

# Pharisee

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It was in the way that she spoke her name  
Covering her face with her hair  
Then I heard a whisper escape her breath  
She said, "I am afraid"  
She said, "I am afraid"  
Everybody jumped to their conclusions  
Wondering why a speech was so hard  
But through all the laughter her voice yelled clear  
"You don't know where I've been"  
"You don't know where I've been"

I am more than the truth you lack  
I am more than what I can't take back  
I am more than the critical  
Who are you to tell me who to be?  
How can I trust a room of Pharisees?

It was in the way that he gripped his gun  
Swearing that he'd shoot every one  
All of us assume there's no hope for him  
But we don't know where he's been  
He screamed, "You don't know where I've been"

I am more than the truth you lack  
I am more than what I can't take back  
I am more than the critical  
Who are you to tell me who to be?  
How can I trust a world of Pharisees?

Everybody stared when they brought her in  
A trial wasn't worth it for a whore  
But there was a man who saw past her scars  
"Let him who has no sin cast the first stone"

We are more than the truth we lack  
We are more than what we can't take back  
We are more than the critical, oh  
Oh, oh  
Oh, oh

We are more than the truth we lack  
We are more than what we can't take back  
We are more than the critical  
Who was I to tell you who to be?  
Who are we to tell them who to be?  
Only God can tell us who to be  
Since when did we become  
The Pharisees?

We are more  
We are more  
We are more  
We are more