

Come To Me

Don Francisco

Come to me
All you who labour
Come to me
If too hard is your road
Come to me
If your burden is heavy
I'll give you rest from the load

In the days when I walked there among you
Like today, there were few who could see
They buried their noses in Moses' words
Though I called, they would not come to me
Now religion still muffles my Spirit
Tradition has vetoed my Word
The devices of men have descended again
Like a net that's thrown over a bird

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My words are dismissed and distorted
Rearranged to bind and control
My sheep are enslaved and indebted
Left hanging, in doubt for their souls
But you'll hear if you'll step out and listen
You'll see when your heart takes a look
For my life's not contained in commandments
My word's so much more than a book

So, come to me
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Come, let me walk here beside you
Learn how to live just for me
My heart is gentle and lowly
And the life that I offer is free
If the weight of religion's too heavy
If you're weary and tired of the fight
It's all just manmade, so make me a trade
For my load is easy and light

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