

# How Many Times

Barry McGuire

Saw him on the sidewalk  
Of a New York City street  
Lying in the morning rain  
Saw him stumbling through the dust  
Of an Arizona parking lot  
Mumbling something about the pain

Walking down a jungle road  
Fire falling from the sky  
Left Him hanging on a tree  
Lord, he never done nothing wrong  
But how many times we gonna make him die?  
How many times we gonna make him die?  
How many times we gonna make him die?

You ever stop and think about  
The way we're living our lives  
Think about all the things we've said and done  
You know that every time we tell a lie  
Or we rip somebody off  
Once again we've killed the only Son

Walking down a jungle road  
Fire falling from the sky  
Left Him hanging on a tree  
Two thousand years ago  
How many times we gonna make him die?  
How many times we gonna make him die?  
Every time we tell another lie  
Every time we tell another lie