

Tim Rice, Heaven On Their Minds

My mind is clearer now
At last, all too well,
I can see where we all soon will be

If you strip away
The myth from the man
You will see where we all soon will be

Jesus

You've started to believe, the things they say of you
You really do believe this talk of God is true
And all the good you've done will soon get swept away
You'll begun to matter more than the things you say

Listen Jesus I don't like what I see
All I ask is that you listen to me
And remember, I've been your right hand man all along

You have set them all on fire
They think they've found the new Messiah
And they'll hurt you when they find they're wrong

I remember when this whole thing began
No talk of God then
We called you a man
And believe me my admiration for you hasn't died

But every word you say today
Gets twisted 'round some other way
And they'll hurt you if they think you've lied

Nazareth you're famous son should've stayed a great unknown
Like his father carving wood, He'd have made good
Tables, chairs, and oaken chests
Would have suited Jesus best
He'd have caused nobody harm
No one alarm

Listen Jesus do you care for your race?
Don't you see we must keep in our place?
We are occupied
Have you forgotten how put down we are?

I am frightened by the crowd
For we are getting much too loud
And they'll crush us if we go too far
If we go too far

Listen Jesus to the warning I give
Please remember that I want us to live
But it's sad to see our chances weakening with every hour

All your followers are blind
Too much heaven on their minds
It was beautiful, but now it's sour
Yes, it's all gone sour

Listen Jesus to the warning I give,
Please remember that I want us to live
So come on, come on, he won't listen to me ah
Ah

Come on

Listen, listen to me
Come on, and listen to me ahhh