

What Are We Doing Here?

Ray Boltz

Last days, big city
What a place to live
High rise accommodations
Are so executive

Real life, just around the corner
Take a walk around the block
Pass by a family in the alley
Sleeping in a paper box

What are we doing here?
Do we spend our time
Waiting on heaven?
What are we doing here?
Should we pack our bags
The moment we're forgiven?
Oh, there's a world
That needs to know
Jesus loves them so
His commission seems quite clear
What are we doing here?

They say we are pilgrims
Just passing through
Strangers in a strange land
That's me and you

One day we'll be up in glory
Walking on streets of gold
But right now my feet
Are on the pavement
And I just want to know

I see a starving brother
In a foreign land
I see a homeless child
Reaching out his hand
I see a world so angry
I can feel the rage
I see a city dying
Filled with crack cocaine
I hear the lions roar
The tires squeal
A generation saying what is real
If we know the truth
If we know the way
There ought to be something
We can do or say
We need to make a stand
Take a walk
Win this city
Do it block by block
Stand up tall
And preach it without fear
If we won't do it
Then what are we doing here?
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