Room Maker (words & music: Drew Davidsen)

Hanging out in the upper room, chillin' with His disciples
Then Jesus turned to say, soon would be my time to go to heaven
Just remember, when you break the bread of leaven, think of me
A new commandment I bring to you
That you should love your brother the same way I've been loving you
That's what I want you to do, so if you only had one hour left to live

What would you give? Would you wash your neighbor's feet?
Would you worry for a long, lost friend? How would you serve?
Like the Master that you seek? Could you find, a little room?
I'm saying room

Time went on in the Upper Room, the hours seemed to be
Then Jesus picked up the towel filled basin, and then He washed their feet
The Master washed their feet, so if you only had one hour left to live

What would you give? Would you wash your neighbor's feet?
Would you worry for a long, lost friend? How would you serve?
Like the Master that you seek? Could you find, a little room?
I'm saying room

After He had washed their feet, He picked up all His garments and then
He reclined at the table once again,
Saying me you know what I've done to you, friend
So if you only had one hour left to live

What would you give? Would you wash your neighbor's feet?
Would you worry for a long, lost friend? How would you serve?
Like the Master that you seek? Could you find, a little room?
What would you give? Would you wash your neighbor's feet?
Would you worry for a long, lost friend? How would you serve?
Like the Master that you seek? Could you find, a little room?
Find a little room

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