

Traditional Grass

"Lazarus"

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All your money won't help you get through the great
gates of heaven
All your power cannot help you over there
If you find you've been living here for the almighty
dollar
You'll never have a mansion over there

Just like the rich man who wouldn't give a crumb from
his table
He found in the end from God he couldn't run
He found himself in the depths of hell looking up at
poor Lazarus
Crying just a drop of water to cool my tongue

There's been many a man who's had it all in this life
Thought he had it under control
In the end he found himself begging for God's mercy
In the end he found he'd lost his soul

There is victory ahead for those who hear and listen
Who trust in God in spite of great despair
For Jesus is our shield and our great high tower
And he promised to deliver us with prayer

Just like when Lazarus reached heaven and he looked
down at the rich man
Who had no hope when his race was run
He stood down there in the depths of hell looking up at
poor Lazarus
Crying just a drop of water to cool my tongue

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