

Charlie Sexton, Gospel

Don't you look out your window.
Don't you peek through the door.
Cause you just might find the thing that scares you most.
I ain't talking about the devil man.
Ain't talking about ghost.
Just that shapeless thing that's made us sorrows host.

Too much information might cripple your soul.
The world is challenging your faith, more than you know.
If you're looking for forgiveness.
You better hit your knees.
If you're asking Jesus, you better ask him please.

Now everybody's searching.
So many are lost.
They serve themselves no matter what the cost.
Yea the path is narrow and the ground is hard.
No streets of gold, down here only broken and marred.

A lonely night is a recurring thing.
Empty rooms and not a word to sing.
So I look to the hymns when my spirit sinks.
Don't look for Jesus, he's closer than you think.

Now when the preacher shamed you.
Yea the preacher lied.
He may say you're damned
but it ain't he who decides.
And the people shunned you like some people do.
But the words they spoke, were as useful as one shoe.

Happiness is a slippery thing.
Like a pig and grease.
Something's coming and I hope it's peace.
Well it's bound to happen. I know he understands.
I'm sure that Jesus holds it in his hands.