Heart Attack

Corey Smith

I drove to Galilee this morning.
White-knuckled in the pew,
I heard a good man preach a Gospel.
I shook his hand when he was through,
Though we marvel at the Maker through different colored window panes.
We love the same red letters,
both take the bread and wine.
But his truth is bold-print in the Scripture,
Mine's hidden in between the lines.
He sees a narrow path to Heaven. I see a river deep and wide.
There's east-west. It's anybody's guess
who's damned, who's blessed,
or more wicked than the rest.
Oh, the answers are a heart attack away.
I flew over Bethlehem this morning,
heavy heart upon the ground.
Jesus came to feed the hungry,
still people are starving all around.

Seems we never love a neighbor who we don't see eye-to-eye.
I keep looking up to Heaven,
afraid to fight the fire below,
singing "Glory, Hallelujah!"
while the hell around us grows,
always crying for a savior instead of being one myself.
There's north-south, with and there's without. '
There's rich. There's poor.
One's peace, another's war.
So happiness remains a heart attack away.
The only truth I know anymore, the only truth I know,
the only truth I know anymore is there's no truth at all.
There's east, west. It's anybody's guess.
There's north and there's south. There's with and there's without.
Cross your chest, it's all a heart attack away. Hey, hey I
t's all a heart attack away.
Oh, it's all a heart attack.

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