

This song is intended for a Mississippi blues run on acoustic guitar, a fiddle playing the riffs (perhaps swapping off with a mandolin), and a banjo being thumped (not strummed) as the percussion.

This time I'm coming up to the crossroad,
Don't know which way I ought to choose.
Lord, please meet me at the crossroad,
Don't know which way I ought to choose.
That's a twenty-first century radio, Jesus;
I ain't gonna find no local news.

If you had asked for my opinion, Lord,
I would not be born in such wicked times
If you had bothered with my opinion, praise God,
I would not have come in such wicked times
Where the rich man sets fire to angels
And then gets elected for his crimes.

You know what they say about you, Jesus
They say you turn water into wine
There's a story going around about you, Jesus
Says you can turn water into wine.
My old canteen is filled with sand, Lord,
But what can you do with these tears of mine?

BREAK

I see I'm coming up to a crossroad,
Don't know which way I ought to turn.
I see I'm coming up to a crossroad,
Don't know which way I ought to turn.
Seems like I been this way before, Lord,
But you know some people never learn.

BREAK