Jubilee

10,000 Maniacs

He fills the flower vases, trims the candle bases
Takes small change from the poor box, Tyler has the key
He takes nail and hammer to tack up the banner
Of felt scraps glued together reading, Jesus lives in me
Alone in the night he mocks the words of the preacher
God is feeling your every painRepair the Christmas stable, restore the plaster Angel
Her lips begin to crumble and her robes begin to peel
For Bible study in the church basement
Hear children Gospel citing, Matthew 17:15
Alone in the night he mocks the arms of the preacher
Raised to the ceiling tell God your painTo him the world's defiled in lot he sees a likeness there
He swears this Sodom will burn down
Near Sacred Blood there's a dance hall
Where Tyler Glen saw a black girl and a white boy kissing shamelesslyBlack hands on white shoulders
White hands on black shoulders
Dancing, and you know what's moreHe's God's mad disciple, a righteous title for the Word he heard
He so misunderstood though simple minded a crippled man
To know this man is to fear this man to shake when, to shake when
To shake when he comes wasn't it God that let Puritans in Salem
Do what they did to the unfaithfulBoys at the Jubilee slowly sink into brown bag whiskey
Drinking and reeling on their feet
Girls at the Jubilee in low-cut dresses
Yield to the caresses and the man-handlingBlack hands on white shoulders
White hands on black shoulders
Dancing, and you know what's moreThrough the tall blades of grass he heads for the Jubilee
With a bucket in his right hand full of rags soaked in gasoline
He lifts the shingles in the dark and slips the rags there underneath
He strikes a matchstick on the box side and watches the rags ignite
He climbs the bell tower of the Sacred Blood to watch the flames
Rising higher toward the trees sirens wailing now toward the scene

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