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"Strange Thing, Mystifying"

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[Judas]

It seems to me a strange thing, mystifying
That a man like you can waste his time
On women of her kind.

Now I can understand that she amuses,
But to let her stroke you, kiss your hair
That's hardly in your line.

It's not that I object to her profession,
But she doesn't fit in well
With what you teach and say

It doesn't help us if your inconsistent.
They only need a small excuse
To put us all away.

[Jesus]

Who are you to criticize her?
Who are you to despise her?
Leave her, leave her. Let her be now.
Leave her, leave her. She's with me now.
If your slate is clean, then you can throw stones.
If your slate is not, then leave her alone.

I'm amazed that men like you
Could be so shallow, thick, and slow.
There is not a man among you
Who knows, or cares, if I come or go.

[Apostle's and others]

No, your wrong. You're very wrong.
No, your wrong. You're very wrong.
No, your wrong. You're very wrong.
No, your wrong. You're very wrong.
How can you say that?
How can you say that?
How can you say that?
How can you say that?

[Jesus]

Not one, not one of you!

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