

# Harry Chapin, On The Road To Kingdom Come

The Smoke Witch says - Wahoo!  
And the Wise Man says - Me too!  
And the Guru says - Wazoo!  
So do what you do!

The priests stand in their pulpits  
The Pope sits on his throne  
The parishes are empty  
The choirboys on their own  
Until the Second Coming  
They're leaving us alone  
And God in his Heaven  
Has decided to keep mum  
Cause He's just another traveller  
On the Road to Kingdom Come.

Pity Mr. President  
He can't do a thing  
He says everywhere he went  
We tried to make him sing  
Our lonely White House resident  
Says we should have made him King  
Maybe then he could have saved us  
From the truth we were hiding from  
But he was just another traveller  
On the Road to Kingdom Come.

The General's in the game room  
But his Soldier won't salute  
Ever since he was promoted  
He can't pop his chute  
His shrink says he is paranoid  
'Bout communistic roots  
So unfurl the flag boys  
Start beating his drum  
Yes we've got to get another straggler  
On the Road to Kingdom Come.

Wow! The lead Singers raucous  
As he screams out the truth  
Then the band hold a caucus  
And decides to sell their youth  
Our Manager will hawk us  
As long as we're uncouth  
We'll call it revolution  
But we'll crank out Bubble Gum  
Can't you see we're all just travellers  
On the Road to Kingdom Come.

Grampa swung into the orgy  
It was his last hope  
He was dressed to the nines  
In deodorant and Scope  
He found him a woman  
She brought Vaseline and soap  
Well it started out exciting  
But it ended up ho hum  
She said - I thought that you could take me  
All the way to Kingdom Come.

So Billy sells hot sermons  
And cold wars through the mails  
While Mr. Big is selling out  
His business never fails

King Kennedy like Chaucer's  
Chasing Canterbury Tales  
And my brain is still a virgin  
Though the rest of me's well done  
And I know we're all just travellers  
On the Road to Kingdom Come  
When all is said and done  
Just another one.