LYRIC SHEET · FOR CHURCHES

SUNDAY IN THE GRAVEL LOT

Caleb Ridge · Every Mile Held

Key **C major**
Tempo **154 bpm**

VERSE 1

Dust kicks up by the pine tree line
Minivan doors and a nursery sign
Old men laughing by a pickup bed
College kid carrying a Bible he read
Greeter hugs like a front porch bell
Choir warms up with a hymn I know well
Coffee tastes strong and the babies cry
But the gospel comes alive when the saints walk by

PRE-CHORUS

Not a show, not a stage, not a weekend stop
It is family gathered under Christ on top

CHORUS

Truth from the pulpit, bread at the table
Love in the prayers when the weak feel unable
We come with bruises, we leave with a song
The Lord keeps building where we all belong
Thank God for Sunday in the gravel lot

VERSE 2

Single mom settles in the second row
Old farmer whispers, He will help you grow
Teenage boy hears John three sixteen
Not as a slogan but a Savior unseen
Pastor opens to Hebrews ten
Calls us near and sends us out again
We confess our sins, we sing amen
Then we bear one another when the week begins

PRE-CHORUS

Not a club, not a crowd, not a place to hide
It is the bride made holy by the Savior’s side

CHORUS

Truth from the pulpit, bread at the table
Love in the prayers when the weak feel unable
We come with bruises, we leave with a song
The Lord keeps building where we all belong
Thank God for Sunday in the gravel lot

BRIDGE

Monday will test us, Tuesday will press
Wednesday may bruise every promise we confess
But we are not scattered like leaves in the wind
The Shepherd calls His people back again

FINAL CHORUS

Truth from the gospel, bread at the table
Prayer rising high when the weak feel unable
We bring our neighbors, we welcome the lost
The Lord keeps drawing by the power of the cross
Send us from Sunday in the gravel lot
Sunday in the gravel lot

Free for congregational use. © Vox Petra.