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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