

# You Are On Our Side

[Bethany Dillon](#)

The orphan clings to Your hand  
Singing the song of how he was found  
The widow rejoices  
For her oppressors are silenced now  
You sit at the table with the wounded and the poor  
You laugh and share stories with the thief and the whore  
When You could just be silent and leave us here to die  
Still, You sent Your Son for us  
You are on our side  
The runaway falls at Your feet  
You are what he has searched for  
The rich man is broken  
When he stands beneath a sky full of stars

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