## Kinky Friedman "High On Jesus"

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(kinky friedman)

Walking down division street
I happened on to meet
A stranger with a package in his hand.
He said, Âi°mister, if you follow me
Rainbow colors you will see,
I'll take your head into the promised land.Âi±Âi°friend, I don't need your stuff,
My jesus is enough.
You see them colors bright,
Why can't you see the light?Âi±

Let's get high on jesus, high on jesus, I believe that he was here in town. Flying high on jesus, high on jesus, I'm so high I'm never coming down.

One man buys a nickel sack,
Another buys a cadillac,
They both think they will drive their cares away.
But neither thinks to lend a hand
To help his struggling fellow man,
They'd better buy their tickets now for judgment day.

Oh, friend, let's try to score For peace and not for war, For love and not for hate Before it gets too late.

Let's get high on jesus, high on jesus, Ain't you ever heard the nashville sound? Flying high on jesus, high on jesus, I guess, my friend, the lord still gets around.

An angry mob confronted me
By the university,
Âi°down with this and down with thatÂi± they cried.
A burning bottle in his hand,
A long-haired youth screamed, Âi°come on, man,
The conscience of america has died!Âi±

Âi°friend, I don't get my kicks Starting fires and throwing bricks, I pray someday you find The gentle reason i'm

So high on jesus, high on jesus, They tried to put his body under ground. Flashing high on jesus, high on jesus, But friend, you just can't keep the good man down.Âi±

Oh, let's get high on jesus, high on jesus, They tried to put his body under ground. Flashing high on jesus, high on jesus, But friend, you just can't keep the good man down.

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