

# **Lift Up Your Heads**

By Chris Driesbach  
Luke 21

Now in these later days you see tsunamis and disease,  
Earthquakes and wars and hurricanes  
But these things were foretold by the prophets from of old  
And by our Lord, our Savior, our King.

He told us nation against nation, brother against brother  
All men will hate you because of me  
They will deliver you to prisons on account of my name  
But not a hair of your head will die - stand firm, you will gain life

So lift up your heads, your great enemy is dead, your Deliverer is close at hand  
Stand on your feet, your redemption is complete – Oh, stand before the Son of Man

When you see Jerusalem surrounded by the foe, its desolation is near, you will know  
Let those in Judea run to the hills, pray that those in the city escape

When you see the signs in the sun and moon and stars, do not be afraid  
Men will fall in fear at the roaring of the sea  
The Son of Man will come in a cloud with great glory and great power

So lift up your heads, your great enemy is dead - your Redeemer is close at hand  
Stand on your feet, your redemption is complete and the Victor is in command

I am with you, do not fear, when you pass through the waters  
From the ends of the earth bring me my sons and bring my daughters  
I created you and I called you by my name  
Yes for my glory were you formed and for my glory were you made

Never again will they hunger and never to thirst, for the Lamb will now be their guide  
He will lead them to springs of living water and brush every tear from their eyes

I am he from ancient days, I reveal, proclaim and save  
None can deliver you from my hand  
Now have come the power and the kingdom of our God  
The authority and salvation of his Christ - stand firm, you will gain life

When you see these things, lift up your heads, your great enemy is dead  
The King of Kings is crowned with many crowns  
Stand on your feet, the Revelation is complete - the accuser has been hurled down  
Amen - praise and glory and wisdom and thanks and honor and power and strength  
Be to our God for ever and ever - Amen come, Lord Jesus amen  
Come, Lord Jesus, amen

# What If You Had a Father

By Chris Driesbach

I know you    You're all alone in this old life  
No family to call on    They've fallen away    Given up without a fight

So many problems    and troubles    and no-one seems to care  
They turn away from you    I tell you brother, I've been there

The promises and dreams    have blown away    like leaves in the wind  
If there was just someplace to go    For comfort,    or a friend

I want to tell you    to show you    a love you've never known  
Listen to the words    and imagine    the end of being alone

What if you had a father    who loved you    more than you can imagine  
Who made you    and knows you    in all of your being    and if you had a

Brother    who was perfect    and did what you    could not do  
He died just to save you    from your sin and your evil    I know you're

Drowning    in sorrow    and broken    and frightened    and  
Trying so hard to    just hold on to something    what if you had a

Father who loved you    and a brother who saved you    and a  
Spirit of comfort    who wrote you    a letter of love

This is my way of    telling what    Jesus has done for me  
And    he's done it    for you  
Maybe I'm wrong    but I think I know    what it's like  
To be lost and alone in a    world that's uncaring so

Just close your    eyes now and    try to imagine  
To see past the darkness to the Lord as he calls you to your

Father who loves you    and a brother who saved you    and a  
Spirit of comfort    who wrote you    a letter    like a

Sheep with no shepherd    you've wandered    but now he's  
Calling so softly  
He's calling so softly  
and wants you    to come to him now.

# New Orleans

By Chris Driesbach

Throwin' stuff in boxes, big one's comin' - I gotta' go  
In the middle of the night, in the middle of contra-flow  
Enough gas to get to Jackson, and then the guilty sun arose  
What will become of me and my town, now nobody knows

Went up to Alabama - tried to watch it on TV  
I couldn't stand just sittin' there, so I had to leave  
Went back down to Baton Rouge, stayed with some folks there I know  
Never known before what it's like to be without a home

New Orleans, New Orleans – just look what God has done  
I guess your lucky streak ran out, I guess your time had come  
New Orleans, New Orleans – I must have loved you after all  
I cried when I saw water flowin' down the street we call Canal

Oh God the water's pourin' in – who can help us now?  
Folks are drowning, people crying, nothin' to do no-how  
Wadin' in the water, no way to get away  
Saw a man carryin' his mamma, the water to his waist

Well, I opened up the church doors when the water had gone down  
The smell, the muck, the Bibles and the pews all thrown around  
Jesus' flag was in the mud, the walls were moldy and brown  
The piano was tipped over, nobody can worship here now

New Orleans, New Orleans – your children are scattered and gone  
Some of them got nothin' left – some of them can't come home  
When will the tears stop fallin' – what has happened to us all?  
When we remember water flowin' down the street we call Canal

Used to be folks all over here, there's nobody here now  
Walls are missin' trees are down, everything's thrown around  
Hearts and houses gutted, debris piles on the ground  
Little white trailers poppin' up like mushrooms after the rain's done fallin' down

New Orleans, New Orleans – We'll patch you up somehow  
Give you back your streetcars, put back up your palms  
Give you back your Mardi Gras, your restaurants and all  
We'll never forget water flowin' down that street we call Canal

# I Love My Church

By Chris Driesbach

My car drives there every Sunday I sit there in a pew  
I play the organ too  
Sometimes teach Sunday School

And it's a good thing that the ladies Help me teach 'em too  
Cause I don't know what to do  
With a little girl that's two

After that we start the service Pastor says in Jesus' name  
Every Sunday just the same  
And then we welcome visitors And get up and walk around  
Fill the church with sound And we sing:

Won't you greet somebody in Jesus' name?  
Won't you tell them that you love them in Jesus' name?  
Tell them we can work together in Jesus' name.  
Everybody smile, Jesus loves you!  
Everybody smile, Jesus loves you!

Then we all confess we're sinners and we're lost  
Pastor says we're forgiven by the cross  
And every other Sunday we take the wafer and the wine  
Jesus body and his blood  
With the bread and wine combined And we sing:

Just as I am, without one plea  
But that thy blood was shed for me  
And that thou biddest me come to thee  
Oh Lamb of God I come, I come.

You can see we're far from perfect sometimes the lawn's not mowed at all  
Fountain's broken down the hall  
Out of paper in one stall

My pastor lets his hair grow a little I think his wife likes it that way  
Partly blond but mostly gray  
Gettin' thinner by the day

And he loves to preach and teach Christ crucified  
My sins are the reason that he died  
God raised him on the third day  
And I can surely say I'll be there in his arms on Judgment Day

Nothing in my hand I bring	Simply to the cross I cling
Naked, turn to thee for dress	Humbly look to thee for grace
Foul, I to the fountain fly	Wash me Savior or I die.

Yep I'm goin' to heaven when I die      Been freely justified  
These are the reasons why -----

I love my church.

# Diversity

By Chris Driesbach

I go to church with all kinds of people They're all so different from me  
A bunch of folks with all kinds of problems, Like autism and bankruptcy  
Bad feet, Alzheimers, too fat, too poor Divorced, alcoholic, about to die  
Well I know the Lord put us all here together But sometimes I wonder why  
(Maybe we're like his little pet collection of personality disorders or somethin')

Then I thought about the crew that the Lord picked out, Now, there's a varied bunch!  
You got fishermen, a tax collector, a zealot and a thief Imagine them all having lunch!  
There's the Sons of Thunder, doubting Thomas And Andrew who didn't say very much  
'Course his brother Pete did enough talkin' for two, I mean that guy was a little touched  
(Always running his mouth without fully engaging his brain)

St Peter was kinda' like a tidal wave, Made a devastating first impression  
He was always ready to jump up and take charge The epitome of indiscretion  
I mean he's cuttin' off folks' ears, tryin' to walk on the water,  
Wanted to build Moses a hut  
You always knew he'd have something to say Problem is, you never knew what  
(It's like he woke up fishing on the wrong side of the boat every morning or something)

## **Chorus:**

You could call us all disciples, followers of Jesus Christ  
Limping along, the halt and the lame, the naughty and the nice  
All so very different, but God's family anyway  
We'll all be singing around the throne on that happy day.

And then there's Simon, the zealot man, Member of the Jewish underground  
Today he'd be in the citizen's militia Wearin' fatigues and struttin' around  
He was conspiring to overthrow the Romans and swing his sword with a clang  
I wonder what the Lord was thinking When he put old Simon in the gang

Now Matthew's plan was just the opposite, he totally sold out  
Collecting taxes, hated by the Jews – money was all he was about  
But Jesus knew what he was doing when he said, "Matthew follow me."  
Made him part of that special twelve it's called diversity.

## **(Chorus)**

Now we come to John, who Jesus loved I wonder if he was bi-polar  
I mean there he is leaning on Jesus' bosom like he's nappin' in a field of clover  
But he's also got a temper, he's a Son of Thunder; anytime he's liable to blow  
But Jesus knew him before he was born, just like I am known  
(And then the spirit picked a wild guy like him to write the very last words of the bible)

Now there's a kind of a guy that spoils every party, the one that doubts everything  
Not gonna' buy it unless he's shown, he was even skeptical of the king  
Tell Thomas something and he'll say "prove it," or else I won't believe  
But Jesus brought him into the family too add to the diversity

Well, like I said, we're all a little different, us folks that love the Lord  
But together we form the body of Christ, like it says there in the word  
Like the twelve disciples we all got our wrinkles, stuff makes us unique  
Well, we might be a mess, but we're the mess he loves,  
and I'm glad you're here with me.

Y'all come back now, hear?

# Sweet Forgiveness

Music by Chris Driesbach, lyrics by Chris Driesbach and Pastor David D. Sternhagen

Sweet forgiveness - oh the sound is so sweet  
How could you love the unlovable – how could you love me

How do you help someone who doesn't want you  
Why reach for one who doesn't believe  
How could you love your enemies      How could you die to set me free

How sweet sound the words our God says when he forgives  
Changes the way you think about things, changes the way you live

Sinner, are you tired of bearing your burdens  
Carryin' the guilt and shame all alone  
Sinner aren't you tired of crying, sinner don't you want to come home

Abandoned, uncertain and empty, torn away from the source of your life  
Tryin' to look so good when everything is so bad  
Tryin' to make the wrong be right

Come to the Word and the water, be washed and be made clean  
Come to the Word that says you're forgiven, to the Word that sets you free

They struck and they spit at Jesus, and all the while he was thinking of me  
He was bloody and broken and dirty so I could walk away clean

Oh the freedom and the comfort of finally coming home  
To know the depths of his forgiveness, to know the struggle is done

Come ye weary, heavy-laden – come to his faithfulness  
Come to the gentle shepherd - oh come to Jesus' rest

Sweet forgiveness - oh the sound is so sweet  
How could you love the unlovable – how could you love me

# Wondrous Cross

By Chris Driesbach

It's twilight. And the last of the sun is beamin' through the clouds.  
I look ahead to a hill where three rugged crosses stand against the light.  
As I gaze, I see blood runnin' down over the splinters of the savior's cross.  
I fall to my knees in amazement at what has taken place.  
The perfect flower of God was crushed against the boards.  
And this gruesome death contains a wondrous hope for us all.  
I can barely breathe as I sing:

When I survey the wondrous cross    On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss    And pour contempt on all my pride.

When I look upon that – that beautiful, awful tree  
That's the place where they nailed and hung my Lord, my Savior, my all  
I know I'm looking at what's worth – what's worth everything to me  
And now I despise everything that used to bring me joy

Oh God forbid that I would praise anything but this  
This wondrous sacrifice, this death that brings me life  
The great things of this world that could – could grant me every wish  
But I throw them all upon the ground, soaked in his blood.

Oh when I look upon that awesome awful cross –  
It makes me think about the terrible cost  
The terrible price my Deliverer paid  
That day he took my sins away

When I'm eating and when I fall asleep  
I pray you my Jesus my soul to keep  
People in the world hurry, hurry by  
Think I'm just an ordinary guy  
But I belong....to.....him

See from his crowned head, his loving hands, his precious feet  
This blood that flows is all of his – his sorrow and his love  
There is nothing like this love that could – could ever be so complete  
Those cruel thorns tearing at his head – they form his royal crown.

There is nothing in this created universe that we can ever know  
That could possibly compare to this – to this amazing gift - yeah  
This perfect, willing Lamb has loved me and paid what I owe  
How else can I respond but to give my all to him?

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross – text: Isaac Watts 1674-1748, abr., alt.  
Tune: Lowell Mason, 1792 – 1872

# ALIVE

By Chris Driesbach

**Alive!                    The King is alive!**  
**Alive!                    The King is alive!**

They thought he was just                    the carpenter's son                    A little bit crazy  
Sure he did some miracles                    His lady friends were racy  
Oh – but look!                    The scars on his hands                    The spear hole in his side  
His stripes have healed us one for all                    For us he bled and died

**Alive!                    The King is alive!**  
**Alive!                    The King is alive!**

They whipped him    beat him    cut his head    Made him carry the cross  
They drove the nails into his flesh    It looked like he was lost  
But now he joins us on the road                    As we're walking to Emmaus  
Our hearts burn as he talks to us                    We break bread and see his face

**Alive!                    The King is alive!**  
**Alive!                    The King is alive**

Then one aMAZE ing day he went away                    Rose higher than we could see  
His father's house has many rooms                    One's prepared for me  
Now we remember what he said                    To love one another  
Take his word around the world                    Baptize all our brothers

**Alive!                    The King is alive!**  
**Alive!                    The King is alive**

Come to him when you're weary                    He will give you rest  
His heart is humble – learn from him                    You will be blessed  
Where ever two or more of you    Are gathered, he'll be with you  
To the end of the age                    With the Holy Spirit too

**Alive!                    The King is alive!**  
**Alive!                    The King is alive**

## **Builders for Christ**

By Chris Driesbach

For all the heroes who came to rebuild our church after Katrina

I'm a Builder – a Builder for Christ  
Building a church, building it right  
Cuttin' once, measurin' twice  
Get 'er done, get it right, Builders for Christ

We get up in the morning, pray and read the Word  
Have breakfast and coffee, get our tools and get to work  
The boss is a Jewish carpenter who worked a mighty plan  
If the Lord builds the house, you know that house will stand

A bunch of good old guys in tool belts workin' with our hands  
Buildin' in the Kingdom all across this land  
The Lord can use your labor no matter what your skill  
We don't preach, we don't teach, but we sure enough can build

Talkin' 'bout Builders – Builders for Christ  
Building a church, building it right  
Cuttin' once, measurin' twice  
Get 'er done, get it right, Builders for Christ

The word of God is the foundation we build on with our tools  
On this rock we're building churches, on this rock we're building schools  
With our wives and our friends, painting walls and hanging doors  
We are more blessed than the folks we're building for

You been driving all day, rig is covered with mud and bugs  
You pull in a Builders' camp you're gonna' get a builders' hug  
The hardest work you'll ever love, hardest day is when you go  
We never say goodbye, we say "see you down the road."

I'm a builder – a builder for Christ,  
Building a church, Building it right  
Cuttin' once, measurin' twice  
get 'er done, get it right, Builders for Christ  
get 'er done, get it right, Builders for Christ

# Satisfaction Guaranteed

By Chris Driesbach

Inspired by an article in "Meditations"

I used to think I had it made when I could always pick up the check  
Have a home on the ridge and a dramatic view from the deck  
And give my family the Christmas of their dreams  
I'd be satisfied if it could only be

Guess what - It was never enough  
Like the millionaire who only wants another mil  
There's just no way for greedy me to get my fill

Jesus said: Only needed is one thing  
There's only one way to find peace in every day  
Though it cost Jesus his life, to us it's free and we can't try  
To help ourselves be freely justified

Satisfaction guaranteed - the price is so right, it's free  
I can't earn it or deserve it, it's grace for me  
Satisfaction guaranteed - they killed him on the tree  
And if I think that I could help to pay the price  
I heap scorn on my best friend and his sacrifice

Blind to the emptiness, I just thought I had to try  
Bigger toys and better thrills to be more satisfied  
Looking for love and fun to try to be more elated  
The more I tried the more of life I hated

My pride says it must be a lie  
That my sin was so hateful in God's eyes  
That his son had to die to save my life

Jesus said: Only needed is one thing  
There's only one way to find peace in every day  
Though it cost Jesus his life, to us it's free and we can't try  
To help ourselves be freely justified

Satisfaction guaranteed - the price is so right, it's free  
I can't earn it or deserve it, it's grace for me  
Satisfaction guaranteed - because he died for me  
And if I think that I could help to pay the price  
I heap scorn on my best friend and his sacrifice  
And if I think that I could help to pay the price  
I heap scorn on my best friend and his sacrifice

# Why Don't You Come?

By Chris Driesbach

People are always askin' what is life and who am I?  
Big questions like what is truth, what really happens when I die?  
Well, we celebrate the questions - and the answers, too  
And I've got a little question of my own to ask of you  
And I really want to know -

## **Chorus:**

Why don't you come?      Why don't you come?  
We're celebratin' life and singin' about truth  
Everything else is something worse to do  
Compared to Christian freedom and perfect love, too –  
I'm comin' - why don't you?      Why don't you?

So many other things we do - are just a waste of time  
Worryin' about this, fearful of that, angry about my place in line  
Always runnin' here and there and never getting through  
You might be someone just wastin' your precious time, too  
I've got a better idea for you

## **(Chorus)**

The bible is always new, evergreen, evermore  
It's always fresh and topical, the very words of the Lord  
It's like this is the church of what is happenin' right now  
Every thing that's goin' on - Everything in my life somehow  
It's not a mystery, not pretend, it's real

## **(Chorus)**

The forgiveness to be found in life is always temporary and attached to strings  
The forgiveness Jesus won for us doesn't end – doesn't depend on anything  
It's a true new beginning – it's real and works right away  
You might be someone needin' some forgiveness for somethin' today  
It's like you can start your life over right away –

## **(Chorus)**

My earthly family may be near or they might be far away  
But I'm united with my spiritual brothers and sisters in every way  
Based not on what I am, but what Jesus made of me  
You might be someone in a crowded room as lonely as can be  
It's a lot like finally comin' home      **(Chorus)**

## **Show Me the Blessing**

Music by Chris Driesbach, lyrics by Pastor James F. Naumann  
A prayer/poem by a pastor for his granddaughter

My daughter's daughter just turned three  
Now she has this life-changing disease  
Oh dear God I ask one thing - show me the blessing this will bring  
But now it's tears and pokes that sting - I wonder what blessing this will bring

Will she learn life's fragility and thank you for good days  
Will she rejoice over smaller things - Show me the blessing this will bring.

Will she come to act compassionately, start to see life differently  
Appreciate its brevity, more eager for eternity  
That life is more than money or things - show me the blessing this will bring.

Will it draw us closer to you - closer to each other too  
You redeemed us from sin and what it brings - show me the blessing this will bring  
Unworthy of mercy, health or food, but you make all things serve our good  
Life changes, and you remain the same - will this help Faith live up to her name  
Safe in your love, I won't fear a thing - Show me the blessing tomorrow brings

I'll be safe in your love, I won't fear a thing - Show me the blessing tomorrow brings

# **In My Father's House**

By Chris Driesbach

In my Father's house there are many rooms  
If it were not so I would have told you  
If I go there to prepare for you  
If I prepare a place for you

Then I will come back and take you with me  
So you may be where I am going  
You know the way to the place  
You know the way to where I'm going

I am the way, the truth, the life  
The way to the Father is through me  
If you knew me, you would know him  
From now on, you know and see him

Don't you know me, I have been with you  
I've been among you now for a long time  
Don't you believe that I'm in the Father  
Don't you believe that the Father's in me?

The words I say are not just my own  
The Father works and lives in me  
Believe when I say I am in him  
When I say the Father's in me

You've seen me do the miracles  
At least believe what they tell you  
Have faith in me and do what I have done  
Ask in my name and I will do it

If you love me you will obey  
You will obey what I command you  
I will ask the Father to give to you  
The spirit of truth forever

Before too long the world won't see me  
They will not see, but you will see me  
On that day you'll know I'm in the Father  
That I am in you and you are in me

If you have my commands and you obey them  
Then you are the one who truly loves me  
If you love me the Father loves you  
You will see me and I will love you

# The Ballad of David and Bathsheba

By Chris Driesbach

King David sent his army off to war in the spring when the leaves begin to sprout  
One night he couldn't sleep so he rolled out of bed and decided to go out  
The evening was hot and the air was cool on the roof as he walked a path  
He wasn't tryin' to spy, but when he looked down he saw this pretty lady takin' a bath

Now David was the king and it seemed to him  
that what he wanted - he oughta' get his fill  
So he sent a guy down to get her name,  
and some other guys to bring her back up the hill  
Her name was Bathsheba and she was a cutie who didn't put up much of a fight  
Her husband was a member of the king's own guard and his name was Uriah the Hittite

You can see this is becomin' a squalid tale - Here's where the soap opera really gets hot  
Being the husband of the king's new girlfriend put old Uriah in a dangerous spot  
Bathsheba was pregnant with king David's baby and this wasn't just not cool,  
Because getting caught meant getting killed according to Levitical rules

Kings will be kings and boys will be boys  
When you play you're gonna' pay so don't get mad and throw your toys  
David and Bathsheba made some history together  
They broke the law and taught us all a lesson to last forever

Well this king was a schemer and he tried to make it seem to Uriah that the baby was his  
He got Uriah drunk and sent him home to his wife for a little connubial bliss  
But Uriah wouldn't go enjoy his home while his buddies were fighting and getting killed  
So, character-wise, compared to Uriah, King David didn't compare very well.

Since he had no luck making Uriah the daddy, plan B was send him back to his post  
With secret instructions to put him up front where the arrows were flyin' the most  
Sure enough, Uriah was killed and David made Bathsheba his spouse  
And she had her baby, a little boy, and they all lived in King David's house

Kings will be kings and boys will be boys  
When you play you're gonna' pay so don't get mad and throw your toys  
David and Bathsheba made some history together  
They broke the law and taught us all a lesson to last forever

I guess David thought he'd fooled everybody but what he did sure made God mad  
God sent the prophet Nathan to tell him a little story about a rich man that acted bad  
As the story went the rich man stole a little lamb from his poor neighbor across the street  
And he fed it to a traveler who'd happened along for a meal he'd prepared to eat

Well, King David got angry and he stomped and yelled "That rotten rich man must die"  
But Nathan got right in David's face and said, "Guess what - You are the guy  
You are the Lord's anointed - you are the man that God delivered from Saul  
You're the man who got the wives and the houses but you had to have it all

"You lied and you cheated, you coveted and killed and you're gonna' pay a price"  
David said "I've sinned against the Lord" and Nathan said "Well, you're not gonna' die  
The Lord God has taken away your sin but there's consequences for what you've done  
You're going to lose your wives to someone close to you and death will take your son"

Kings will be kings and boys will be boys  
Now when you play you're gonna' pay so don't get mad and throw your toys  
David and Bathsheba made some history together  
They broke the law and taught us all a lesson to last forever

## **You Gift of God**

Music by Chris Driesbach, lyrics by Chris Driesbach and Wendysue Fluegge

This is a song for you who I don't know - I think about you even though  
You may not exist, we may never meet - did God create you just for me

He hears my prayers, knows that I'm alone  
Maybe someday, someday I'll take you home  
Learn what it means to sacrifice - like you're the church and I am Christ

I'd honor you until I die, blameless and holy like Jesus' bride  
You gift of God, stand by my side  
Someday, somehow - come in my life

Have you been praying under the stars  
I wonder where on earth you are  
Are you waiting too - does it seem so long  
I could be next door hearing hear my song

And are you tired of being so alone  
I wish that I could call you on the phone  
Where are you in time and space - Is this our time of grace  
When you see me, will I know your face

I'd honor you until I die, blameless and holy like Jesus' bride  
You gift of God, stand by my side  
Someday, somehow - come in my life

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone - your name is woman, your heart unknown  
Worth more to me than precious stones  
God said it's not good to be alone

And did you dream of love so right - will you pray with me every night  
Read God's word, go to church  
Hand in hand, one in his sight

I'll honor you until I die, blameless and holy like Jesus' bride  
You gift of God, stand by my side  
Someday, somehow - come in my life  
Someday, somehow - come in my life

## Never Forget That Day

By Chris Driesbach – A gentle spoof about misunderstanding between Christians and unbelievers

I guess I'll never forget that day sweet Jesus took my sins away  
He took the weight of my sin – put a new creation within  
I went home to tell my folks - they thought it was some kinda' joke  
They'd rather I stole the bank deposit or said I's comin' outa' the closet

They said, yeah well, it's always somethin' with you –  
Now aintcha' got nothin' better to do  
You been flim-flammed and bamboozled – you gotta' start using your noodle  
You're too smart to wanna' be a preacher – why you could be a biology teacher  
You're gonna' fluff up your hair, get on the TV, embarrass ya' daddy and me

Now, don't you go round knockin' on doors - handin' out tracts and bein' a bore  
Tellin' the neighbors they're gonna' slide down the vent  
If they don't get on their knees and repent  
Go chase the Holy Ghost on down the street –  
Tongue-speakin' your nonsense to the tambourine beat  
I 'spose now you gonna' put up a tent, tell me give up my beer for Lent – hah

Well, in the sweet by and by, I'm going to heaven when I die  
But until then I wanna' tell the good news, invite my friends and fill up the pews  
But boy was I surprised when I started tellin' the guys  
About how I got baptized - I found out I was despised

They said you know church is 'bout passin' the plate  
And bein' preachy 'bout people you hate  
Pickin' on abortionists, lesbians and gays  
Tongue-speakin' yourself into a hypocritical daze  
You think you've got all this biblical wisdom  
Well, it's just sounds like aggressive pacifism  
You creatin' a big ole' schism, oughta' try secular humanism yeah

I went and told my kids I got a new boss, that guy they hung on the cross  
He died and rose to set me free - I wanted them to listen to me  
But they said, now you wanna' give up all your vices - sounds like another mid-life crisis  
Somebody took control of your brain, and here we go again

You're gonna' start yellin' hallelujah and amen, embarrass us in front of our friends  
Yeah, you think ya' holier than thou, uh huh, all self-righteous and proud  
Well, if the world was made in a few days and hours, then explain the ah, dinosaurs  
If God only needed six days for creatin', what about evolution and carbon datin'  
So don't you go quotin' the bible to me, talkin' bout Jesus settin' you free  
The meaning was lost in translation and there's clerical errors and misrepresentations

So if you get born again, watch out for your family and friends  
They gonna' have some things to say - they don't like it too much when you change  
Wantcha' to stay the same, yeah - keep ya' in that familiar frame  
Stay in that same old pain, livin' life in vain, and don't you dare start prayin' uh uh, no

# **Sing Me Home**

By Chris Driesbach

There's a little church by a quiet canal  
I've been in the choir for many years now  
I've come to love them all, and I know they love me  
Singing songs of praise in joyful harmony

## **Chorus:**

Sing me home  
Every man will meet God alone  
Your voices bring peace to my soul  
Please sing me home

I haven't been a man of fortune or fame  
I've made so many mistakes along the way  
Over this broken, shipwrecked life  
The Lamb of God has spread his holy robe of white

## **(Chorus)**

When I'm singing with angels around the throne  
Will I remember my little church home  
And these brothers and sisters singing for me  
"Just As I Am, Without One Plea"

## **(Chorus)**

## **Last Chorus:**

I'm on my way  
Going to a better place  
Carried on your voices, raised to the sky  
Until I wear the precious Crown of Life

Carried on your voices, raised to the sky  
Until I wear the precious Crown of Life