

John Bottomley

"Saint Psalm"

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A stranger came knockin' on my door
A hairshirt and an old brown coat
I asked him where was his legion
He shivered like a wayward pigeon
News of the world and the open road
In a tongue of jongleur tumbler troubadour
Gently now he was softly spoken
Suddenly the spell was broken
I couldn't see his coat of gold
A mirror of our very soul
Love can shine on every one
Can't kill it with a gun
Can't kill it with a gun
No, no, no
Can't kill it with a gun
Trembling rain throughout the land
A Salvation Army band
Don't be so quick should the walls have risen
Less they become your very own prison
I couldn't see his coat of gold
A mirror of our very soul
Love can shine on everyone
Can't kill it with a gun
Can't kill it with a gun
No, no, no
Can't kill it with a gun

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