

# Keith Green, On The Road To Jericho

I left Jerusalem, last week for Jericho,  
In the afternoon, the sun was getting low,  
And then the bushes shook, and out they came at me,  
They were robbing me half naked, while they beat me head to toe,  
And they left me on the road to Jericho.

Lying almost slain, and wounded by the road,  
Crying out in pain for a sympathetic soul,  
First a priest, and another of my kind,  
Well they were men I could have trusted, but they acted deaf and blind,  
They were strangers on the road to Jericho.

Through the blood and tears, I saw a worried face,  
He was from Samaria, my people hate his race,  
He bandaged up my wounds and he laid me on his horse,  
Although my memory is cloudy, I can still feel his friendly flow,  
Such a kind man on the road to Jericho.

When I later asked the innkeeper the man's name he did not know,  
Just a neighbor on the road to Jericho.