

## **It's Friday But Sunday's Coming**

**by S.M. Lockridge**

It's Friday. Pilate's struggling, The council is conspiring, The crowd is vilifying  
They don't even know that Sunday's comin'

It's Friday. The disciples are running Like sheep without a shepherd  
Mary's crying, Peter is denying,  
But they don't know that Sunday's a comin'

It's Friday. The Romans beat my Jesus, They robe him in scarlet, They crown him with thorns,  
But they don't know that Sunday's comin'

It's Friday, See Jesus walking to Calvary,  
his blood dripping, his body stumbling and his spirit burdened  
But you see, it's only Friday, Sunday's comin'

It's Friday, The world's winning, People are sinning, And evil's grinning...  
The soldiers nail my Savior's hands To the cross  
They nail my Savior's feet To the cross  
And then they raise him up Next to criminals  
It's Friday, But let me tell you something: Sunday's comin'!

It's Friday. The disciples are questioning What has happened to their King  
And the Pharisees are celebrating That their scheming Has been achieved  
But they don't know it's only Friday, Sunday's comin'

It's Friday, He's hanging on the cross, Feeling forsaken by his Father  
Left alone and dying, Can nobody save him?  
It's Friday, But Sunday's comin'

It's Friday, The earth trembles, The sky grows dark, My King yields his spirit

It's Friday, Hope is lost, Death has won, Sin has conquered, Satan's just a laughin'

It's Friday, Jesus is buried, A soldier stands guard, And a rock is rolled into place  
But it's Friday, It is only Friday, Sunday is a comin'!