Dean Friedman, God Of Abraham

by Dean Friedman

God of Abraham I thought we had a deal
We'd live as you'd intend And you'd hold up your end
But something has gone wrong You still have not come through
What are we supposed to do?

God of Abraham, God of Abraham
We're still searching for, for the promised Land.
God of Abraham, God of Abraham
Pray have pity us on lost here in the dessert in the sand.

God of Abraham, answer this one if you can:
These children that you love, What are they guilty of?
What crime did they commit? What evil did they do? That they so displeased you?

God of Abraham, God of Abraham
We're still searching for, for the promised Land.
God of Abraham, God of Abraham
Pray have pity us on lost here in the dessert in the sand.

God of Abraham God of Abraham
Are you thirsty for a sacrificial lamb.
What became of all your promises to man?
Are you listening? Or could it be you just don't give a damn?

God of Abraham, forgive me if I'm wrong.
But this suffering on Earth has gone on for too long.
Whatever did we do to make you so upset?
Or did you just forget?