

## Gold City Quartet "My Name Is Lazarus"

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One day, four men brought a crippled man to Jesus  
Still and lifeless, he lay upon his bed  
He had not moved since he was just a baby  
Still he longed to become a normal man

Now we don't know much about the men that carried  
The corners of his tattered bed that day  
But if we may create an illustration  
We'll see what these men might have had to say

Suppose that first man said, "I hate to doubt it  
For Jesus touched my eyes when I was blind  
He made me see and there's no doubt about it  
But this man's needs are more serious than mine"

Suppose that second man said, "No need to bother  
This man's condition will remain the same  
Though Jesus touched my hand when it was withered

I don't believe He can heal a man so lame"

Suppose that third man said, "I hate to question  
But no one here is more skeptical than me  
Though Jesus cleansed me when I was a leper  
This helpless man will never walk, you see"

Then every eye was turned to the fourth man  
To see how he might criticize and doubt  
But all three men were startled with amazement  
When that fourth man stopped and said his name out loud

He said, "My name is Lazarus, could I testify?  
My name is Lazarus, it feels good to be alive  
When I in chains of death was bound  
This man named Jesus called me out  
If you think your little problem is too big for Him to solve  
Take it from the one who's heard the mighty voice of God  
A living testimony of His death-defying touch, my name is Lazarus"

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