

Sienna Skies

"This Is Religion"

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There's an orphanage on Main Street
Lonely children call it home
When they go to count their blessings
They have few to call their own
But there is a special lady
Who visits everyday
She comes to bring them love
To chase the loneliness away
This is religion
Pure, sweet and undefiled
To love the widow
The homeless, abandoned child
This is religion
God's purest intention
To love as He first loved us
This is religion
She doesn't have too much
But what she has she gives away
'Cause she knows inside her heart
She couldn't live any other way
Well, sometimes she goes without
The things of worldly measure
Knowing she is pleasing God
Is her greatest treasure
By the hand of Providence
Some have more and some have less
But it's not your wealth or poverty
It's what you do when you see a need

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