

I hate to leave my children but the lord has put a vision in my head
The letters in the mailbox bring me secrets from the kingdom of the dead
I ought to climb the mountain to proclaim the mighty truth that can't be said

The banker calls on Sunday with an all-consuming need that cannot wait
A dozen bastard preachers spend the evening praying at your front yard gate
The railroads don't use boxcars now, the hobos called to say they will be late

I love the little children, and I suffer when you bring them unto me
They stand upon the shoulders of a giant that nobody else can see
Nobody said that life was fair, and everybody knows it isn't free

I walk up to the river and I lay my money down like all the rest
I wade across the Jordan but I get to class too late to take the test
How can I get to heaven when my own kin treat me like I was a guest

I hate to leave this world but there are other places calling out to me
Them wilted roses say it all, the sun is like the water in the sea
The moon a bleached out death-head buried in the desert of eternity