

That's Not Jesus

Wayne Watson

I read the mornin' paper
To my surprise and shame
Said a black eye of embarrassment
Been attached to Jesus' name

Some mortal man convicted of some moldy moral sin
And the skeptics wage their tongues and say
"There goes that Jesus again"
The story graced the TV

And the magazines too long
And if my heart ain't broken yet
There must be somethin' wrong
Because but for the grace of God

I know it could be me
And all that's left for me to do
Is to help the world to see

That's not Jesus
He doesn't carry on that way
Just some flesh and blood like you and me
Somehow gone astray
That's not Jesus, no

No matter what "they" say
He doesn't need me to defend Him
He just wants me to obey
He just wants me to obey

Have you seen the masterpiece
Of Jesus on the cross
Well, if He's still a-hangin' there
I'm hopeless--I am lost

I believe the tomb is empty
And the stone's been rolled away
And because of all this trouble
I still feel compelled to say

And if your vision of Him
Has gotten somehow blurred
By a stumbling soldier in the field
I'd like to say "I'm sorry"

And remind you of one thing
One day all the Truth will be revealed