

# 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 pain Repair 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 pain To 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 shamelessly Black hands on white shoulders  
White hands on black shoulders  
Dancing, and you know what's more He'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 unfaithful Boys 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-handling Black hands on white shoulders  
White hands on black shoulders  
Dancing, and you know what's more Through 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

Lyrics provided by

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