

Journey Down The Nile

J.D. Souther

She had the golden eyes of Egypt
She had a veil across her smile
A yoke of gold upon her
She walked a crooked mile No help in hand to hold
She only did what she was told
No psychiatric folder yet on file
For a journey down the Nile In another land the angels sang
Someone smiled that Mary smile
Poverty was on the land
The empire was in style So there they had their pride and joy
She said Lets just call him baby boy.
God knows we need one right now with no guile
For the journey down the Nile Oh the blood that Jesus shed
Tears fall from the prophets head
Eyes of Greece are painted red
Even the Buddha said I might be gone awhile
Dont forget to smile
On a journey down the Nile (Horn solo) Sanity is on the line, your soul is right there too
The race is truly on us now, what you gonna do?
You can stand and fight with one hard face
Miss the point and lose our place
Clinging to this golden cup of style
On a journey down the Nile.

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