

Church Street

John Kloberdanz

They closed the church on Church Street
The pastor moved away
He tried to draw the faithful
But had nothing left to say
The couple that planned to marry
Went to the church down the highway
They closed the church on Church Street
There was no one left to pray

The mayor called a meeting
And he invited all the guests
The congressman and senator
The banker and the press
They all sent members of their staff
Who nodded at each request
They appointed a commission
And then they smiled and pressed the flesh

But Sunday morning comes and goes
Without a single prayer
In my town does God even know that we are there?

They closed the church on Church Street
After the factory went down
No dollars for collections
No bride to wear her gown
First they shuttered all the workers
And then they shuttered this whole town
They closed the church on Church Street
And the winds the only sound

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