It’s Friday  
Jesus is praying  
Peter’s a sleeping  
Judas is betraying  
But Sunday’s comin’

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’s 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

It’s Friday  
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  
and 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’!](http://www.rejesus.co.uk/site/module/on_the_third_day/P4/)