If only I’ll let Him be.

That Jesus Christ is the Lord of my life

Reminding no one but me

So I carry a cross in my pocket

And give themselves to His care.

With all who know my Master

Of the peace and comfort I share

In all that I do or say.

And to strive to serve Him better

For my blessings day by day,

It reminds me too, to be thankful

Of the price He paid for me.

The cross is there to remind me

To bring out a coin or a key,

When I put my hand in my pocket

The cross is there to remind me

Of the price He paid for me.

It’s simply an understanding

Between my Saviour and me.

A simple reminder to me,

Of the fact that I am a Christian

No matter where I may be.

This little cross is not magic

Nor is it a good luck charm;

It isn’t meant to protect me

From every physical harm.

It is not for identification

For all the world to see.

It’s simply an understanding

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