

# Pride of Man

David Gregory

Voice

Just drink-ing beer in the aft - er noon, and - hang-ing out in the yard,  
 Down that six-pack, smoke that toke, Life some-times gets so hard. Well, you  
 know I've al-ways car-ried a gun, It's my con-stit-ut-ion-al right, I've hunt-ed for nigh on  
 thirt - y years, Now I've got you in my sights. It's the pride of man, the pride of man,  
 Build-ing to the sky a - gain, It's the pride of man, the pride of man, Tumbl - in' to the  
 ground a - gain.

# The Wanderer

I dreamed I saw a wanderer, out on the Shiloh hills,  
 He looked so sad I asked him why, he said "I've caused so many ills –  
 I hoped to do some good," he sighed, "I thought that men could learn,  
 But in my name they fight and hate, excommunicate and burn.

"That night that Yahweh spoke to me, I glimpsed a world set free,  
 Judea, Samaria both at peace, no word for enemy;  
 No unclean food, no temple cult, no rituals, rules or priest,  
 The homeless lepers from the street were bidden to the feast."

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"I told a tale of the Jericho road and a man left in the ditch,  
Of a camel and a needle's eye, a lesson for the rich;  
I taught that blessed are the poor, they made it an excuse:  
'The poor are always here,' they said, 'to help them is no use.'

"I told a tale of a prodigal son, and an unforgiving slave,  
I wandered free as the sparrows of the field, I freed Lazarus from a cave;  
Foxes have dens and birds have nests, I had nowhere to lay my head,  
I sought lost sheep and I found God's pearls, but the authorities wanted me dead.

"I had one friend who loved me best, Magdala she came from,  
She dried my feet with her flowing locks, and tried to write my song;  
A little codex made from skin, the scribes now call it 'Q',  
She thought to keep my words alive; she failed – yet some ring true.

"My naked body tied to a tree, no pity for my moans,  
The sun beat down, I died of thirst, the vultures picked my bones.  
They claimed that I rose from the dead and in a sense it's true,  
My spirit wanders with the wind, but the Gospels lie to you:

"I never claimed to bring a sword, no king of David's line,  
The Messiah stuff is just a myth, I never was divine.  
I only tried to tell the truth, I tried to open eyes;  
My vision of the world at peace, it comes in strange disguise.  
My vision is the word of God – they've turned it into lies."