

# Jacks Of All Trades, The Black Sheep Tale

This is about a metaphor... paraphrased... some allegories  
how I came to know the grace...  
a symbolic picture of shearing of my wools...  
and how the game got new rules...

I'm abandoned, hurt and sore  
My skin is ripped by the cutting thorns  
I'm everybody's cheap laughing stock  
A spitting cup, just listen how they mock  
My flock scattered, fell on the rocks  
Shocked, shattered, fold's door locked  
Is there justice for a poor  
For a lowly, for a whore  
Who's there to...  
search for the lost  
Bind up the injured  
Who's there to...  
Strengthen the weak  
Destroy the strong and sleek

I try to understand what freedom is  
Surely it's something far from this  
I'm longing for a warm embrace  
Erase the ache in a healing place

Great is the pain that I got to face  
Yet the pure rain'll wipe off the disdain  
I hate the rams, way they did treat me  
As a lamb, they bruised me too deeply

Maybe life's here to put me down neatly  
But the strife and fear crush me completely  
They muddied the clean water, trampled the green lawn  
Butting me with their horns

I called out, for shelter I called  
Now they're warned that You're the Lord  
Yes He broke the bars of my yoke  
Made a joke out of the goats

He's there to  
Search for the lost  
Bind up the injured  
He's there to  
Strengthen the weak  
Destroy the strong and sleek

I'll be taken to rich pastures  
On the mountains of plenty  
In clear water valleys  
By the grazing lands of mercy

For the Lord is my Shepherd  
I shall not faint  
Jesus came to dye white all the black sheep