My Golden Bull

Rita Hosking

Lay your child down on a California highway, wait till the oncoming lights blind your eyes.
Down on your knees call above to God almighty. Oh, what do you think he'd for you now?

Poor Abraham he was true but so misguided. Had he forgotten how to think, a man on his own?
Children would ride my golden bull through fields of barley, their mothers walking by his side.

She's got water to put out the fires of hell, and she's got fire to burn down the forests of heaven.

Jesus, a good man, was moved by love and love. Joseph, a good dad, taught him to think on his own.
"See through the walls and books and men that keep you from me, words without love will lead you wrong."

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Jesus, a good man, was moved by love and love.

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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