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

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