High on Jesus

Kinky Friedman

Walking down Division street, I happened on to meet
A stranger with a package in his hand
He said, Mister, if you follow me, rainbow colors you will see
Ill take your head into the promised landFriend, I dont need your stuff
My Jesus is enough
You see them colors bright
Why cant you see the light?Lets get high on Jesus, high on Jesus
I believe that He was here in town
Flying high on Jesus, high on Jesus
Im so high, Im never coming downOne man buys a nickel sack, another buys a Cadillac
They both think they will drive their cares away
But neither thinks to lend a hand to help his struggling fellow man
Theyd better buy their tickets now for judgment dayOh friend, lets try to score
For peace and not for war
For love and not for hate
Before it gets too lateLets get high on Jesus, high on Jesus
Aint you ever heard the Nashville sound ?
Flying high on Jesus, high on Jesus
I guess my friend, the Lord still gets aroundAn angry mob confronted me by the university
Down with this and down with that they cried
A burning bottle in his hand
A long haired youth screamed, Come on, man
The conscience of America has diedFriend, I dont get my kicks
Starting fires and throwing bricks
I pray someday you find
The gentle reason ImSo high on Jesus, high on Jesus
They tried to put His body underground
Flashing high on Jesus, high on Jesus
But friend, you just cant keep the good man downOh, lets get high on Jesus, high on Jesus
They tried to put His body underground
Flashing high on Jesus, high on Jesus
But friend, you just cant keep the good man down

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