

The Third Man

Conway Twitty

Last night I dreamed
I took a walk
Up Calvary's lonely hill,
The things I saw
With my own eyes
Could not have been more real.

I saw upon three crosses
Three men in agony;
Two, cried out for mercy,
And a third man, He looked at me.

And oh, the hurt in this man's eyes
It just broke my heart in two!
And it seemed I could hear him say
"Son, I'm doing this for you."

I knelt beneath the third man's cross,
And slowly bowed my head,
I reached out to touch his feet,
And it stained my hand's with red.

And when I heard him cry in pain,
I raised my eyes to see;
The blood spilled from the third man's side
And some of it spilled on me.

The third man wore a crown of thorns,
Spikes held him to the tree,
And I heard him say, "Oh God, My God,
Why hast thou forsaken me?"

And there within the mighty crowd,
The ones who mocked Him cried
"King, save Thyself if thou art King!"
And then the third man died.

Suddenly, I heard the thunder roll,
I saw the lightening pierce the sky.
Then third man was still hanging there,
And I began to cry.

I saw the boulders fall,
And heard the breaking of the ground.
And then I awoke,
And though I dreamed;
I touched my cheek and found

My eyes were wet where I had cried.
A dream, I wished I knew
I can still hear the third man say,
"I'm doing this for you."..