

I Protest About Love

Shakhan

Under the balcony I sang her my song.
Next to the moonlit stream I strummed as she strolled along.
Yes, thought trickled through my head, like water down a stream of how love evaded me, evaded me.
Where the willows weep I weep, and like a sheep my heart bleats for love,
love, love, love. Beautiful lovely roses now withered in my hand.
Towards love I'm drawn by hope yet now its just a single strand.
Yes love she has surely gone she's left like a leaf floating down this quiet stream, down this quiet stream.
Where the willows weep I weep and like a sheep my heart bleats for love,
love, love, love. Religion I saw religion had tied freedom from his shaven head to his toes.
Then I heard freedom and he spoke saying his life was about to go.
Then I heard someone shout "JOY be upon you" but I think it slipped off.
In that place I heard no laughter only a cough.
Why the bells, the smells and and what's that thing?
No drums sounded out people seemed to be - mourning. I think religion's like paper work that doesn't have to be done.
Who puts a bandage on a bandage when there's no cut on the thumb.
Why give glory to the poor man wearing something like a dress?
You know the one that thinks he has power to bless.
Why's he carrying that great big shepherd's crook? I wish from his sheep he would unhook. I think Pentecostals broke out with G-d by breaking free from their chains.
In flowed the spirit but so sadly out leaked fluid mixed with their brains.
Yet they're surely riding on the crest of G-d's giant moving wave.
Believing that he wants to speak wants to heal, to save.
People let's throw away religion that's like a yolk.
Strapped around our neck and then be FREE. Lyrics by Davyd Homan Will they deceive us today?
Or will they just please us today?
Will we believe them today?
Oh will we receive them today?
Hey hey. Lyrics by Shoshanah Homan
Lyrics by Davyd Homan

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