

Webber Andrew Lloyd

"Heaven On Their Minds"

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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've 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 if they think you've lied

Nazareth, your famous son

Should have stayed a great unknown

Like his father carving wood--

He'd have made good

Table chairs and oaken chests would have suited Jesus
best

He'd 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'm frightened by the crowd

For we are getting much too loud

And they'll crush us 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

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