

# Monk & Neagle, The Twenty-First Time

Nowhere to live, nowhere to fall  
He used to have money, but he's wasted it all.  
His face is a photograph burned in my mind,  
but I pretend not to see him for the twenty-first time

He sleeps under stars, that's all he can afford  
His blanket's an old coat he's had since the war  
He stands on the corner of Carter and Vine  
But I pretend not to see him for the twenty-first time

He may be a drifter, he's grown old and gray  
But what if he's Jesus and I walk away?  
I say I'm the body and drink of the wine  
but I pretend not to see him for the twenty-first time

She's twenty-nine but she feels forty-eight  
She can't raise three kids on minimum wage  
She's cryin' in back of the welfare line  
but I pretend not to see her for the twenty-first time

She may be a stranger tryin' to get through the day  
but what if it's Jesus and I walk away?  
I say I'm the body and drink of the wine  
but I pretend not to see her for the twenty-first time

This is a call for a change in my heart  
I realize that I've not been doin' my part  
when I needed a Savior, I found it in Him  
He gave to me, now I'll give back to them

Drifter or stranger, father or son  
I'll look for Jesus in every one  
'cause I am the body and drink of the wine  
and I'm thankful there's more than the twenty-first time