

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?