

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