

## Andre Johray

Tim Hardin

We all have friends possessed  
Johray is the light of healing  
The clear white light of Johray  
Will burn away the evil possession  
And the ether around us

A friend with a street in his head  
Came to me and said  
"Man, I'm Andre, not a pence to my name"  
I knew then his life was a shame  
For he could not handle even the brink of fame

Andre Johray  
Highway child  
Look out, Andre  
Here come fame

No thy self, my friend  
Fame don't ever end  
And every light is a lie  
That you told to a friend

Now you're naked and old  
From the flesh, to the bone

Oh, how life can change  
A poor man with money  
Won't stay quite the same  
Now, that you're named  
And stripped of your pride  
Look out, Andre  
Please, don't take the ride

Will we ever run free  
Of those worldly wantings  
That send the unhungry out hunting?

Will he ever run free  
Of those blood thirsty wantings  
Send the unhungry hunting  
The streets of shame and pride?

Look out, Andre  
Please, don't take the ride