  
Oh, happy day  
Oh, happy day  
Oh, happy day  
Oh, happy day  
Tell me that story again  
Tell me that story again  
Tell me the story, tell me the story  
Tell me the story, tell me the story again  
Start with an infant world  
And an open sky on a perfect day