

Debra Killings, Message In The Music

When I was just a kid, my mom was on my back
She used to snatch me out of bed on Sunday morning
Head to Sunday School then straight to church
When the preacher starts, I start yawning
I was tired and read' to go
I couldn't wait to leave
But the choir sang - they were off the chain
I started feeling differently

They were swinging from side to side
Some lady said pass the mic
They were singing His praises I cried
Felt the spirit take over inside
It took over and made me shout
I caught myself and tried to close my mouth
I let it go and started shouting loud
I finally knew what the preacher's talking about

I found the message in the music
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When I was old enough, I used to hit the clubs
Me and my girls spent all night partying
When I got in the house, finally laying down
Couldn't make myself get up on Sunday morning
It came to me in a tragedy I needed God to see
So I found my way back to the church
And the choir spoke to me yeah

(Bridge)

(Chorus)