

# The Incredible String Band, Job's Tears

We're all still here  
no one has gone away  
Waiting, acting much too  
well and procrastinating

The cross of the earth  
(let me go through)  
The four winds point them  
Body to body  
Seas to anoint them  
The reed they brought him  
Sponge and vinegar  
Fiery serpents  
Spitting gold and cinnamon  
The moon was bleeding  
And stars were shallow  
And the sword that killed him  
Was a sword of willow

Hello I must be going well I only came to say  
I hear my mother calling and I must be on my way

O I remember it all from before

The winter and the midnight  
Could not hold him  
The fire could not burn him  
Nor earth enfold him  
Rise up Lazarus  
Sweet and salty  
Brother soldiers  
Stop your gambling and talk to me  
The thieves were stealers  
But reason condemned him  
And the grave was empty  
Where they had laid him

Why heroes die at sunrise  
Why the birds are arrows of the wise  
Why each perfumed flower  
Why each moment has its hour

It's you  
It's all true

Stranger than that we're alive  
Stranger than that  
Stranger than that  
Whatever you think  
It's more than that, more than that  
Happy man, the happy man  
Doing the best he can

Keep on walking where the angels showed  
(All will be one)  
Travelling where the saints have trod  
Over in the old golden land  
In the golden book of the golden game  
The golden angel wrote my name  
When the deal goes down I'll put my crown  
Over in the old golden land

I won't need to kiss you when we're there  
(All will be one)

I won't need to miss you when we're there  
Over in the old golden land

We'll understand it better in the sweet bye and bye  
You won't need to worry and you won't have to cry  
Over in the old golden land