

Andrew Lloyd Webber, Strange Things Mystifing

JUDAS

It seems to me a strange thing, mystifying
That a man like you can waste his time on women of her kind
Yes I can understand that she amuses
But to let her kiss you, stroke your hair, that's hardly in your line
It's not that I object to her profession
But she doesn't fit in well with what you teach and say
It doesn't help us if you are inconsistent
They only need a small excuse to put us all away

JESUS

Who are you to criticise her? Who are
you to despise her?
Leave her, leave her, let her be now
Leave her, leave her, she's with me now
If your slate is clean - then you can
throw stones
If your slate is not then leave her alone

I'm amazed that men like you can be so shallow thick and slow
There is not a man among you who knows or cares if I came or go

ALL (save Judas)

No you're wrong! You're very
wrong!...
How can you say that?...

JESUS

Not one - not one of you!