

Gotta Tell Somebody

Don Francisco

She kept on getting weaker as day dragged into day
The doctors gave no hope for her; she seemed to fade away
My hours were filled with constant dread; time became a knife
That slowly and relentlessly cut the cord of life

There was a teacher in the region then some of us had heard
That He'd healed the paralytic by the power of just His Word
So with hope again rekindled I went at once to see
If I could find a man named Jesus from a town in Galilee

I began to search the city and soon I saw the crowd
They were pressing in to touch Him and they called His Name out loud
But with the strength of desperation I pushed them all aside
I through myself before Him and from my knees I cried

"Lord, come and heal my daughter, even now she's close to death
Her fever's uncontrollable, she fights for every breath
But God's given You the power; life is Yours to give
If you'll just lay Your hands on her I know that she will live"
(She will live, she will live)

Well, He'd just begun to go with me when a face I saw with fear
Came towards me with the news I knew I didn't want to hear
And although I tried to steel myself I trembled when he said
"Why bother the Teacher anymore, your little girl is dead."

Then Jesus touched my shoulder and He told me not to grieve
The trembling stopped when He looked at me and said, "Only believe"
Then He sent the crowds away except His closest men
And they followed right behind us as we started off again

But we were still a long ways down the road when I heard the sounds and cries
Of the mourners and musicians as they strove to dramatize
My grief they had no business with beneath their loud disguise
My wife just sat there silently and stared through empty eyes

Then Jesus asked the mourners, "Why is it that you weep?
She isn't dead as you suppose, the child is just asleep."
It only took a moment for their wails to turn to jeers
"Who does this man think he is? Get him out of here!"

With authority I've never heard in the lips of any man
He spoke and every sound rolled out with the thunder of command
And in the sudden silence they all hurried for the door
Wondering what the reasons were they'd ever come there for

Then He called his three disciples that were with Him on the way
He led them and my wife and me to where our daughter lay
He took her by the hand; He told her "Child, arise"
And the words were barely spoken when she opened up her eyes

She rose and walked across the room and stood there at our sides
My wife knelt down and held her close and at last she really cried
And then Jesus told us both to see that our daughter had some food
But as to how her life was saved, not to speak a word...
Not to speak a word...

I got to tell somebody
I got to tell somebody
I got to tell somebody
I got to tell somebody
I got to tell somebody, got to tell somebody, what Jesus did for me
I got to tell somebody, got to tell somebody, what Jesus did for me
I got to tell somebody, got to tell somebody, what Jesus did for me
I got to tell somebody, got to tell somebody, what Jesus did for me