

# The Afghan Whigs, The Temple

Andrew Lloyd Webber--Music  
Tim Rice--Lyrics  
1970 Leeds Music Ltd.

Moneylenders and Merchants:  
Roll on up--for my price is down  
Come on in--for the best in town  
Take your pick of the finest wine  
Lay your bets on this bird of mine  
Roll on up--for the price is down  
Come on in--for the best in town  
Take your pick of the finest wine  
Lay your bets on this bird of mine  
Name your price I got everything  
Come and buy it's going fast  
Borrow cash on the finest terms  
Hurry now while stocks still last

Jesus:  
My temple should be a house of prayer  
But you have made it a den of thieves  
Get Out! Get Out!

Mine time is almost through  
Little left to do  
After all I've tried for 3 years, seems like 30, seems like 30...

Crowd:  
See my eyes I can hardly see  
See me stand I can hardly walk  
I believe you can make me whole  
See my tongue I can hardly talk  
See my skin it's a mass of blood  
See my legs I can hardly stand  
I believe you can make me well  
See my purse I'm a poor poor man  
Will you touch will you mend me Christ  
Won't you touch will you heal me Christ  
Will you kiss you can cure me Christ  
Won't you kiss won't you pay me Christ

Jesus:  
There's too many of you--don't push me  
There's too little of me--don't crowd me, please don't crowd me  
(Scream)  
Heal Yourselves!