

# Clear "Concerns"

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Standing in a sea of people, so many voices  
Faces shaped by different stories, so many choices  
From the pauper to the wealthy man  
From the high down to the low

Does our star shine any brighter?  
Everybody wants to know

It concerns me  
Do I know You know my name in this crowded place?  
Do I know You're not ashamed of my life's disgraces?  
Do You wash my sins away so I don't wear stains?  
It concerns me

Staring at this sea of people, I hear them calling  
Each one seeking self perfection, I see them falling

Did You really heal the dying man?  
Did You really save his soul?  
Could this God wash one like me?  
Everybody wants to know

It concerns me  
Do I know You know my name in this crowded place?  
Do I know You're not ashamed of my life's disgraces?  
Do You wash my sins away so I don't wear stains?  
It concerns me

I might as well be nameless the times I feel so small  
But all the love You sent is evidence  
You see me standing tall

It concerns me  
Do I know You know my name in this crowded place?  
Do I know You're not ashamed of my life's disgraces?  
Do You wash my sins away so I don't wear stains?  
It concerns me

And I know You know my name in this crowded place  
And I know You're not ashamed of my life's disgraces  
You wash my sins away so I don't wear stains

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