

# 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 land Friend, 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 down One 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 day Oh friend, lets try to score  
For peace and not for war  
For love and not for hate  
Before it gets too late Lets 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 around An 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 died Friend, I dont get my kicks  
Starting fires and throwing bricks  
I pray someday you find  
The gentle reason Im So 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 Oh, 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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