

The Temple

Andrew Lloyd Webber

Moneylenders and merchants:
Roll on up Jerusalem,
Come on in Jerusalem,
Sunday here we go again,
Live in me Jerusalem.
Here you live Jerusalem,
Here you breathe Jerusalem,
While your temple still survives,
You at least are still alive.

I got things you won't believe,
Name your pleasure I will sell.
I can fix your wildest needs,
I got heaven and I got hell.

Roll on up, for my price is down.
Come on in for the best in town.
Take your pick of the finest wine.
Lay your bets on this bird of mine.
What you see is what you get.
No one's been disappointed yet.
Don't be scared give me a try,
There is nothing you can't buy.

Name your price, I got everything.
Hurry it's going fast.
Borrow cash on the finest terms.
Hurry now while stocks still last.

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Here you breathe Jerusalem,
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You at least are still alive.
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Name your pleasure I will sell.
I can fix your

My temple should be a house of prayer
But you have made it a den of thieves
Get out! Get out!

My time is almost through
Little left to do
After all I've tried for three years
Seems like thirty, seems like thirty

See my eyes I can hardly see
See me stand I can hardly walk
I believe you can make me whole
See my tongue I can hardly talk
See my skin I'm a mass of blood
See my legs I can hardly stand
I believe you can make me well

See my purse I'm a poor poor
man

Will you touch will you mend me Christ
Won't you touch will you heal me Christ
Will you kiss you can cure me Christ
Won't you kiss won't you pay me Christ

There's too many of you - don't push me
There's too little of me - don't crowd me
Heal yourselves!