

ALIVE

By Chris Driesbach

Alive! The King is alive!
Alive! The King is alive!

They thought he was just the carpenter's son A little bit crazy
Sure he did some miracles His lady friends were racy
Oh – but look! The scars on his hands The spear hole in his side
His stripes have healed us one for all For us he bled and died

Alive! The King is alive!
Alive! The King is alive!

They whipped him beat him cut his head Made him carry the cross
They drove the nails into his flesh It looked like he was lost
But now he joins us on the road As we're walking to Emmaus
Our hearts burn as he talks to us We break bread and see his face

Alive! The King is alive!
Alive! The King is alive

Then one aMAZE ing day he went away Rose higher than we could see
His father's house has many rooms One's prepared for me
Now we remember what he said To love one another
Take his word around the world Baptize all our brothers

Alive! The King is alive!
Alive! The King is alive

Come to him when you're weary He will give you rest
His heart is humble – learn from him You will be blessed
Where ever two or more of you Are gathered, he'll be with you
To the end of the age With the Holy Spirit too

Alive! The King is alive!
Alive! The King is alive

New Orleans

By Chris Driesbach

Throwin' stuff in boxes, big one's comin' - I gotta' go
In the middle of the night, in the middle of contra-flow
Enough gas to get to Jackson, and then the guilty sun arose
What will become of me and my town, now nobody knows

Went up to Alabama - tried to watch it on TV
I couldn't stand just sittin' there, so I had to leave
Went back down to Baton Rouge, stayed with some folks there I know
Never known before what it's like to be without a home

New Orleans, New Orleans – just look what God has done
I guess your lucky streak ran out, I guess your time had come
New Orleans, New Orleans – I must have loved you after all
I cried when I saw water flowin' down the street we call Canal

Oh God the water's pourin' in – who can help us now?
Folks are drowning, people crying, nothin' to do no-how
Wadin' in the water, no way to get away
Saw a man carryin' his mamma, the water to his waist

Well, I opened up the church doors when the water had gone down
The smell, the muck, the Bibles and the pews all thrown around
Jesus' flag was in the mud, the walls were moldy and brown
The piano was tipped over, nobody can worship here now

New Orleans, New Orleans – your children are scattered and gone
Some of them got nothin' left – some of them can't come home
When will the tears stop fallin' – what has happened to us all?
When we remember water flowin' down the street we call Canal

Used to be folks all over here, there's nobody here now
Walls are missin' trees are down, everything's thrown around
Hearts and houses gutted, debris piles on the ground
Little white trailers poppin' up like mushrooms after the rain's done fallin' down

New Orleans, New Orleans – We'll patch you up somehow
Give you back your streetcars, put back up your palms
Give you back your Mardi Gras, your restaurants and all
We'll never forget water flowin' down that street we call Canal

Diversity

By Chris Driesbach

I go to church with all kinds of people They're all so different from me
A bunch of folks with all kinds of problems, Like autism and bankruptcy
Bad feet, Alzheimers, too fat, too poor Divorced, alcoholic, about to die
Well I know the Lord put us all here together But sometimes I wonder why
(Maybe we're like his little pet collection of personality disorders or somethin')

Then I thought about the crew that the Lord picked out, Now, there's a varied bunch!
You got fishermen, a tax collector, a zealot and a thief Imagine them all having lunch!
There's the Sons of Thunder, doubting Thomas And Andrew who didn't say very much
'Course his brother Pete did enough talkin' for two, I mean that guy was a little touched
(Always running his mouth without fully engaging his brain)

St Peter was kinda' like a tidal wave, Made a devastating first impression
He was always ready to jump up and take charge The epitome of indiscretion
I mean he's cuttin' off folks' ears, tryin' to walk on the water,
Wanted to build Moses a hut
You always knew he'd have something to say Problem is, you never knew what
(It's like he woke up fishing on the wrong side of the boat every morning or something)

Chorus:

You could call us all disciples, followers of Jesus Christ
Limping along, the halt and the lame, the naughty and the nice
All so very different, but God's family anyway
We'll all be singing around the throne on that happy day.

And then there's Simon, the zealot man, Member of the Jewish underground
Today he'd be in the citizen's militia Wearin' fatigues and struttin' around
He was conspiring to overthrow the Romans and swing his sword with a clang
I wonder what the Lord was thinking When he put old Simon in the gang

Now Matthew's plan was just the opposite, he totally sold out
Collecting taxes, hated by the Jews – money was all he was about
But Jesus knew what he was doing when he said, "Matthew follow me."
Made him part of that special twelve it's called diversity.

(Chorus)

Now we come to John, who Jesus loved I wonder if he was bi-polar
I mean there he is leaning on Jesus' bosom like he's nappin' in a field of clover
But he's also got a temper, he's a Son of Thunder; anytime he's liable to blow
But Jesus knew him before he was born, just like I am known
(And then the spirit picked a wild guy like him to write the very last words of the bible)

Now there's a kind of a guy that spoils every party, the one that doubts everything
Not gonna' buy it unless he's shown, he was even skeptical of the king
Tell Thomas something and he'll say "prove it," or else I won't believe
But Jesus brought him into the family too add to the diversity

Well, like I said, we're all a little different, us folks that love the Lord
But together we form the body of Christ, like it says there in the word
Like the twelve disciples we all got our wrinkles, stuff makes us unique
Well, we might be a mess, but we're the mess he loves,
and I'm glad you're here with me.

Y'all come back now, hear?

In My Father's House

By Chris Driesbach

In my Father's house there are many rooms
If it were not so I would have told you
If I go there to prepare for you
If I prepare a place for you

Then I will come back and take you with me
So you may be where I am going
You know the way to the place
You know the way to where I'm going

I am the way, the truth, the life
The way to the Father is through me
If you knew me, you would know him
From now on, you know and see him

Don't you know me, I have been with you
I've been among you now for a long time
Don't you believe that I'm in the Father
Don't you believe that the Father's in me?

The words I say are not just my own
The Father works and lives in me
Believe when I say I am in him
When I say the Father's in me

You've seen me do the miracles
At least believe what they tell you
Have faith in me and do what I have done
Ask in my name and I will do it

If you love me you will obey
You will obey what I command you
I will ask the Father to give to you
The spirit of truth forever

Before too long the world won't see me
They will not see, but you will see me
On that day you'll know I'm in the Father
That I am in you and you are in me

If you have my commands and you obey them
Then you are the one who truly loves me
If you love me the Father loves you
You will see me and I will love you

The Highway of the Lord

By Chris Driesbach

A voice is crying out To flee the coming wrath Build a highway for the Lord
Stop your crooked ways Make straight your path Build a highway for the Lord

Let the pathways in your heart Be under construction Build a highway to the Lord
All of the other roads Lead to your destruction 'Cept the highway to the Lord

Hey sinner turn around You're goin' the wrong way On the highway of the Lord
Don't you lie and accuse be happy with your pay Stay on the highway of the Lord

Following the map of the road to heaven Sinner get on board
Hitch a ride by the side of the highway to glory The highway of the Lord

Chorus:

What's that fire along the road Burnin' so bright
It's the trees that don't produce Folks that don't do right
Oh you brood of vipers Who told you to run
The axe is at the root and the tree is goin' down down down

Mmm, fill in the valleys Make low the hills Build a straight path for the Lord
The poor shall be rich and the rich can't pay their bills On the highway of the Lord

We are not alone Others travel with us On the highway of the Lord
Give the other man your coat Let your actions be a witness On the highway of the Lord

Produce the fruit in keeping with repentance Build a highway for the Lord
Abraham might be yo' daddy, but there's still a death sentence.
So make a straight path for the Lord

Well, don't you just stand there repent and be saved behold the Lamb of God
All that bad stuff you're doin' will be washed away washed by the holy Lamb of God

(Chorus)

It's goin' down
The tree is goin' down

The Word Is Near

By Chris Driesbach

What God commands – what he said to teach
It's not so hard – not beyond our reach
Not way up in heaven – or across the sea
The word is near – as it can be

No, the word – is very near
It's in your mouth
For you to hear
It's in your heart
God put it here
Oh, the word – is very near

No, the word – is very near
It's in your mouth
For you to hear
It's in your heart
God put it here
Oh, the word – is very near

Jesus is the word – You need not fear
No, the word – is very near

I Love My Church

By Chris Driesbach

My car drives there every Sunday I sit there in a pew
I play the organ too
Sometimes teach Sunday School

And it's a good thing that the ladies Help me teach 'em too
Cause I don't know what to do
With a little girl that's two

After that we start the service Pastor says in Jesus' name
Every Sunday just the same
And then we welcome visitors And get up and walk around
Fill the church with sound And we sing:

Won't you greet somebody in Jesus' name?
Won't you tell them that you love them in Jesus' name?
Tell them we can work together in Jesus' name.
Everybody smile, Jesus loves you!
Everybody smile, Jesus loves you!

Then we all confess we're sinners and we're lost
Pastor says we're forgiven by the cross
And every other Sunday we take the wafer and the wine
Jesus body and his blood
With the bread and wine combined And we sing:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me
And that thou biddest me come to thee
Oh Lamb of God I come, I come.

You can see we're far from perfect sometimes the lawn's not mowed at all
Fountain's broken down the hall
Out of paper in one stall

My pastor lets his hair grow a little I think his wife likes it that way
Partly blond but mostly gray
Gettin' thinner by the day

And he loves to preach and teach Christ crucified
My sins are the reason that he died
God raised him on the third day
And I can surely say I'll be there in his arms on Judgment Day

Nothing in my hand I bring	Simply to the cross I cling
Naked, turn to thee for dress	Humbly look to thee for grace
Foul, I to the fountain fly	Wash me Savior or I die.

Yep I'm goin' to heaven when I die Been freely justified
These are the reasons why -----

I love my church.

Why Don't You Come?

By Chris Driesbach

People are always askin' what is life and who am I?
Big questions like what is truth, what really happens when I die?
Well, we celebrate the questions - and the answers, too
And I've got a little question of my own to ask of you
And I really want to know -

Chorus:

Why don't you come? Why don't you come?
We're celebratin' life and singin' about truth
Everything else is something worse to do
Compared to Christian freedom and perfect love, too –
I'm comin'- why don't you? Why don't you?

So many other things we do - are just a waste of time
Worryin' about this, fearful of that, angry about my place in line
Always runnin' here and there and never getting through
You might be someone just wastin' your precious time, too
I've got a better idea for you

(Chorus)

The bible is always new, evergreen, evermore
It's always fresh and topical, the very words of the Lord
It's like this is the church of what is happenin' right now
Every thing that's goin' on - Everything in my life somehow
It's not a mystery, not pretend, it's real

(Chorus)

The forgiveness to be found in life is always temporary and attached to strings
The forgiveness Jesus won for us doesn't end – doesn't depend on anything
It's a true new beginning – it's real and works right away
You might be someone needin' some forgiveness for somethin' today
It's like you can start your life over right away –

(Chorus)

My earthly family may be near or they might be far away
But I'm united with my spiritual brothers and sisters in every way
Based not on what I am, but what Jesus made of me
You might be someone in a crowded room as lonely as can be
It's a lot like finally comin' home **(Chorus)**

Sing Me Home

By Chris Driesbach

There's a little church by a quiet canal
I've been in the choir for many years now
I've come to love them all, and I know they love me
Singing songs of praise in joyful harmony

Chorus:

Sing me home
Every man will meet God alone
Your voices bring peace to my soul
Please sing me home

I haven't been a man of fortune or fame
I've made so many mistakes along the way
Over this broken, shipwrecked life
The Lamb of God has spread his holy robe of white

(Chorus)

When I'm singing with angels around the throne
Will I remember my little church home
And these brothers and sisters singing for me
"Just As I Am, Without One Plea"

(Chorus)

Last Chorus:

I'm on my way
Going to a better place
Carried on your voices, raised to the sky
Until I wear the precious Crown of Life

Carried on your voices, raised to the sky
Until I wear the precious Crown of Life

What If You Had a Father

By Chris Driesbach

I know you You're all alone in this old life
No family to call on They've fallen away Given up without a fight

So many problems and troubles and no-one seems to care
They turn away from you I tell you brother, I've been there

The promises and dreams have blown away like leaves in the wind
If there was just someplace to go For comfort, or a friend

I want to tell you to show you a love you've never known
Listen to the words and imagine the end of being alone

What if you had a father who loved you more than you can imagine
Who made you and knows you in all of your being and if you had a

Brother who was perfect and did what you could not do
He died just to save you from your sin and your evil I know you're

Drowning in sorrow and broken and frightened and
Trying so hard to just hold on to something what if you had a

Father who loved you and a brother who saved you and a
Spirit of comfort who wrote you a letter of love

This is my way of telling what Jesus has done for me
And he's done it for you
Maybe I'm wrong but I think I know what it's like
To be lost and alone in a world that's uncaring so

Just close your eyes now and try to imagine
To see past the darkness to the Lord as he calls you to your

Father who loves you and a brother who saved you and a
Spirit of comfort who wrote you a letter like a

Sheep with no shepherd you've wandered but now he's
Calling so softly
He's calling so softly
and wants you to come to him now.