

Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice, The Temple

Roll on up for the 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 for the 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've got everything
Come on buy, it's going fast
Borrow cash on the finest terms
Hurry now, it's going fast
Roll on up for the 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 for the 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 on buy, it's going fast
Borrow cash on the finest terms
Hurry now, it's going fast
Roll on up, for the 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, for the 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 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
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 cure me Christ
Won't you kiss, won't you pay me Christ?
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, can you cure me Christ?
Won't you kiss, won't you pay me Christ?
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, can you cure me Christ?
Won't you kiss, won't you pay me Christ?
Ooo, there's too many of you
Don't push me
Oh, there's too little of me
Don't, don't crowd me, in the crowd me
Oh, heal yourselves