

How Long

Bride

Mary, don't you cry
Kliss me now so I can die
Alabaster laughing sigh
Sinner with holy eyes
Wash my feet with her tears
Choke and strangle sister fear
Let down your pretty hair
Touch the day, annoint the year

How long?
Not long, reap what you sow
How long?
Not long, his truth is marching on
How long?
Not long, been to the mountain top
How long?
Not long, 'til Jesus calls me home

You always have the poor
I prepare a place for you
My cup runs over
Rod and staff will comfort you
Kill the shepherd, the sheep will scatter
Across the barren land
The hour has now come
Wash the silver from your hands

How long?
Not long, reap what you sow
How long?
Not long, his truth is marching on
How long?
Not long, been to the mountain top
How long?
Not long, 'til Jesus calls me home

Liverpool is dead and the sounds that fill the air
President went to Pallas and he never came out of there
If Jesus Christ offends you, you wear X's in your eyes
Bob Dylan never changed the world and I don't believe he ever tried

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How long?
Not long
How long?
Not long
How long?
Not long
How long?

Not long, when Jesus calls me home