

The Temple

Ian Gillan

MONEYCHANGERS AND MERCHANTS

Roll on up Jerusalem,
Come on in Jerusalem,
Sunday here we go again,
Live in me Jerusalem.
Here you live Jerusalem,
Here you breathe Jerusalem,
While your temple still survives,
You at least are still alive.
I got things you won't believe,
Name your pleasure I will sell.
I can fix your wildest needs,
I got heaven and I got hell.
Roll on up, for my price is down.
Come on in for the best in town.
Take your pick of the finest wine.
Lay your bets on this bird of mine.
What you see is what you get.
No one's been disappointed yet.
Don't be scared give me a try,
There is nothing you can't buy.
Name your price, I got everything.
Hurry it's going fast.
Borrow cash on the finest terms.
Hurry now while stocks still last.
Roll on up Jerusalem,
Come on in Jerusalem,
Sunday here we go again,
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Here you live Jerusalem,
Here you breathe Jerusalem,
While your temple still survives,
You at least are still alive.
I got things you won't believe,
Name your pleasure I will sell.
I can fix your
(fade, screaming)

JESUS

My temple should be a house of prayer,
But you have made it a den of thieves.
Get out! Get out!
My time is almost through.
Little left to do.
After all, I've tried for three years.
Seems like thirty, seems like thirty.

CROWD

See my eyes, I can hardly see.
See me stand, I can hardly walk.
I believe you can make me whole.
See my tongue, I can hardly talk.
See my skin, I'm a mass of blood.
See my legs, I can hardly stand.
I believe you can make me well.
See my purse, I'm a poor, poor man.
Will you touch, will you mend me Christ?
Won't you touch, will you heal me Christ?
Will you kiss, you can cure me Christ?

Won't you kiss, won't you pay me Christ?
See my eyes, I can hardly see.
See me stand, I can hardly walk.
I believe you can make me whole.
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Won't you kiss, won't you pay me Christ?
JESUS
There's too many of you...Don't push me.
There's too little of me...Don't crowd me.
Heal yourselves!