

# The Story I Heard

Blind Pilot

Hey you Jojo,  
Yeah I know your name.  
I thought I saw you,  
Jump a Utah train,  
But I could not say,  
I could not say.

Heard you tried to  
Keep your hat on a shelf.  
Married a woman,  
Went off and loved someone else.  
It could be as well,  
I cannot tell  
Oh, no I cannot tell.

Hey you Jojo,  
Don't you forget your name.  
They might try to keep you,  
From the man you have been.  
So don't go that way,  
Don't go that way.

The story I heard,  
Is that people are bored,  
And the measures you take,  
To wrestle with your Lord.  
All the money you take,  
All the memories you spill,  
Will He measure your time,  
Will He measure your will,  
Oh now.

One of these mornings,  
Will be the loudest you hear.  
You'll write your story on firecracker paper,  
And disappear.

The story I heard,  
Is that people are bored,  
And the measures you take,  
To wrestle with your Lord.  
Are the measures you fake,  
Whether you're dead or just still,  
Will He measure your time,  
Will He measure your will,  
Oh now.

One of these mornings,  
We'll be, We'll be.  
One of these mornings,  
We'll be, We'll be home.