

Letters To The Church

Larry Norman

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Everytime I see you, you know I start to cry I know what you're doing, and that you're living a lie. And Jesus is waiting outside your door, But you don't love Him like before, And you don't listen anymore.

You speak of compassion, but you don't really care. You can talk of heaven, but are you going there? God's trying to touch you but you're out of reach, And you don't practice what you preach. I know the shadows you seek; I know the places you're weak.

You've run away, and you're looking so much older. Won't you please stop and pray, and your spirit's getting colder. Let him take the weight off your shoulder.

You seek after fortune, and you live for yourself, You stand in the spotlight and leave God on the shelf. You smile, you gesture, each hair is in place, But I can see behind your face The sorrow you can't erase.