

Don't Pass Me By

Phil Keaggy

Dusty roads, calloused feet,
The sun beats upon their heads.
They feel the pain, they touch the earth,
Embrace the sick in their beds.

A child lies in agony,
Her mama's none left to spare,
When open mouths anticipate
A little bit of milk from anywhere.

And across the landscape will be drawn a painting of
true humanity.

Don't pass me by, the night's so long,
Don't ask me why it all went wrong.

Our human need is crying out
As greed eats to the marrow.
Do we ignore a suffering world just
To keep to the straight and narrow.

We turn aside to please ourselves,
And won't give the time of day,
To the victims of injustice in a world
When we turn and look and walk the other way.

And justifying ourselves we ask, is this my neighbor?

Don't pass me by, the night's so long,
Don't ask me why it all went wrong.

But I believe that we could change
At least the world of just one life.

True love has a different face,
No place for condescending pride.
That's how it really ought to be,
Giving ourselves to those in need,
That's how it really ought to be.

Don't pass me by, the night's so long,
Don't ask me why it all went wrong.