# Crayon Song

## Lyrics

When I was just a little child no higher than my knee, my mama bought a box of crayons just for me.

I picked it up I opened it up and I looked deep down inside, the colors they reminded me of Jesus when he died.

Woooah, red is the colour of the blood that Jesus shed, brown is for the crown of thorns they placed upon his head,

Woooah, blue is for the royalty which in him did dwell, yellow’s for the Christian too afraid to tell.

I coloured and I coloured till my crayons were all gone and now that I’m much older the memory lingers on,

and every time I see a child with a crayon box in hand I tell him what it means to me and hope he understands.

Woooah, red is the colour of the blood that Jesus shed, brown is for the crown of thorns they placed upon his head,

Woooah, blue is for the royalty in which him did dwell, yellow’s for the Christian too afraid to tell.

**Date**
2026/11/10


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