Dirt Poor Robins "Made To Belong"

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There is a void, deep inside
That only love can fill
A love not based on what I gain
But on giving myself in this time that remains

Despite what we think
Despite what we feel
Despite what might keep us apart
We choose to forgive and we choose to forget
Once separate now bound as one heart

So bring your poor, your tired, your huddled masses
And all who long to be free
For I am the least of the brethren
And if there's room enough for me
There's room enough for you

Freely He gave, so we could give He chose to die so that we might live What's done unto the least, we do to Him We show that we love Him when we're loving them

Despite where you're from
Despite what I've done
we judge not unless we be judged
We choose not to hide and we choose not to run
Love shines on all under the Son

So bring your poor, your tired, your huddled masses And all who long to be free For I am the least of the brethren

And if there's room enough for me There's room enough for you

So bring your poor, your tired...
And all who long...
For I am the least...
And if there's room enough for me
There's room enough for you

So bring your poor, your tired, your huddled masses

(So let love into your life)
And all who long to be free
(Don't bear the weight all alone)
For I am the least of the brethren
(Unite and join in one song)
And if there's room enough for me
(You were made to belong)

So bring your poor, your tired, your huddled masses (So let love into your life)
And all who long to be free (Don't bear the weight all alone)
For I am the least of the brethren (Unite and join in one song)
And if there's room enough for me (You were made to belong)

You were made to belong

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