

Willet "Virus"

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A child sits and waits, he is begging for some bread
The sidewalk where he sits is where he will make his
bed

And a mother is crying, because her husband is dead
And her children will go another day without being fed

Hang on
We've got to find a better way

We have churches and steeples, pastors and teachers
Artists and leaders and 9 to 5 people

Liars and thieves, cheaters and stealers
Is the door open to both the saints and the sinners?

There is a virus
He carried our disease
Jesus saves

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