

Ballad In Plain Red

Derek Webb

I'm robbing peter, i'm paying paul
I'm changing my name back to saul
I got to them and you know i'll get to you
i'm turning shepherds into sheep
And leaders into celebrities
It's holy sabotage, just look around you
'cause everything's for sale in the 21st century
And the check is in the mail from the 21st century
don't want the song I want a jingle
I love you Lord but don't hear a single
And the truth is nearly impossible to rhyme
but I know the songs with all the hooks
And I know some lies that will sell some books
So grab 'em fast, i'm running outta time
just keep selling truth in candy bars
On billboards and backs of cars
Truth without context, my favorite of all my crimes

What works verses what's right
Hey what's the difference tonight?
take out the sign, forget the meal
We've got a gym and a farris wheel
I swear it's just like the country club down the block
'cause you can make your life look good
You can do what Jesus would
But you'd be surprised what you can do with a hard heart

I think you've got trouble in the 21st century
So welcome to the struggle, it's the 21st century
I never thought i'd make it to the 21st century
Lord, I love the 21st century
I write these words from the grave
'cause it's the only place that i'm safe
And only the dead are permitted to speak the truth