

# Phillips Craig And Dean, A Place Called Grace

So many years I heard it told  
The story of compassion  
A prodigal son who left the fold  
And found no satisfaction  
On my knees, Lord, I cried out to You  
'I'm so alone  
But if there's room in Your house for one more  
I'm ready to come back home'

I know there is a place  
Where arms of compassion welcome me home  
Sweet mercy falls like rain  
I know there's a place called grace

So many days I've trusted grace  
Yet I have to wonder  
How many times my human strength  
Has kept me from surrender  
The more I learn just to lean on the cross  
The more I see  
When I fall, I will fall to the place  
Where mercy reaches me

If it seems that my courage is strong  
There's just one reason  
He's my rock when my faith is all gone  
He holds me in His arms  
Gives me strength to carry on