

We Are The Beggars At The Foot Of Gods Door

Tye Tribbett

We are gathered in cathedrals on a Sunday
We are shrouded in our pride and lust's despair
We have heard that You said to go to where your hearts once were
Trusting we'd arrive to find You there
We have known the empty senses of a funeral
We are haunted by the promises of death
We have asked to see Your face and noticed nothing
But a well-timed honest smile from a friend,
Oh we of little faith,
Oh You of stubborn grace
We are the beggars at the foot of God's door
We have grown cold to the kisses of our lovers
We have rolled the windows up and driven through
The forests of the autumn,
The innocence of snow
The metaphor of Jesus in the dew
We have known the heated passion of the cold night
We have sold ourselves to everything we hate
We're hypocrites and politicians running from a fight
We've cheated on a very jealous mate,
Oh we of little faith,
Oh You stubborn grace
We are the beggars at the foot of God's door
We have known the pain of loving in a dying world
And our lies have made us angry at the truth
But Cinderella's slipper fits us perfectly
And somehow we're made royalty with You,
Oh we of little faith,
Oh You of stubborn grace
We are the beggars at the foot of God's door
And You have welcomed us in