

HALLELUJAH

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope

First it wasn't and then it was.
And the reason was just because.
He spoke the word it all came to be
Our response to what we see (should be)

Hallelu, Hallelujah

The way the world hangs in space
And the heavens in their own place.
More complicated with everything we learn.
We should be awed no matter where we turn (sing)

Hallelu, Hallelujah

Not an accident, use your intelligence.
In acknowledgement, I've gotta say...

Hallelu, Hallelujah

Believe what you choose
As for me I'll take the Good News (sing)

Hallelu, Hallelujah Hallelu, Hallelujah

THE EXTENT OF WHAT I KNOW

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope and Roy Ellingsen

Didn't have a warning, didn't have a clue,
'Bout what was forming, what I would choose to do.

Oh, I thought I had a plan for my life,
'bout what to do and where to go.
But when I heard His voice, there was no other choice.
He is much more than what I know, what did I know?

Now, the extent of what I know is to let His Spirit show. Thank you Lord for what I know.

There were years when, I realized where I went wrong.
Finally learned to listen, how come it took so long.

Oh, I thought I had a plan for my life,
'bout what to do and where to go. But when I heard His voice,
There was no other choice.
He is much more than what I know, what did I know?

Now, the extent of what I know is to let His Spirit show. Thank you Lord for what I know.

Are you wonderin' what we're talking about?
Do we sound just like a fool?
It takes a leap of faith, you know,
To find out it is true, but it is true.

Now, the extent of what I know is to let His Spirit show. Thank you Lord for what I know.

The extent of what I know is to let His Spirit show. Thank you Lord for what I know.

I THINK ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope

It seems the bad guys are all winning. I think about it all the time.
Been like this since the beginning. I think about it all the time.
Can I learn how to be patient not knowing the reason or the rhyme?
Can I give up all control now? I think about it all the time.

So much competes for our attention. I think about it all the time.
There's more than I have time to mention. I think about it all the time.
Can I filter out the danger and let His word fill up my mind?
Can I give up all control now? I think about it all the time.

Living in an evil place, where God's love gets erased. It's hard for us to face the simple reason. That we
are the why, that He had to die. This is our chance to fly, our time of the season, now.

How much different do we seem now? I think about it all the time.
After all we've been redeemed now. I think about it all the time.
Do we clearly represent You and give the world a chance to find,
That they can give You all control now. I think about it all the time. I think about it all the time.
I think about it all the time.

HE'D ALREADY TOLD ME SO

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope and Roy Ellingsen

We're all born with a clean slate,
Nothing written there at all.
Hadn't learned to love, didn't know enough to hate.
Never knew pride goes 'fore the fall.
Oh I'm gonna choose my own direction,
Don't want no one tell me where to go.
When I finally learned to listen (I found) He'd already told me so.

I soon became my own worst enemy.
Wanted everything my own way.
A friend said it would be the end of me.
I began to smell my own decay.
Oh I made a mess of things
Yeah and I sank so low.
When I finally learned to listen,
I found He'd already told me so.

Sick and tired of sick and tired,
Found myself talking with that friend.
He had something I desired
For the first time his words did not offend.
Oh on my knees in some church basement
Yeah where I finally came to know.
Where I finally learned to listen,
And found He'd already told me so.

GENERIC JESUS

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope

Been listenin' to some lyrics that are easy to ignore.
Yeah it's true that Jesus loves me, I can handle so much more.
Take a chance at something risky instead of the same thing.
Be original, surprise us, give us something new to sing.

(Don't want) no generic Jesus, just give me the truth.
No blond-haired, blue-eyed, boyfriend icon, not I one I can use.
(Give me) the One who cleared the temple, wiped the blind man's eyes with mud,
Loved prostitutes and taxmen, and sweated drops of blood.
He don't need no sugar coating or be dressed up someway new.
Just give it to me straight, generic Jesus just won't do.

Want to try a new song, afraid that folks won't understand.
So much competes for our attention we can't afford to be so bland.
Take a chance at something risky instead of the same thing.
Be original, surprise us, give us something new to sing.

Revolutionary,
He wasn't nice and polite.
Are we sitting on our hands here?
Afraid of what is right?

HEAVENLY MINDED

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope

Got that well-known bracelet with initials on his arm.
Jesus bumper sticker on the back of his car.
He only hires folks he finds in the Christian Yellow Pages.
His Christian job with Christian friends is where he gets his wages.

He's so heavenly minded, heavenly minded.
Just so heavenly minded, but is he any earthly good?

His children went to Christian schools and universities
To avoid the big bad world's immorality.
They learned a certain way to think, a certain way to vote.
Can he trust what they believe, or do they live by rote?

Are they heavenly minded, heavenly minded.
Just so heavenly minded, but are they any earthly good?

Living in fear of the world, do they really know what's out there?
Living in fear of the world, how will they know if they're so unaware?

Well, if we think we've got the truth what are we gonna do?
Is it time to take it to the world and see if it is true?
Or will we just sit gladly, refuse to say a word?
Claiming then the world to change is kind of absurd.

Are we heavenly minded, heavenly minded,
Just so heavenly minded, but are we any earthly good?

CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope

Back in High School, yeah that homecoming queen,
Guys fantasizing, you know what I mean.
So few approached her, way too filled with fear.
Never took a chance, they believed...
Can't get there from here, oh no you Can't get there from here.

Buying tickets, when the jackpot's getting huge,
Ain't no explaining, knows he's gonna lose.
Fantasizing 'bout going, up to the cashier.
Three hundred million to one, he should know...
Can't get there from here. Can't get there from here.

Why you gotta play a long shot,
Don't you know it could be a sure thing?
No reason to tie yourself in a knot,
Gotta tell you why we came here to sing, here to sing.

2,000 years ago, God broke into history.
To change the way we live, He wants to set us free.
And take us to a place, ain't no more pain or fear.
Yeah the Good News is, Good News is...
Can get there from here, oh yeah you Can get there from here.

MORE THAN I AM ABLE TO BELIEVE

Words & Music by Bob Stanhope

I've seen the amber waves of grain, been high on a rocky plain,
Seen the sunset through the pines.
I've seen the ocean crash to foam, been on a mountaintop alone.
Only part of the design

More than I could ask or could imagine,
More than I ever thought there'd be,
There are some call this an accident, Some say it occurred naturally.
Some say there's only science,
More than I am able to believe.

I've seen a baby being born, I've cried with those who mourn,
Been confused and I've been scared.
I've been healthy and in pain, seen the sacred and profane.
I've seen the truth shown everywhere.

I can't answer every question, I'm surprised that's what some folks expect.
What's true is true, it doesn't matter what I do.
Whether all my answers are correct.

ASHES AND DUST

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope

Looking here at what surrounds us
A place that's safe and dry and out of the cold.
There was work and skill needed to get it.
In years of compromise we bought and sold.
Taking pride in what we have here.
Can make us oblivious.
After all what we're done here,
Sooner or later becomes - Ashes and Dust.

We came into the world, brought nothing with us.
And we will certainly leave the very same way.
Ignoring what that all means amounts to nothing.
I need to find things to leave that won't decay.
What did I teach my children?
Getting older it makes me curious.
What attitudes and values survive me?
Everything else becomes - Ashes and Dust.

Only One who is eternal.
He will decide what we will find.
What we do with what we are given.
Determines exactly what we leave behind.

What did I teach my children?
Getting older it makes me curious.
What attitudes and values survive me?
Everything else becomes - Ashes and Dust.

SHOOT THE WOUNDED

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope

He's on the street, folks think he's crude.
Ragged hair, hand out, begging for some food.
They ignore him, guess that's not odd
Somebody laughs saying, "Hey boy, get a job."
Human decency? Not a shred. Shoot the wounded.

In the classroom, won't try her best.
Year after year she fails the test.
She wonders, "How come I just don't care?"
To the teachers and her parents, she's a nightmare.
So they just give up on her instead. Shoot the wounded.

Shoot the wounded, that's what we've said.
Easier to slip away, shoot the wounded every day.

Sunday morning do we do the same?
Do we find the weaker brother and take aim?
Saying, "The reason your life's so tough,
Is 'cause you're not believing hard enough."
Oh watch out for what's ahead, shoot the wounded.

Shoot the wounded, that's what we've said.
Easier to turn away, shoot the wounded every day.

If someone reaches out their hand,
Do we give them one finger at a time?
What does brother's keeper really mean?
Why can't you get yours like I got mine?

Who says our faith is dead,
Shoot the wounded.
Shoot the wounded, shoot 'em now.

THE RIGHT WAY

Words and Music by Roy Ellingsen

I used to rock, I used to roll,
For all the wrong reasons, I did it all But that was then,
And this is now, that's in the past, I'll tell you how.
Well I still rock, and I still roll, I do it the right way, that's all.

I used to play out in the bars,
I used to ride around in cars
But that was when, back in denial, man I was lost, lost all the while
And I still rock, and I still roll, I do it the right way, that's all.

There's something 'bout a man on a ship lost out at sea.
The farther you're from land you're just that much less to see.
After many years of this, I couldn't take it anymore,
I opened up, the Lord came in. I don't do that no more.

Well I still rock, and I still roll,
I do it for Jesus, He saved my soul
What he did then, and I do now, it's in the plan, and that is how
When I still rock, and I still roll, I do it the right way, that's all.

I used to rock, I used to rock, I used to rock and roll I used to rock,
I used to rock, I used to rock and roll
Well I still rock, yes I still rock,
I do it the right way, that's all.

COME HOME

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope

You would've thought he had a perfect life,
He had two kids a wife, a nice house all to himself.
But little at a time he threw it all away, until the day,
He left in search of something else.
And while he knows now he was very wrong, the longer he goes on,
The harder it becomes to...

Come home,
Return here from the darkness back to where the light has shown.
Come home,
To the ones who love and need you
And who cannot bear another day alone
Come home.

I saw him not much more than just a week ago,
Said how you doing Joe, He said, "I guess I'm fine."
Now don't get mad but just the other day, while taking time to pray,
You know your name came to mind.
He kinda frowned, said, "Pray for someone else, if I can't forgive myself,
How could God be telling me..."

Then I said, "Joe, I got nothing else to say.
We'll still be praying for you anyway.
Just remember, no matter where you go,
We just want you to know,
The Lord will never let you go ('til you)"

COMIN' TO A HEAD

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope

We've read about it, read 'bout it for years.
We know it's coming, but the when's just not so clear.
So how can we get the word to spread?
It is comin' to a head.

How much longer, can some go on like this,
Standing at the edge, starin' into the abyss?
So far from the truth where they've been led.
It is comin' to a head.

It's coming to a head,
We all will see it
Everyone the living or the dead.
Coming to a head no one will flee it.
Look out, it's comin' to a head, yeah!

If it takes too long here, no one will survive.
Oh Lord, come quickly, get us out of here alive.
Now there ain't nothing more that can be said,
There ain't nothing more that can be said,
There ain't nothing more that can be said,
It is comin' to a head.

TRUE

Words and Music by Bob Stanhope and Roy Ellingsen

People walking, no one's talking.
They got their fill of fear today.
All alone, yet still together,
Looking like their nerves are frayed.
Begin to think about it, begin to think about it, you'll feel it too.

People needing what they're feeding.
Some folks sure got a lot to say.
They want to do your thinking for you,
Line you up, make you obey.
Begin to think about it, begin to think about it,
If you really think about what they do,
Is it true? Is it true?

People kneeling, seeking healing.
Heads are bowed arms out to pray.
Felt like they were suffocating.
Couldn't go on another day.
Begin to think about it, begin to think about it, you'll feel it too.

Got distracted, never acted,
Wasted way too many years.
Hearing stories fabricated,
Play upon our hearts and fears.
Begin to think about it, begin to think about it,
If you really think about what they do,
Is it true? Is it true?

Father, Son, and Spirit, no one else is greater.
(They're) beyond the scope and measure of our minds.
Father, Son, and Spirit, without them we are helpless.
Far beyond the liars of our time.

They are true. They are true.
Oh so true. C'mon true.