

Webb Wilder

"The Temple"

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(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
Name your price I got everything
Come and buy it's all 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 up, get out
My time
Is almost through
Little left to do
After all
I've tried for three years
Seems like thirty
Seems like thirty

(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 I'm 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 heal me Christ
Won't you kiss, won't you pay me Christ?

(Jesus)

Oh, there's too many of you, don't push me
Oh, there's too little of me, don't crowd me
Heal yourselves!

