

**Atonement**  
Roger Montgomery

I was working on my truck  
My wife was sure to be pleased  
My truck was up and running good  
But my hands were covered with grease.

I came into the house  
I gave my wife a great big squeeze  
Go and wash your hands, she said  
Don't touch me with all that grease.

I'm getting hungry, I said  
Will you fix my dinner now, please?  
Get out of my kitchen, she said  
Don't touch anything with all that grease

But I've been working hard, I said  
I thought for sure that you'd see  
Don't my works count for anything?  
She said, Don't touch me with all that grease.

I thought you said you loved me  
Were you just saying that to tease?  
I love you with all my heart, she said  
But I sure don't love all that grease.

I know what I'll do, I thought  
This is real smart for someone like me  
I'll put on those kitchen gloves lying there  
Now she won't be able to see all that grease.

But she was still not satisfied  
Though my hands she couldn't see  
Even though my hands were covered up  
The cover up didn't rid me of all that grease.

My works did not impress her  
My cover up still didn't completely appease  
I could feel something was still wrong  
It had something to do with all that grease.

But it got me in the kitchen though  
But she was still not well pleased  
Although my hands were covered up  
Even I was aware of all that grease.

So I said I would like to know  
Do you see what I don't see?  
What can I do to make things right?  
She said, Get rid of all that grease.

I can't get rid of it, I said  
It clings and clings to me  
She gave me some cleanser she had purchased  
She said, This gets rid of grease.

I got it at the store myself  
It will make you free  
I paid for it all myself  
It was made just to get rid of grease.

The cleanser cleanses your hands  
But the smell gets to me  
Here's some soap that will make you smell better  
After you're cleansed of all that grease.

So I washed my hands with the cleanser  
And the soap and water she gave to me  
Then I let her smell my hands  
Look, see, there's no grease.

So she gave me a great big hug  
I knew for sure that she was now well pleased  
My hands were clean, unstained, and smelling good  
We weren't separated by all that grease.

All it took was to come clean  
Now we have so much real peace  
I just followed her directions  
And got rid of all that grease.

She invited me into her kitchen  
It was no longer a deep freeze  
I could feel the warmth and love coming from her  
And I no longer felt the grease.

She told me she knew I really worked hard  
Now she was really completely pleased  
I was sure glad I listened to her  
And I was no longer covered by grease.

Sometimes it's hard to take orders  
Especially for someone as smart as me  
But sometimes good advice works pretty good  
Anyhow, who needs all that grease?

Some people think they're pretty slick  
Their religion they want the world to see  
But salvation is on a higher plane  
Far above this world covered in grease.

We may be slicker than we thought  
But even the world can see  
People whose hands are marred by sin  
Hands spotted by sin and grease.

You grease my hands and I'll grease yours  
That's a saying the world should let be  
Religion pats itself on the back  
With handprints covered with grease.

We can do some good works  
But still there are other needs  
Someone else has to supply  
If we're not separated by too much grease.

I could feel her admiration  
For someone as imperfect as me  
It can be a beautiful thought  
Not to be covered with all that grease.

God said He gave an atonement  
A covering not to forever be  
A better covenant He would give  
A cleansing from all our grease.

Maybe I'll go to Him today  
In heaven someday I will be  
If I cleanse my hands from my sin  
And I don't approach Him with all my grease.

All my righteousness is as filthy rags  
So one day God's Son did bleed  
And I can approach God with His blood  
And my hands not covered with all that grease.

His blood cleanses us from all sin  
That's why He hung on a tree  
To take away the stain of sin  
To cleanse us from all this grease.

Everything I touch has been marred by sin  
Just look around the world and see  
The problem is not whether God loves me  
But what about all that grease?

He has paid for the cleansing agent  
My righteousness, let it be far from me  
He will send His Holy Spirit  
When our hands are cleansed from grease.

You will not be allowed into His heaven  
Unless His blood makes you free  
But you have been personally invited  
Just don't show up with all that grease.

If you want to wear fine linen  
And shine for all the world to see  
You'd better get cleaned up first  
Because works don't get rid of all that grease.

God loves you so very much  
But you may never see  
Until your hands are cleansed by blood  
And cleansed from all that grease.

Jesus Christ is your Lord and Savior  
Come to Him and see  
His love is out of this world  
And Oil is better than all that grease.