

## It Aint Wrong

Cold Chisel

It ain't wrong to steal a Bible  
When you're poor and feeling low  
There's no sense in those reliable  
Lookin' down on those less so  
Cause there's room at Jesus table  
For all to come and go  
The Host ain't quite as formal as some believe  
You know Jesus was a wanderer  
And the highway was his call  
And his feet sometimes wore bandages  
And his following was small  
But his faith shone like the twelve-fifteen  
On the subway station wall  
He made it, and with his helping  
I can make it too  
And the Lord shall be my shepherd  
Through the thick times and the thin  
From the weeks' end queue for payroll  
To the landlord's easy grin  
Through the nights so cold and lonely  
I just don't know where I've been  
He will guide my footsteps homeward once again