

Kim Richey **"No Judges"**

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Rise to the rhythm, rise to the call
Come face the music, or be nowhere at all
Go down to the river, no need to fear
Your trials can be over, there are no judges here
There are no judges here

Somewhere east of Eden
Let there be no doubt
No flaming swords of cherubim
To keep you out

Rise to the rhythm, rise to the call
Come face the music, or be nowhere at all
Go down to the river, no need to fear
Your trials can be over, there are no judges here
There are no judges here

Come on back to Camptown
Celebrate the news
No need for a clamp-down
Once you've paid your dues

Rise to the rhythm, rise to the call
Come face the music, or be nowhere at all
Go down to the river, no need to fear
Your trials can be over, there are no judges here
There are no judges here
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