

Simon Zealotes / Poor Jerusalem

Andrew Lloyd Webber

Christ you know I love you
Did you see I waved?
I believe in you and God
So tell me that I'm saved
Jesus, I am with you
Touch me, touch me Jesus
Jesus, I am on your side
Kiss me, kiss me Jesus
(Simon)
What more do you need to convince you
That you have made it and you're easily as strong
As the filth from Rome who raped our country
And who've terrorized our people for so long?

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There must be over fifty thousand
Screaming love and more for you
Everyone of fifty thousand
Would do whatever you ask him to
Keep them yelling their devotion
But add a touch of hate at Rome
You will rise to a greater power
We will win ourselves come home
You'll get the power and the glory
For ever and ever and ever
You got the power and the glory
For ever and ever and ever
Amen! Amen!

Neither you Simon, nor the fifty thousand
Nor the Romans, nor the Jews
Nor Judas, nor the twelve
Nor the priests, nor the scribes
Nor doomed Jerusalem itself
Understand what power is
Understand what glory is
Understand at all
Understand at all
If you knew all that I knew
My poor Jerusalem
You'd see the truth
But you'd close your eyes
But you'd close your eyes
While you live
Your troubles are many
Poor Jerusalem
To conquer death
You only have to die
You only have to die