Jericho

Marshall Styler

I keep thinking that you are going to change.
I keep thinking that you are going to rearrange
But I'm a fool to think
Something so
Impossible.
You ain't ever gonna change.
You ain't ever gonna change -- Oh no!,
Jericho, until I blow.
I keep thinking that you are going to rise.
I keep thinking that you are going to compromise
But I'm a fool to think
Something so
Improbable.
You ain't ever gonna rise.
You ain't ever gonna rise (Oh no!),
Jericho, until I take you
By surprise.
Baby, I know that you're too sad to cry.

My little darling, guess what, so am I.
Still I believe we are to shed a tear.
The open heart--it have no thing to fear.
But I don't even think you hear me at all.
Honey, your medieval ceiling behind your biblical wall...
Guess I'd have to put my trumpet back in the case
And get behind this here cannon covered in lace
Covered in lace.
I keep thinking that you are going to change.
I keep thinking that you are going to rearrange
But I'm a fool to think
Something so
Impossible.
You ain't ever gonna change.
You ain't ever gonna change -- Oh no!,
Jericho, until I blow.
Until I blow
(Jericho, Jericho, Jericho)

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