

Debra Killings

"Message In The Music"

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When I was just a kid, my mom was on my back
She used to snatch me out of bed on Sunday morning
Head to Sunday school then straight to church
When the preacher starts, I start yawning

I was tired and read' to go
I couldn't wait to leave
But the choir sang, they were off the chain
I started feeling differently

They were swinging from side to side
Some lady said, "Pass the mic"
They were singing his praises I cried
Felt the spirit take over inside

It took over and made me shout
I caught myself and tried to close my mouth
I let it go and started shouting loud
I finally knew what the preacher's talking about

I found the message in the music
I found the message in the music
I found the message in the music
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When I was old enough, I used to hit the clubs
Me and my girls spent all night partying
When I got in the house, finally laying down

Couldn't make myself get up on Sunday morning

But It came to me in a tragedy
I needed god to see
So I found my way back to the church
And the choir spoke to me, yeah

They were swinging from side to side
Some lady said, "Pass the mic"
They were singing his praises I cried
Felt the spirit take over inside

It took over and made me shout

I caught myself and tried to close my mouth
I let it go and started shouting loud
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