

# 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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