

Norma Jean

John P. Kee

Norma Jean walked in the church, smile on her face
Everybody staring at her, that she was out of place
She look like hard times, had hold em back
Let me stop playing with you, Norma Jean had been smoking crack
Something happened that Sunday, that changed my life
Right in the midst of worship, Norma Jean put down her pipe
The saints started to judge her, when Norma started to worship
him
But Norma testified, worship cleanse us from our sins
She said

Everytime I worship, I bless your holy name
When I start to worship there are those who call me strange
I was made to worship and I'll never be ashamed
Cause everytime I worship, you bring about a change

Norma came back next Sunday, with her new clothes on
Everybody was excited, and they smiled and welcomed her home
Norma Jean testified, she was in a backslidden state
She said the worship and the praise, was like gravy on a soul food plate
The moral to the story, Don't judge your neighbor's praise
Just like how God delivered you, your neighbor He can save
There is so much ways to worship, than a conference and waving
your hands
Norma Jean says there is power that will surely make a change
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Worship you, I will...worship you Worship you