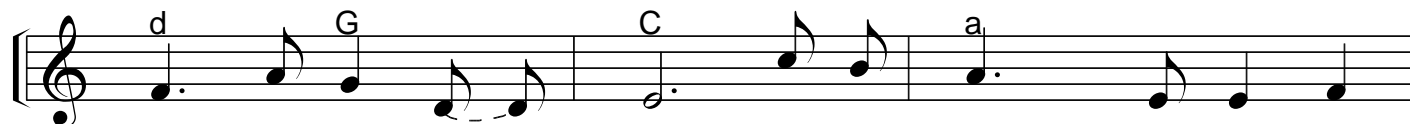


# Racing down the Streets of Time

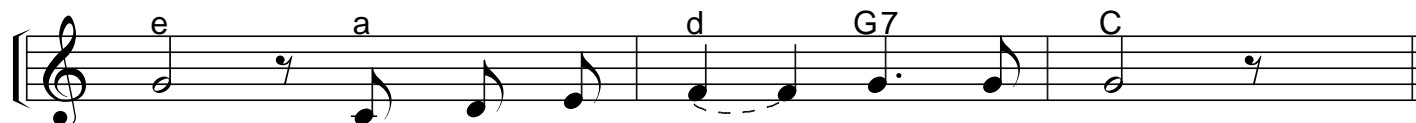
Words and Music  
Bridget Keiderling



1 Rac - ing down the streets of time In - to the  
2 Pris - ons full of hu - man lives Se - cure - ly  
3 Time goes on, the world still turns. Man sees no



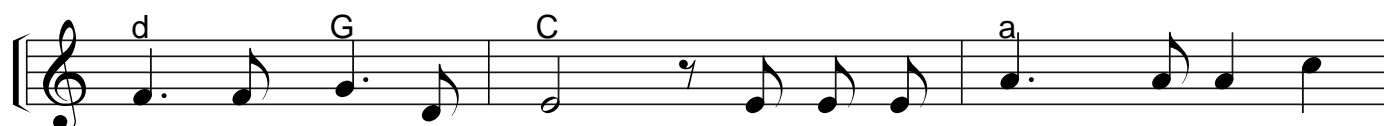
pain of ha - tred and wrong. It's so dark who sees your  
locked be - hind i - ron bars. Point of death is on their  
life, yet still he — years. God is there, he'll see you



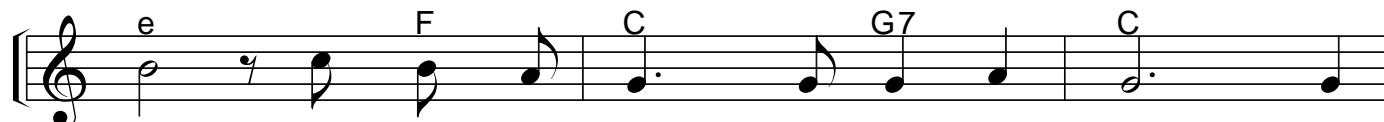
crime? Which road will life — send you on?  
minds; Man's pow'r will soon — take their lives.  
thru; Bright lamps are burn - ing all for you.



His lamps we are to shine wher - e'er he calls. Lamps are



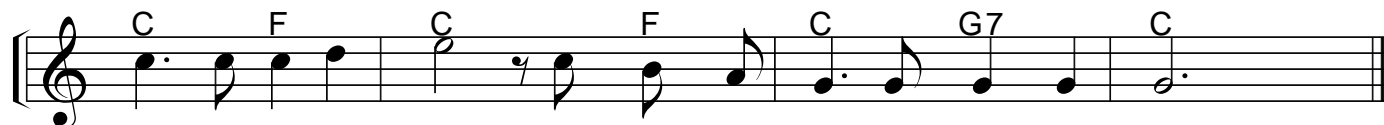
not for bright - lit halls But for dark pla - ces on the



earth Where shame and war and crime have birth, Or



where the lamps of faith burn dim And souls are



grop - ing af - ter Him. His lamps we are His lamps we are.