

Supertramp, A Soapbox Opera

I want to tell you something;
Listen to me,
I'm trying to say, I'm better than you,
I am only what I am

We must not stand still,
For the night is coming,
Every man, every woman and child,
Everybody help me

I hear, only what I want to hear,
But, I have to believe in something,
Have to believe in just one thing.
I say Father Washington, you're all mixed up,
Collecting sinners in an old tin cup.
Who'll spare a listen for a restless fool,
There's something missing when I lead your rule.

Well, hey there; you tell me you're a holy man
But, although I am just a beginner
I don't see you as a winner.
I say, Sister Robinson, you're all washed up,
Collecting teardrops in a paper cup;
If I could tell you what you need to know;
If I could help you to get on with the show.

But Reverend Ebenezer,
There's a storm in my head,
Makes me feel what you said;
Just wasn't true
So, what am I to do?
Well, what is he to do?
Oh, what is there to do?
Whoa, whoa, whoa. . .

All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful, the lord God made them all

Maybe, well tell me what I'm living for,
'cause I feel like I'm tossed in the middle,
Have you a son to deliver?

I say, Father Washington, you're all mixed up,
Collecting sinners in an old tin cup,
You tell the children what they need to know,
But, will they listen when it's time to go.

Oh, Sister Robinson, you're all washed up,
Collecting teardrops in a paper cup,
Can someone tell me what I need to know,
Can someone help me to get on with the show.