

It Ain't Wrong

Cold Chisel

It ain't wrong to steal a Bible
When you're poor and feeling low
There's no sense in those reliable
Lookin' down on those less so

Cause there's room at Jesus table
For all to come and go
The host ain't quite as formal as some believe
You know Jesus was a wanderer
And the highway was his call
And his feet sometimes wore bandages
And his following was small
But his faith shone like the twelve-fifteen
On the subway station wall
He made it, and with his helping
I can make it too

And the Lord shall be my shepherd
Through the thick times and the thin
From the weeks' end queue for payroll
To the landlord's easy grin
Through the nights so cold and lonely
I just don't know where I've been
He will guide my footsteps homeward once again

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