Ray Boltz, The Potter's Field

The Potter's Field

Words and music by Ray Boltz

I fell asleep the other day Dreamed that I was falling And I woke up in a field of clay Voices were calling In the potter's field In the potter's field

The broken pieces
Lying on the ground...
It was the strangest thing...
Got up and began to dance around
And I heard them sing

CHORUS:

In the potter's field Love is truly spoken Nothing is concealed 'Cause everything is broken In the potter's field In the potter's field

And they sang about the garden Where Jesus was betrayed And how Judas tried to take back All the money he'd been paid How the money bought the field of dirt The money bought the mud But all the broken pieces We have been purchased by the Blood

In the potter's field
Love is truly spoken
He has come to heal
Everything that's broken
In the potter's field
Love is truly spoken
He has come to heal
Everything that's broken
Everything that's broken
In the potter's field
In the potter's field

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