

Every day they pass me by,
I can see it in their eyes;
Empty people filled with care,
headed who knows where.

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On they go through private pain,
living fear to fear;
Laughter hides the silent cries-only Jesus
hears.

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People need the Lord,
people need the Lord;
At the end of broken dreams,
He's the open door.

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People need the Lord,
people need the Lord;
When will we realize,
people need the Lord.

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We are called to take His light,
to a world where wrong seems right;
What could be too great a cost,
for sharing life with one who's lost?

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Through His love our hearts can feel,
all the grief they bear.
They must hear the words of life,
only we can share.

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At the end of broken dreams,
He's the open door.

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People need the Lord,
people need the Lord;
When will we realize,
that we must give our lives
For people need the Lord.
People need the Lord.

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