Lo and Behold

Cold Blood

Lonely by day, empty and cold;
Only to say lo and behold.
Deep in the night, down in my dreams;
Most glorious sight this soul has seen..
There's a well on the hill; you just can't kill for Jesus;
A well on the hill - let it be.
Don't build no heathen temple where the Lord's done laid his hand;
A well on the hill - let it be.
Everyone's talking 'bout the Gospel story.
Some shall sink and some shall rise...
Everyone's talking 'bout the train to glory,
But it's a long, long time till it gets to ya...
Well on the hill... just can't kill for Jesus...
Well on the hill - let it be.
No, don't build no heathen temples
Where the Lord has done
Laid his hand.
Well on the hill - let it be.
Come on, and let it be.
Oh, let it be, um yeah, ooh...

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