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 placeAnd 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 lipsSo bring a date and bring a friend and socialize before service
beginsWe'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 arbitraryWe 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 needs
and now we can learn and grow in this place
not by his voice or seeking his face
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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