

Resurrection

Ray Wylie Hubbard

There was something heavy coming down
Like Easter in the air
And he woke up Sunday morning
With some flowers in his hair

Looking like he face of Jesus in his final agony
That they found in that old winding sheet
He was long gone he was gone when they rolled away the stone

Something come a shining in that smoky little room
Lit up like a thousand candles in a Middle Eastern tomb
An angel lay on the mattress and spoke history and death
With perfume on her lingerie and whiskey on her breath
He was long gone he was gone when they rolled away the stone

And they found him in the desert picking flowers for the muse
Sometimes he's the fire, sometimes he's the fuse
He's loading up his saddlebags out on the edge of wonder
One is filled with music the others filled with thunder
He was long gone he was gone when they rolled away the stone

Well I never thought to ask him but the thought seemed mighty s
lim
If he ever much believed in God Or God believed in him
But they both believed in a woman and the truth that set him fr
ee
Now he wonders in confusion for he's lost his poetry
And He was long gone he was gone when they rolled away the ston
e

And they found him in the desert picking flowers for the muse
Sometimes he's the fire, sometimes he's the fuse
He's loading up his saddlebags out on the edge of wonder
One is filled with music the others filled with thunder
He was long gone he was gone when they rolled away the stone
He was long gone he was gone when they rolled away the stone
He was long gone he was gone when they rolled away the stone