

# The Sad Thing About Sunday Morning

Showbread

It's Sunday morning and like sheep with no Shepherd  
they're turning off alarm clocks and ironing ties  
above reproach is where we'll be in the eyes of the lesser  
as they see our family van on it's way to church,  
on it's way to tithe fundamentally you'll find it at the heart  
of our religion  
all the answers and the ways of faith  
learn it hear and speak Jesus name  
it's synonymous with this place

And then a committee regulates where the money goes  
and the people gather  
who will teach the children and bring the gospel?  
the Bible doesn't matter  
we've heard it all a before from sermons and Sunday school  
never from his book or from his voice  
the Bible is just a reference tool socially  
it's all required rituals, rules and youth group trips  
they walk us through what we believe  
we never hear love from graceful lips

So bring a date and bring a friend and socialize before service  
begins

We're making up more as we go along  
and the weight of the morals the righteous men carry  
we can make up more rules or cut some of them out  
it's really all quite arbitrary

We will not learn from he who offers his voice to us daily and  
gives us life  
we can read about it in colorful brochures  
and see when service starts that night

As long as we sit under this roof  
we're earning our way to a perfect heaven  
I'm sure the Lord said something similar among the things that  
were said  
when he walked among us and healed the diseased  
if he came to our new location  
I'm sure he'd be pleased with all our modern accommodations,  
new paint and electrical tools  
while the heathens sit at home,  
idly they waste away like fools  
we sit complacent and stagnant  
and pleased that the building we've made finally suits our need  
s  
and now we can learn and grow in this place

not by his voice or seeking his face