

# I Can't Believe I Did It!

I picture someone knocking  
    In ancient Bethlehem,  
A woman and her husband  
    Applying at the inn.  
The place was overflowing,  
    The host would not relent,  
He would not crowd his clients,  
    They must be kept content.

“Our need is truly urgent,”  
    The frantic couple pled,  
And finally at a stable  
    They found themselves a bed.  
And there beside the manger  
    The Son of God was born,  
The hope of Israel's prophets  
    Arrived on Christmas morn.

When Bethlehem's innkeeper  
    Learned of Messiah's birth,  
And how the choir of angels  
    Had brought the news to earth,  
He'd surely sigh in wonder,  
    And maybe even say,  
”I can't believe I did it!”  
    “I turned the Christ away.”

And always when his musings  
    Would bring him back to then,  
He'd want to do it over  
    The way it should have been;  
But what is done is history,  
    And time does not repeat,  
And every act is either  
    A victory or defeat.

I see another knocking  
    At heaven's pearly gate,  
His life on earth is over,  
    He hopes it's not too late.  
And heaven's door creaks opened,  
    A face peers through a crack,  
The Savior hears his pleading,  
    And sadly answers back.

I came to you in sickness,  
    I came to you in health,  
I offered you my friendship,  
    And gave you all your wealth.  
You had too many projects,  
    Too many things to do.  
You left me out there knocking,  
    Though I had died for you

Depart from Me you sinner,  
    Your doom is settled now,  
I came to you a thousand times  
    But you refused to bow.  
And in eternal darkness  
    His hopeless soul will say,  
“I can't believe I did it,  
    I turned the Lord away.”

If you have been so careless,  
    Though rude or debonaire,  
Remember, any moment,  
    You might be standing there,  
And now, before it happens,  
    He's knocking yet again,  
So open up your heart's door  
    And let the Savior in.

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