

Jesus Christ Superstar (2000), The last supper

Look at all my trials and tribulations
Sinking in a gentle pool of wine
Don't disturb me now
I can see the answers
Till this evening is this morning, life is fine
Always hoped that I'd be an apostle
Knew that I would make it if I tried
Then when we retire
We can write the Gospels
So they'll still talk about us when we've died
The end
Is just a little harder
When brought about
By friends
For all you care
This wine could be my blood
For all you care
This bread could be my body
The end
This is my blood you drink
This is my body you eat
If you would remember me
When you eat and drink
I must be mad, thinking I'd be remembered
Yes! I must be out of my head!
Look at your blank faces
My name will mean nothing
Ten minutes after I'm dead
One of you denies me,
One of you betrays me
Peter will deny me
In just a few hours
Three times will deny me!
And that's not all,
I see one of you here dining
One of my twelve chosen
Will leave to betray me!
Cut out the dramatics,
You know very well who!
- Why don't you go do it?
You want me to do it?!
- Hurry, they are waiting
If you knew why I'd do it...
- I don't care why you'd do it!
To think I admired you,
For now I despise you
- You liar, you Judas!
You want me to do it!
What if I just stayed here
And ruined your ambition?
Christ, you deserve it!
- Hurry, you fool, hurry and go
Save me your speeches,
I don't want to know!
Go!
Look at all my trials and tribulations
Sinking in a gentle pool of wine
What's that in the bread?
It's gone to my head
Till this morning is this evening, life is fine
Always hoped that I'd be an apostle
Knew that I would make it if I tried
Then when we retire
We can write the Gospels

So they'll all talk about us when we've died
You sad, pathetic man,
See where you've brought us to
Our ideals lie around us,
All because of you
The saddest cut of all,
Someone has to turn you in
Like a common criminal,
Like a wounded animal
A jaded mandarin,
A jaded mandarin
Like a jaded, jaded, faded,
Jaded, jaded mandarin!
Get out! They're waiting!
Get out!
They're waiting!
They're waiting for you!
Every time I look at you
I don't understand
Why you let the things you did
Get so out of hand
You'd have managed better
If you'd had it planned!
Look at all my trials and tribulations
Sinking in a gentle pool of wine
Don't desert me now
I can see the answer
Till this evening is this morning, life is fine
Always hoped that I'd be an apostle
Knew that I would make it if I tried
Then, when we retire
We can write the Gospels
So they'll still talk about us when we die