

The Cross

Collin Raye

I thought she was havin' trouble, so I stopped to lend a hand.
I didn't see that wooden cross behind her Chevy minivan.
I said "sorry ma'am" she said "that's alright, most folks drive
on past."
She told me the history even though I didn't ask.

"It's been 14 years today since I took his name.
And a year ago December when we got that freezin' rain.
I'm not one to blame God, but at first I took it bad.
Now I've learned to count the blessings, every moment that we h
ad.

"I don't come to mourn his dying, but to celebrate his life.
Ya know, death can never stop a love between a husband and a wi
fe.
There's something 'bout me coming here when I'm feeling lost.
When I need to find my peace of mind, I just come to the cross.
"

I got back in my pickup truck and I drove away in tears.
Thanked God for a family and every moment we've had here.
Cause who knows what tomorrow holds or what's waiting round the
bend?
And every time I pass a wooden cross, I hear those words again.

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Ya know, death can never stop a love between a husband and a wi
fe.
There's something 'bout me coming here when I'm feeling lost.
When I need to find my peace of mind, I just come to the cross.

I just come to the cross."