

A Gentle Smile of Grace

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Sunday morning, there in church,
thoughts crowding through my head.
those deadlines closing in on me,
those things I should have said.
so hard to find a time to pause,
a time for quiet release.
to put my busy life on hold
to find a sense of peace

instrumental

and then the church door opens,
and I look across the aisle.
I see you coming in to pray,
you look at me and smile.
and something in that smile says more,
than words could ever say.
it says God's love is there for me,
to help me find a way

*and in that smile I see a glimpse
of life so full of faith
with God's love quietly shining through
that gentle smile of grace*

that makes think about a faith
that's shone through ninety years,
that surely in that time it must
have met its share of fears
and if a faith could shine that long
and still stay burning bright
then surely that must prove to me
the power of that light

*and in that smile I see a glimpse
of life so full of faith
with God's love quietly shining through
that gentle smile of grace*

I feel the clouds then drift away,
like clear skies after rain.
to let a shaft of sunlight through
to light my life again
and I then feel a quiet calm
and sitting in that place...
I find myself begin to smile...
a gentle smile of grace

*a gentle smile of grace
a gentle smile of grace*