

# To Be Counted Among Men

## Villagers

Young Paul decides upon a future  
And he asks from her a favor  
He wants to know if she will tell him  
If he's for Hell or he's for Heaven If he's for hell he'll show no sorrow  
Until he's born again tomorrow  
If he's for Heaven there's no reason  
To lament the passing season She says, don't be a fool, son  
There aren't any rules, son  
And as she spoke, he lost his faith He asked her name, she told him Laurie  
Proceeded to give him her life story She was a teacher and a scholar  
They built a statue in her honor Then she became a slave in ancient Athens  
She doesn't know quite how it happened Now she paints faces in the city  
Making all those ugly girls look pretty She says, look at this town, son  
Take a good luck around, son  
Why should anyone here be saved? So he says, every crooked lane that you can see  
Every open home, every hollow tree  
Is a home for creatures loved by me  
And oh, to be counted among them Among them  
Oh, to be counted among them  
Among them  
Oh, to be counted among them

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