

# Jesus Was a Carpenter

Johnny Cash

Jesus was a carpenter and He worked with a saw and a hammer  
And His hands could join a table true enough to stand forever  
And He might have spun His life out in the coolness of the morn  
ing

But He put aside His tools and He walked the burning highways  
And He built His house from people just like these

And He found them as they wandered through the wild Judean moun  
tains

And He found them as they pulled their nets upon the Sea of Gal  
ilee

And for a thousand evenings while the day behind Him emptied  
He put aside His tools and stopped to touch the dying  
And He built His house from people just like these

It was on a storming Sunday when He rode to old Jerusalem  
And the palms they cast before Him

Were like the crimes they laid against Him

It was on a storming Friday when He climbed the streets to Calv  
ary

And where He died today why they're selling beads and postcards  
And they tell us too that that was long ago

But would He stand today upon the sands of California  
And walk the sweating blacktop of New York and Mississippi?  
Would He be a guest on Sunday, a vagrant on a Monday?  
With the doors locked tight against His kind you know

Oh, come again now Jesus be a carpenter among us

There are chapels in our discontent, cathedrals to our sorrows  
And we dwell in golden mansions with the sand for our foundatio  
ns

And the raging water's rising and the thunder's all around us  
Won't You come and build a house on rock again

Jesus was a carpenter and He worked with a saw and a hammer  
And His hands could form a table true enough to stand forever