

Pharisee

Stan Rogers

There used to be, a Pharisee,
Cynical and wise, telling rich ungodly lies,
Of humanity...
But in the market place was seated,
a cripple with a lyre, I looked at him and said,
"I've been rich but so unhappy,
What set's your soul on fire?"

He said "Look upon me brother, I am a man with piece of
mind,
I know I never was much good at nothing
But the words I wrought and rhyme,
But I've a good woman to feed me, and friends to share
it too,
Evenings we sit around and sing together,
It can be the same for you"...

Just hold on, To young friends you made of old,
And please too, the one who keeps us whole,
Keep a warm fire for all your friends,
who come in from the cold,
Love them all as brothers,
you don't have to know their names,
For you it might be different,
but for us it always stays the same...

Tonight the smoke is rising, from around the room,
And judging from the warmth and smells from the
kitchen,
There'll be supper ready soon...
And our table's set for twenty,
room for more if they should come,
And later on we'll pass around the wine for our
pleasure,
and sing until the morning comes...

Just hold on, To young friends you made of old,
And please too, the one who keeps you whole,
Keep a warm fire for all your friends,
who come in from the cold,
Love them all as brothers,
you don't have to know their names,
For you it might be different,
but for us it always stays the same...

Just hold on, To young friends you made of old,
And please too, the one who keeps us whole,
Keep a warm fire for all your friends,
who come in from the cold,
I Love you all as brothers,
I don't have to know your names,
For me it once was different,
but now it always stays the same...