

# Resurrection

Ray Wylie Hubbard

There was something heavy coming down  
Like Easter in the air  
And he woke up Sunday morning  
With some flowers in his hair Looking like he face of Jesus in his final agony  
That they found in that old winding sheet  
He was long gone he was gone when they rolled away the stone Something come a shining in that smoky little  
room  
Lit up like a thousand candles in a Middle Eastern tomb  
An angel lay on the mattress and spoke history and death  
With perfume on her lingerie and whiskey on her breath  
He was long gone he was gone when they rolled away the stone  
And they found him in the desert picking flowers for the muse  
Sometimes he's the fire, sometimes he's the fuse  
He's loading up his saddlebags out on the edge of wonder  
One is filled with music the others filled with thunder  
He was long gone he was gone when they rolled away the stone Well I never thought to ask him but the thought  
seemed mighty slim  
If he ever much believed in God Or God believed in him  
But they both believed in a woman and the truth that set him free  
Now he wonders in confusion for he's lost his poetry  
And He was long gone he was gone when they rolled away the stone  
And they found him in the desert picking flowers for the muse  
Sometimes he's the fire, sometimes he's the fuse  
He's loading up his saddlebags out on the edge of wonder  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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