

Starving Sinner, Sleeping Saint

B.J. Thomas

Starving sinner
Sleeping saint
One I am
And one I ain't
I wish I knew
What I'm going through

I don't know which one is worse
One's a sin and one's a curse
Can't rationalize
My family ties

Maybe there's a world of starving people
That can't be fed by pointed steeples
But need love
And a little help from above

Maybe there's a world of cruising Christians
Too busy preaching their own religion
To stop, look, listen to the Lord

Starving sinner
Sleeping saint
Wish I could
But know I can't
Give half the life
You gave to me

Hunger for the Word is great
But sleeping on it is second rate
I want to be
Yours for eternity

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