

Caedmon's Call, If We Are The Body

It's crowded in worship today
as she slips in
trying to fade into the faces
the girls' teasing laughter is carrying farther than they know
farther than they know (oh)

But if we are the body
why aren't his arms reaching
why aren't his hands healing
why aren't his words teaching
and if we are the body
why aren't his feet going
why is his love not showing them there is a way
there is a way

A traveler is far away from home
he sheds his coat
and quietly sinks into the back row
the weight of their judgemental glances
tells him that his chances
are better out on the road

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why aren't his words teaching
and if we are the body
why aren't his feet going
why is his love not showing them there is a way

Jesus paid much too high a price
For us to pick and choose who should come
and we are the body of Christ

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Jesus is the way

(Whoa Whoa)