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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 WeÂ'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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