

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.