

Mark Schultz, When You Give

King of Kings
Lord of Lords
Prince of Peace
I am

Early morning, summer's day
At a park, in the city
Kids were playing on a swing
They were black and white
Then a lady walked that way
As she did most every morning
Grocery bags in her hand
She was passing by

She stopped
Stared
Watched their laughter fill the air
She laughed
Cried
Because of the love of God was color blind...

When you give
When you love
When you serve
You do it unto me