

## Casting Crowns    If We Are The Body

It's crowded in worship today  
As she slips in trying to fade into the faces  
The girls teasing laughter is carrying farther than they know  
Farther than they know

But if we are the body  
Why aren't His arms reaching?  
Why aren't His hands healing?  
Why aren't His words teaching?  
And if we are the body  
Why aren't His feet going?  
Why is His love not showing them there is a way?  
There is a way

A traveler is far away from home  
He sheds his coat and quietly sinks into the back row  
The weight of their judgmental glances  
Tells him that his chances are better out on the road

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Why aren't His hands healing?  
Why aren't His words teaching?  
And if we are the body  
Why aren't His feet going?  
Why is His love not showing them there is a way?  
There is a way

Jesus paid much too high a price  
For us to pick and choose who should come  
And we are the body of Christ

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Why aren't His hands healing?  
Why aren't His words teaching?  
And if we are the body  
Why aren't His feet going?  
Why is His love not showing them there is a way?  
There is a way  
Jesus is the way