

# Normals, Everything

She walks to the table  
With an apron full of stains and asks  
"Hey sir, what can I get for you today?"  
I try to be polite, make nice conversation  
But the food's no good  
She doesn't even seem to notice me here  
Her shoulders slumped  
I see her tear stained eyes head back  
Through the double swinging doors  
Serving pies was not her goal in life  
I leave a tip like I think Jesus would and smile  
"Thanks a lot, have a nice day"  
And I'm on my way  
Jesus, what would You do?  
Can You teach me how to love like You?

I wanna give You everything  
But I've got nothing of my own at all  
And if I give what I have not got  
Will You fill me up and make me whole

I see him sitting by the side of the building near the street sign  
He's got a sign saying "I will work for food"  
He looks up with his glazed over eyes, says  
"How 'bout a dollar for a veteran, a fellow American"  
Empty stomach, empty mind, empty soul  
Have I got the time to feed him a little broken bread?  
No  
Do I toss up a prayer as I walk on by  
Or give him a tract and a weak fake smile  
Or do I take the time to show him a little love?  
Don't feel like I've got anything to give  
So I guess I've got nothing to lose  
Yeaahhh

I wanna give Youe verything  
But I've got nothing of my own at all  
And if I give what I have not got  
Will You fill me up and make me whole

I come back a couple weeks later  
See the same apron, same stains, same split end hair pulled back  
She comes near and says  
"Hey mister, your smile picked me up the other day  
Just thought I'd say thanks"  
Well I don't know why  
It takes all my effort to try  
Yeaahhh

I wanna give You everything  
But I've got nothing of my own at all  
And if I give what I have not got  
Will You fill me up and make me whole  
Make me whole  
Make me whole

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With an apron full of stains and asks  
"Hey sir, what can I get for you today?"