

Michael Ball

"Prepare Ye The Way Of The Lord / Gethsemane (live At The Royal Albert Hall)"

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Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
For a duck may be somebody's mother,
She lives on the edge of a swamp,
Where the weather is always damp.

You may think that this is the end,
Well it is, but to prove we're all liars,
We're going to sing it again,
Only this time we'll sing a little higher.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
For a duck may be somebody's mother,
She lives on the edge of a swamp,
Where the weather is always damp.
You may think that this is the end...
Well you're right!

I only want to say,
If there is a way,
Take this cup away from me
For I don't want to taste its poison.
Feel it burn me,
I have changed.
I'm not as sure, as when we started.
Then, I was inspired.
Now, I'm sad and tired.
Listen, surely I've exceeded expectations,
Tried for three years, seems like thirty.
Could you ask as much from any other man?
But if I die,
See the saga through and do the things you ask of me,
Let them hate me, hit me, hurt me, nail me to their tree.
I'd want to know, I'd want to know, My God,
I'd want to know, I'd want to know, My God,
Want to see, I'd want to see, My God,
Want to see, I'd want to see, My God,
Why I should die.
Would I be more noticed than I ever was before?
Would the things I've said and done matter any more?
I'd have to know, I'd have to know, my Lord,

Have to know, I'd have to know, my Lord,
Have to see, I'd have to see, my Lord,
Have to see, I'd have to see, my Lord,
If I die what will be my reward?
If I die what will be my reward?
Have to know, I'd have to know, my Lord,
I'd have to know, I'd have to know, my Lord,
Why should I die? Oh why should I die?
Can you show me now that I would not be killed in vain?
Show me just a little of your omnipresent brain.
Show me there's a reason for your wanting me to die.
You're far too keen and where and how, but not so hot
on why.
Alright, I'll die!
Just watch me die!
See how I die!
See how I die! Then I was inspired.
Now, I'm sad and tired.
After all, I've tried for three years, seems like ninety.
Why then am I scared to finish what I started,
What you started - I didn't start it.
God, thy will is hard,
But you hold every card.
I will drink your cup of poison.
Nail me to your cross and break me,
Bleed me, beat me,
Kill me.
Take me, now!
Before I change my mind, now,
Before I change my mind!

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