

Jesus Christ Superstar (2000), The Temple

Roll on up while my price is down,
Come on in for the best in town
Take your pick of the finest wine,
Lay your bets on this bird of mine
Roll on up while my price is down,
Come on in for the best in town
Take your pick of the finest wine,
Lay your bets on this bird of mine
Name your price, I got everything,
Come and buy, it's all going fast
Borrow cash on the finest terms,
Hurry now while stocks still last
Roll on up, Jerusalem,
Here in Israel, it's us and them
While our temples still survive,
Be at peace while still alive
No more classes, no more creeds,
I can fix your wildest needs
Name your pleasure, buy or sell,
I got Heaven, I got Hell
What you see is what you get,
No one's been disappointed yet
Don't despair, give me a try,
There is nothing you can't buy!
Roll on up while my price is down,
Come on in for the best in town
Take your pick of the finest wine,
Lay your bets on this bird of mine
Roll on up while my price is down,
Come on in for the best in town!
My temple should be a house of prayer
But you have made it a den of thieves!
Get out!
Get out!
My time is almost through
Little left to do
After all, I've tried
For three years
Seems like thirty
Seems like thirty
See my eyes, I can hardly see
See me stand, I can hardly walk
I believe you can make me whole
See my tongue, I can hardly talk
See my skin, I'm a mass of blood
Change my life, oh, I know you can
I believe you can make me well
See my purse, I'm a poor, poor man
Will you touch? Will you mend me, Christ?
Won't you touch? Will you heal me, Christ?
Will you kiss? You can cure me, Christ
Won't you kiss? Won't you pay me, Christ?
See our eyes, we can hardly see
See our scabs, we can hardly walk
We believe you can make us whole
See the tongues that can hardly talk
See our skins, they're a mass of blood
Change our lives, oh, we know you can
We believe you can make us well
You're the hope for the poor, poor man
Will you touch me, mend me, Christ?
Won't you touch? Will you heal me, Christ?
Will you kiss? You can cure me, Christ?
Won't you kiss for the baby, Christ?

See our eyes, we can hardly see
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Won't you kiss? Won't you pay me, Christ?
Too many of you!
Don't push me! Too little of me!
Don't crowd me! Don't crowd me!
Heal yourselves!