

# Message In the Music

## Debra Killings

When I was just a kid, my mom was on my back  
She used to snatch me out of bed on Sunday morning  
Head to Sunday school then straight to church  
When the preacher starts, I start yawning I was tired and read' to go  
I couldn't wait to leave  
But the choir sang, they were off the chain  
I started feeling differently They were swinging from side to side  
Some lady said, "Pass the mic"  
They were singing his praises I cried  
Felt the spirit take over inside It took over and made me shout  
I caught myself and tried to close my mouth  
I let it go and started shouting loud  
I finally knew what the preacher's talking about I found the message in the music  
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I found the message in the music When I was old enough, I used to hit the clubs  
Me and my girls spent all night partying  
When I got in the house, finally laying down  
Couldn't make myself get up on Sunday morning But It came to me in a tragedy  
I needed god to see  
So I found my way back to the church  
And the choir spoke to me, yeah They were swinging from side to side  
Some lady said, "Pass the mic"  
They were singing his praises I cried  
Felt the spirit take over inside It took over and made me shout  
I caught myself and tried to close my mouth  
I let it go and started shouting loud  
I finally knew what the preacher's talking about I found the message in the music  
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