

The Tap

*Now the first time I ever entered the line
I lacked the faith it took to fly
I stood there expecting for this man of God
To work his empty power; isn't that odd
Like blood from a turnip; like money from a child
It didn't do what I wanted it to so I just stood there and smiled
And he took the oil and dabbed his palm
and he began to quote to me the 23rd psalm
The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want...and my mind wandered like flies in the dawn
I walked away just as I walked up; Empty and wrong
Now Sunday's here again and the call goes out
I heard the choir sing and I watched my sister shout
"Any one who needs the Lord to do
Something special in your life this lines for you"
And I again
Stood there in sin
Dirty from the world
A misused girl
Yet this time I knew
The Lord would come through
And there it was
A minister of Love
She said, "Tell me now what your heart desires"
"I need a song; I want to go higher"
And she looked in my eyes and saw my plea
Grabbed the bottle of oil and stepped to me
And she didn't dab her finger and didn't dab her hand
She touched my head and raised the glass, saying
"Lord I'm in agree-ance; use the gift for You!"
"Bind up the ungodly and make her whole and true!"
With the bottle over my head she poured the oil slow
And in my spirit her voice began to echo
Freely she
Anointed me
Recognized the kind of help I need
Not a dab would do and this minister knew
And there's only one way that this could be true
She'd tapped in to the source
Of my Father's course
He'd whispered to her and she responded; no shorts
She took no stops with her alabaster box
And blessed this lowly child of God*