

Joshua Kadison

"Job"

Visit "[Job](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He lives above the First Baptist Church downtown
in one small furnished room with a cat named Job.
And Job stares out the window at the people on the
ground.

His chin restin' on the sill, his tail curlin' slow.
And the old man, well, he's just talking
as if Job could understand.
And who knows, maybe, just maybe he can.

"Oh Job, well, I been thinkin' what it's all about.
Job, well, I been thinkin' I might have figured somethin'
out.

Sometimes the best that you can do's a stupid smile
holdin' up your face
and it takes everything inside of you to muddle
through with some
small shred of grace.
Job, it all comes down to some small shred of grace."

And Magdalena's walkin' down the street to work.
The old man figures must be half-past five.
As the seamstress beams a smile at him he always
smiles back
and says, "Job, who needs more reason to be alive?"
And when the old man reaches out to pet him,
you know Job don't ever mind.
After all, the old fool's been a good friend.
A stroke of luck for a backstreet stray to find.

"Oh Job, well, I been thinkin' what it's all about.
Job, well, I been thinkin' I might have figured somethin'
out.

Sometimes the best that you can do's a stupid smile
holdin' up your face
when you get that funny old familiar fear, afraid you'll
disappear
without a trace.
Job, I do believe everybody leaves a trace.
Even if it's just a smile on a stranger's face."

