

Old Jerusalem

Don Francisco

I go back to old Jerusalem, and the man who ran that store
He was cheating all non-Arabs who would come inside his door
I felt the malice and the hatred, the sick joy in what he did
And in disgust I turned and quickly walked away
I'd seen it in his eyes; I'd heard it in his voice
A hatred that would wreak itself on me
But today I cannot turn and walk away
He's here to stay
I go back to old Jerusalem, and another Arab man
Who spoke with keen intelligence of history and the land
With wisdom in his words and ways, and kindness in his hands
And I wished that I had more time to stay
I saw it in his eyes, I heard it in his voice
A gentleness that started from the soul
And now I wish that I could hear what he would say
To me today
Maybe he'd explain the rage that drives the hearts and minds

Of the ones who've charred their consciences to enjoy some frat
ricide
Maybe he'd explain just what could make so many choose
To take their brothers with them screaming into hell
And believe that they were really doing well
Now back in old Jerusalem, there's just an empty store
And the blindness of jihad now runs red rivers out the door
So I cried at God for wisdom that would stop this flow of blood
And for courage and compassion that stand high against the floo
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I've seen it in Jerusalem
You've seen it on the screen
So many filled with hatred, lies and fear
And today we can't forget and walk away
We've got to pray
No time left to walk or even look away
We've got to pray
I said, no time left to walk or even look away
We've got to pray