

## Mohammad Is Jesus

Deep Dish

A child is born on the east side of town  
With the world in his hands  
His mother, an angel with no food to eat says  
"Love is our last stand"  
The child, he grows  
Spreading hope through the world  
With the love in his heart  
His words get confused  
And he cries as he sees his brothers  
Tear themselves apart  
She whispers that  
"Mohammad is Jesus is Buddha  
Is love is the way I see it  
Mohammad is Jesus is Buddha  
Is love is the way I see it"  
"I see it  
The way that I see it, alright  
I see it  
The way that I see it, alright"  
The boy has been dead for thousands of years  
But we still sing his name  
Forgetting his words we watch ourselves die  
'Cause we don't seem the same, remember that  
Mohammad is Jesus is Buddha  
Is love is the way I see it  
Mohammad is Jesus is Buddha  
Is love is the way I see it  
I see it  
The way that I see it, alright  
I see it  
The way that I see it, alright