

The Twenty-First Time

Monk and Neagle

Nowhere to live
Nowhere to fall
He used to have money
But he's wasted it all
His face is a photograph burned in mind
But I pretend not to see him for the
twenty-first time

He sleeps under stars, it's all he can afford
His blanket's an old coat he's had since the war
He stands on the corner of Carter and Vine
But I pretend not to see him for the twenty-first time

He may be a drifter who's grown old and gray
But what if it's Jesus and I walk away
I say I'm the body and drink of the wine
But I pretend not to see him for the twenty-first time

She's 29 but she feels 48
She can't raise three kids on minimum wage
She's crying in back of the welfare line
But I pretend not to see her for the twenty-first time

She may be a stranger trying to get through the day
But what if it's Jesus and I walk away
I say I'm the body and drink of the wine
But I pretend not to see her for the twenty-first time

This is a call for a change in my heart
I realize that I've not been doing my part
When I needed a Savior, I found it in Him
He gave to me, now I'll give back to them

Drifter or stranger, daughter or son
I'll look for Jesus in everyone
'Cause I am the body and drink of the wine
And I'm thankful there's more than the twenty-first time