



THE BASEMENT

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On any given Sunday
The saints are in the pews
They sing their songs and say amen
As the preacher brings good news
They gather round the altar
And call on Jesus' name
He never fails to meet them there
Lives are always changed, but

On any given Thursday night
Down a creaky flight of stairs
Through a door that never shuts just right
In some worn-out folding chairs
There's a different kind of desperate
Most folks never see
And if you think what happens upstairs is amazing,
Wait until you see what He's been doing in the basement

There ain't a lot of shouting
Much less suits and ties
Cheap coffee and the smell of smoke
Some coming off a high
Hello my name is so-and-so
Hello, we're glad you came
And just like that, this worn-out room
Becomes a holy place, cause

*If you've never seen a miracle,
I can tell you where they meet
I know at least a dozen
And you know one now,
'Cause you know me*