

Michael W. Smith, Grace

I was lost when ya 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, your grace
I'm nothing without you
Grace, your grace
Your 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