

# Counting Crows, 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 carying farther than they know  
farther than they know

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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Jesus paid much to 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