

The Afghan Whigs, The Temple

Andrew Lloyd Webber--Music
Tim Rice--Lyrics
1970 Leeds Music Ltd.

Moneylenders and Merchants:
Roll on up--for my price is down
Come on in--for the best in town
Take your pick of the finest wine
Lay your bets on this bird of mine
Roll on up--for the price is down
Come on in--for the best in town
Take your pick of the finest wine
Lay your bets on this bird of mine
Name your price I got everything
Come and buy it's going fast
Borrow cash on the finest terms
Hurry now while stocks still last

Jesus:
My temple should be a house of prayer
But you have made it a den of thieves
Get Out! Get Out!

Mine time is almost through
Little left to do
After all I've tried for 3 years, seems like 30, seems like 30...

Crowd:
See my eyes I can hardly see
See me stand I can hardly walk
I believe you can make me whole
See my tongue I can hardly talk
See my skin it's a mass of blood
See my legs I can hardly stand
I believe you can make me well
See my purse I'm a poor poor man
Will you touch will you mend me Christ
Won't you touch will you heal me Christ
Will you kiss you can cure me Christ
Won't you kiss won't you pay me Christ

Jesus:
There's too many of you--don't push me
There's too little of me--don't crowd me, please don't crowd me
(Scream)
Heal Yourselves!