

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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