

## Bottom Line

### "Saint Psalm"

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A stranger came knockin' on my door  
A hairshirt and an old brown coat  
I asked him where was his legion  
He shivered like a wayward pigeon  
News of the world and the open road  
In a tongue of jongleur tumbler troubadour  
Gently now he was softly spoken  
Suddenly the spell was broken  
I couldn't see his coat of gold  
A mirror of our very soul  
Love can shine on every one  
Can't kill it with a gun  
Can't kill it with a gun  
No, no, no  
Can't kill it with a gun  
Trembling rain throughout the land  
A Salvation Army band  
Don't be so quick should the walls have risen  
Less they become your very own prison  
I couldn't see his coat of gold  
A mirror of our very soul  
Love can shine on everyone  
Can't kill it with a gun  
Can't kill it with a gun  
No, no, no  
Can't kill it with a gun

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