

# Kinky Friedman, Top Ten Commandments

(Kinky Friedman)

Walking on the ragged streets of time  
A man is asking if there is a dime  
Someone can spare.  
No one pays him any mind,  
But surely someone sees him there a-crying  
When no one's there.  
And the washed out whore demands  
The bottle in his hands.  
Ah, Mister, don't you weep,  
God knows we've tried to keep  
The Golden Rule and the  
Top Ten commandments.

You can't believe the thing you've seen  
On the midnight TV screen  
And nightmare sent by satellite.  
Rain fire falling from the skies  
A mother holds her baby and cries  
And day for us for them is night.

And love is just a word we preach  
For who can learn what none will teach.  
Ah, people, don't you weep,  
God knows we've tried to keep  
The Golden Rule and the  
Top Ten commandments.

And moving across on the city street  
A neighbor tried to find his feet  
And fell on down and slipped to ruin.  
The bystanders are all standing by  
Watching from corners of their eyes  
Wondering what on earth can he be doing.

With a faith nobody shared  
And a love nobody dared  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep,  
Someday we'll learn to keep  
The Golden Rule and the  
Top Ten commandments.