

Out in the Highways

Steven Curtis Chapman

There's a chapel on wheels parked at a truck stop,
Somewhere in the southern part of Florida tonight;

Many are blown in by a strong wind:

It's the wind of the Spirit.

There's a preacher with his head bowed

There at the altar,

Whispering a prayer as the people wander in,

Sayin' it's You, Lord, that they're lookin' for,

Whether they know it or not,

And that's the reason I've got to go

[Chorus:]

Out in the highways, out in the highways.

Maybe this will be the day they come to meet You on their way,

Out in the highways.

There's a church down on the corner with stained glass windows,

But time has stained the windows till no light is shining through;

Those on the outside pass right by,

Lost on a dark endless highway.

There's a banner on the church wall

They put up many years ago,

Reminding them that Jesus said 'Go into all the world';

They need the Spirit wind to blow again

And fan the flame of concern,

Take the truth that they've learned and go

[Chorus:]

Out in the highways, out in the highways.

Open windows, doors and hearts, take the light into the dark,

Out in the highways.

Songwriters

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