

40 Days and 40 Nights

B.J. Thomas

40 days and 40 nights
We changed some water into wine
And everybody was getting tight
Thinkin' about all those good ol' times
But

All my life I've been thrown to the wind
Mile after mile God seems like a foreign land
That I will never see again

Mary, Jesus is here again
He's got that strange California grin
He looked at me and he closed his eyes
He said
Poppa I might not be comin' back here for awhile
'Cause

All my life I been waitin' for the day
When I could hear my Father's voice
And see them old pearl gates
And lift up my head and sail away