

# Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice, Heaven On Th

My mind is clearer now, at last all too well  
I can see, where we all soon will be  
If you strip away the myth from the man  
You will see where we all soon will be, Jesus  
You've started to believe, the things they say of You  
You really do believe, this talk of God is true  
And all the good You've done will soon get swept away  
You've begun to matter more than the things You say  
Listen Jesus, I don't like what I see  
All I ask is that You listen to me  
And remember, I've been Your right hand man all along  
You have set them all on fire  
They think they've found the new Messiah  
And they'll hurt You when they find they're wrong  
I remember when this whole thing began  
No talk of God then, we called You a man  
And believe me, my admiration for You hasn't died  
But every word You say today  
Gets twisted 'round some other way  
And they'll hurt You if they think You've lied  
Nazareth, your famous Son  
Should have stayed a great unknown  
Like his father carving wood, he'd have made good  
Tables, chairs and oaken chests  
Would have suited Jesus best  
He'd have caused nobody harm, no one alarm  
Listen Jesus, do you care for Your race?  
Don't you see we must keep in our place?  
We are occupied have You forgotten how put down we are?  
I am frightened by the crowd for we are getting much too loud  
And they'll crush us if we go too far, if we go too far  
Listen Jesus to the warning I give  
Please remember that I want us to live  
But it's sad to see our chances weakening with every hour  
All Your followers are blind, too much heaven on their minds  
It was beautiful, but now it's sour, yes it's all gone sour  
God Jesus, it's all gone sour  
Listen, Jesus, to the warning I give  
Please remember that I want us to live  
Come on, come on, listen to me  
Won't You listen to me, Jesus?