

Mr. Pike

I was one of those kids who had no church upbringing, so I would get on a bus with my sister and brother some Sundays, and it was in a Baptist church where I first invited Jesus into my heart at the age of eight years old.

Thank you to all the Baptist bus drivers who sacrifice their time each week for all the unsaved children.

Mr. Pike was right on time  
He's wheelin' down my road  
Singin' songs of Heaven  
On streets not made of gold

Matthew, Mark, Luke or John  
Which bus will it be  
The old man drove for nothin' more  
Than children just like me

Fill the bus and win a prize  
Children bring a friend  
So they can learn of Jesus  
And know that He loves them

One day I stood waiting  
For Mr. Pike to come around  
He left me his Bible  
And went to higher ground

CHORUS:  
And after I've come and gone  
I know I'll see my friend  
And I'll ask him for one more ride  
Drive me home to Jesus  
Just like you did back then  
Ill meet you by the curbside again

Sometimes we'd be riding  
And he'd stop along the way  
All us kids would quiet down  
Just to hear him pray

I still hold that Bible  
It's pages turned and torn  
That bears the name "John T. Pike"  
And the date I was reborn

CHORUS:  
And after I've come and gone  
I know I'll see my friend  
And I'll ask him for one more ride  
Drive me home to Jesus  
Just like you did back then  
Ill meet you by the curbside again

BRIDGE:

He drove that bus for Heaven  
And became a friend to me  
The world thought he was nothin'  
But he changed eternity

CHORUS:

And after I've come and gone  
I know I'll see my friend  
And I'll ask him for one more ride  
Drive me home to Jesus  
Just like you did back then  
Ill meet you by the curbside again