A poor man on the corner
I could give to You by buying him lunch
But I rarely think about it
'Cause I got a little but it's not that much
And I pray Lord won't You help me
Give me a little bit more for myself
And You say Child won't you let me
Take all that you got and give you a little real wealth

And I don't know what You want, what You see in my life
And I don't know what You mean, how You could be glorified
I'm not too sure about this idea of sacrifice
What You mean by mercy, mercy in me
Your mercy in me

A young girl in an old house
Three kids and another on the way
She's in desperate need of some new clothes
But I keep my old ones and tell her I'll pray for her
But Your heart breaks for those kids
And that child of a mom who's one of Your own
When a few gifts and a little time
Is another crown I could lay at the feet of Your throne

And I don't know what You want, what You see in my life
And I don't know what You mean, how You could be glorified
I'm not too sure about this idea of sacrifice
What You mean by mercy, mercy in me
Your mercy in me

And I don't know what You want, what You see in my life And I don't know what You mean, how You could be glorified And I'm not too sure about this idea of sacrifice What You mean by mercy, mercy in me Your mercy in me