

# The Normals

## "We Are The Beggars At The Foot Of God's Door"

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We are gathered in cathedrals on a Sunday  
We are shrouded in our pride and lust's despair  
We have heard that You said, "Go to where your hearts  
once were"  
Trusting we'd arrive to find You there

We have known the empty senses of a funeral  
We are haunted by the promises of death  
We have asked to see Your face and noticed nothing  
But a well timed honest smile from a friend

Oh, we of little faith  
Oh, You of stubborn grace

We are the beggars, we are the beggars  
We are the beggars at the foot of God's door

We have grown cold to the kisses of our lovers  
We have rolled the windows up and driven through  
The forests of the autumn, the innocence of snow  
Metaphor of Jesus in the dew

We have known the heated passion of the cold night  
We have sold ourselves to everything we hate  
We're hypocrites and politicians running from a fight  
We've cheated on a very jealous mate

Oh, we of little faith  
Oh, You of stubborn grace

We are the beggars, we are the beggars  
We are the beggars at the foot of God's door

We've known, we've known  
We've known the pain of loving in a dying world  
And our lies have made us angry at the truth  
But Cinderella's slipper fits us perfectly  
And somehow we're made royalty with You  
Royalty with You, royalty

We are the beggars, we are the beggars  
We are the beggars at the foot of God's door

We are, we are, we are, we are  
We are the beggars at the foot of God's door  
[Incomprehensible]

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