

Hymn 43

Jethro Tull

Oh, Father high in heaven
Smile down upon your son, hey, hey
Who's busy with his money games, oh
 His women and his gun
Lord Jesus save meAnd the unsung western hero
 He killed an Indian or three, ey hey
And then he made his name in Hollywood, oh
 To set the white man free
Lord Jesus save meIf Jesus saves
 Well, He'd better save Himself
 From the gory glory seekers
 Who use His name in death
Woh, Jesus hear meIf Jesus saves
 Well, He'd better save Himself
 From the gory glory seekers
 Who use His name in death, baby
Woh, Jesus save me, heyWell, I saw him in the city
 And on the mountains of the moon, hey, hey
 His cross was rather bloody, oh
 He could hardly roll His stone
 And Jesus save me, hey

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