

# Sing Along

## Robert Ellis

Nobody talks too loud  
In my hometown  
Nobody stands too tall  
For fear of getting knocked down  
Just follow straight lines  
And teach your children how  
Well you just do your job  
And conceal your doubtsAnd the flames of hell they seem so high  
When I can barely see over the pue  
I was just a boy when they told me that lie  
But lord it felt so trueWith one big voice  
All the children sing  
The grown folks led  
And they praised his name  
Like an army camp marching off to fight  
Like a mindless chant  
Will make you rightThat's a hell of a thing to do to a kid  
Just to teach him right from wrong  
You can burn in hell the rest of your days  
Or you can choose to sing alongSing alongWell you can speculate about the way things end  
Or you can sit and wait  
For the resurrection  
But a child believes in whatever they're told  
A pillar of flames  
The street of goldAnd the flames of hell they seem so high  
When I can barely see over the pue  
I was just a boy when they told me that lie  
But lord it felt so trueThat's a hell of a thing to do to a kid  
Just to teach him right from wrong  
You can burn in hell the rest of your days  
Or you can choose to sing alongSing along

Songwriters

ROBERT ELLIS

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