

# Johnny Cash, The Man Comes Around

There's a man going around taking names  
And he decides who to free and who to blame  
Everybody won't be treated all the same  
There'll be a golden ladder reaching down  
When the Man comes around

The hairs on your arm will stand up  
At the terror in each sip and in each sup  
Will you partake of that last offered cup?  
Or disappear into the potter's ground  
When the Man comes around

Hear the trumpets, hear the pipers  
One hundred million angels singing  
Multitudes are marching to the big kettledrum  
Voices calling, voices crying  
Some are born and some are dying  
It's Alpha and Omega's kingdom come

And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree  
The virgins are all trimming their wicks  
The whirlwind is in the thorn tree  
It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks

Till Armageddon no shalam, no shalom  
Then the father hen will call his chickens home  
The wise man will bow down before the thrown  
And at His feet they'll cast their golden crowns  
When the Man comes around

Whoever is unjust let him be unjust still  
Whoever is righteous let him be righteous still  
Whoever is filthy let him be filthy still  
Listen to the words long written down  
When the Man comes around

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Multitudes are marching to the big kettledrum  
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In measured hundred weight and penny pound  
When the Man comes around.