

Webber Andrew Lloyd, The Temple

(Moneylenders and Merchants)

Roll on up -- for 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

(Jesus)

My temple should be a house of prayer
But you have made it a den of thieves

Get up, 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

(Crowd)

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

See my legs I can hardly stand

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 heal me Christ

Won't you kiss, won't you pay me Christ?

(Jesus)

Oh, there's too many of you, don't push me

Oh, there's too little of me, don't crowd me

Heal yourselves!