

SHADOW OF THE STEEPLE

Sunday morning sunshine bathing the
land

Sunday morning people with Bible's
in their hand

He wonders why they pass him by
And walk around him in the street
To shade the light that replaced the
night

He cups his hands to see

Chorus:

In the shadow of the steeple,
someone's crying

Does anybody care, can they hear
him crying

In the shadow of the steeple,
someone's crying

Preacher talks about the needs in a
distant land

He says folks are dying over there
We've got to lend a hand

It's getting late, let's pass the plate
Just do the best you can.

Then the congregation rises
For the final "Amen"

(Chorus)

The cold blue he clutches fast

And he points it to the place

Where the shadow of the steeple
Is resting on his face

He feels the sting, the church bells
ring

As he stumbles and goes down

But folks just laugh as they walk away
From the figure on the ground

In the shadow of the steeple,
someone's dying

Nobody cared, no body heard him
crying

In the shadow of the steeple,
someone's dying

And on the shadows of the steeple
Souls are dying

Does anybody care, can you hear
their crying?

Souls are out there dying

We need to listen for their crying

We need to reach out to the people

Out there underneath our steeple

Don't let the shadow of your steeple
Find someone crying.