

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal "Jubilee"

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[music: Natalie Merchant/words: Natalie Merchant]

[musical arrangement: Jason Osborn/first violin: Krista Bennion Feeney/second violin: Mitsuru Tsubota/viola: Louise Schulman/cello: Myron Lutzke/bassoon: Dennis Godburn/harpsicord: Robert Wolinsky (all belonging to The Sait Luke's Chamber Orchestra)/classical guitar: Scott Kuney/double bass: Frank Luther (all directed by Jason Osborn)]

He fills the flower vases, trims the candle bases, takes
small change from the poor box.

Tyler has the key.

He takes nail and hammer to tack up the banner of felt
scraps glued together reading,

"Jesus Lives In Me."

Alone in the night he mocks the words of the preacher:
"God is feeling your every pain."

Repair the Christmas stable, restore the plaster angel.

Her lips begin to crumble and her robes begin to peel.

For Bible study in the church basement, hear children
Gospel citing, Matthew 17:15.

Alone in the night he mocks the arms of the preacher
raised to the ceiling,

"Tell God your pain."

To him the world's defiled.

In Lot he sees a likeness there;

He swears this Sodom will burn down.

Near Sacred Blood there's a dance hall where Tyler

Glen saw a black girl and a white boy kissing
shamelessly.

Black hands on white shoulders, white hands on black
shoulders, dancing, and you know what's more.

He's God's mad disciple, a righteous title, for the Word
he heard he so misunderstood.

Though simple minded, a crippled man, to know this
man is to fear this man, to shake when he comes.

Wasn't it God that let Puritans in Salem do what they
did to the unfaithful?

Boys at the Jubilee slowly sink into brown bag whiskey
drinking and reeling on their feet.
Girls at the Jubilee in low-cut dresses yield to the
caresses and the man-handling.
Black hands on white shoulders, white hands on black
shoulders, dancing, and you know what's more.

Through the tall blades of grass he heads for the
Jubilee with a bucket in his right hand full of rags
soaked in gasoline.
He lifts the shingles in the dark and slips the rags there
underneath.
He strikes a matchstick on the box side and watches
the rags ignite.
He climbs the bell tower of the Sacred Blood to watch
the flames rising higher toward the trees.
Sirens wailing now toward the scene.

-- Matthew 17:15 --
-- Lord have mercy on my son
-- for he is a lunatic, and
-- sore vexed: for oftentimes he
-- falleth into the fire and
-- oftentimes into the water

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