

The Feeding Of The 5000

Ian Brown

Eyes were bloodshot
Lips were red hot
At the greatest show on earth
At the feeding of five thousand
Well I don't know what you heard
Eyes were bloodshot
Lips were red hot
Sweet bliss fragrance fills the air
Resuscitating all the breathless
Reviving eveybody there
Two fishes as the spirit
Five loaves of bread the soul
At the feeding of five thousand
Where the baskets overflowed

Love is reaches through the darkness
Loves the king of golden rules
Bombs are falling as we're dancing
To this man made sonic boom
Love is reaches through the darkness
Loves the king of golden rules
Golden rules, golden roles

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