Hymn

Peter, Paul & Mary

Sunday morning, very bright
I read Your book by colored light
That came in through the pretty window pictureI visited some houses
Where they said that You were living
And they talked a lot about You
And they spoke about Your givingThey passed a basket with some envelopes
I just had time to write a note
And all it said was I believe in YouPassing conversations
Where they mentioned Your existence
And the fact that
You had been replaced by Your assistantsThe discussion was theology
And when they smiled and turned to me
All that I could say was I believe in YouI visited Your house again
On Christmas or Thanksgiving
And a balded man said You were dead
But the house would go on livingHe recited poetry
And as he saw me stand to leave
He shook his head and said I'd never find YouMy mother used to dress me up
And while my dad was sleeping
We would walk down to Your house without speaking

Songwriters
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