

Moses Pain

Jonathan Wilson

Moses pain takes your bag and head on in to the city
It looks like they could use another troubadour
All the fair ladies there, they'll be begging for mercy
Don't forget your chambermaid she's waiting on the seventh floor

They wanna show you to high cotton when you sing about slavery
They wanna sell and reproduce your golden morgues
They wanna get down to the bottom of what it is that propels you
They'll never know that hard luck road you've been on
No

They just remember that country doctor with the twitching eyelids
The one who showed you, Moses, how you were gonna get to heaven
One who brought you your mother's world just to scrap it and sing it
And the one who you will meet, Moses, when you make a bad call

One made you see that maiden in the doorway
She was summoning you to travel on love's sweet two lane highway
Just remember the art of war and them affairs down in Eden
Don't become the type of person that you told me you would never become

And there in the paradise when you put your pin to the page
And beauty never knew the world until you came of age
There clowns whispering if thunder whispering with rain
Keep writing those sweet rugged melodies of love
If Moses' all right the legend of pain

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