

## Enemies

Jonathan Wilson

Your enemies  
Well they lost their heart  
And they lost their groove  
Now they're never getting nothing back

They're silly little fools  
Well can you love them now?  
And can you wish them well?  
Until they're only seeing light from you

Once you wished them dead  
And you lost your shit  
You found a selfless place  
Where you've really risen over it

My enemies,  
Well they sleep in my bed  
And they play my guitars  
And they never even call me back

What simple little fools  
Always doing what I expected them to do  
But in kindness I  
I accept them as they are

Lord knows they bite my style  
Hardly worth my while  
So I help them anyway  
With love I wish them  
Originality

Well it won't be long now  
Till we'll be having a ball  
Reunited, cleaned up, found Jesus  
Well just look at us all