

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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