

Rich Young Ruler

Derek Webb

Poverty is so hard to see
When it's only on your tv and twenty miles across town
Where we're all living so good
That we moved out of Jesus' neighborhood
Where he's hungry and not feeling so good
From going through our trash
He says, more than just your cash and coin
I want your time, I want your voice
I want the things you just can't give me

So what must we do
Here in the west we want to follow you
We speak the language and we keep all the rules
Even a few we made up
Come on and follow me
But sell your house, sell your suv
Sell your stocks, sell your security
And give it to the poor
What is this, hey what's the deal
I don't sleep around and I don't steal
I want the things you just can't give me

Because what you do to the least of these
My brother's, you have done it to me
Because I want the things you just can't give me