

# No Judges

Kim Richey

Rise to the rhythm, rise to the call  
Come face the music, or be nowhere at all  
Go down to the river, no need to fear  
Your trials can be over, there are no judges here  
There are no judges here

Somewhere east of Eden  
Let there be no doubt  
No flaming swords of cherubim  
To keep you out

Rise to the rhythm, rise to the call  
Come face the music, or be nowhere at all  
Go down to the river, no need to fear  
Your trials can be over, there are no judges here  
There are no judges here

Come on back to Camptown  
Celebrate the news  
No need for a clamp-down  
Once you've paid your dues

Rise to the rhythm, rise to the call  
Come face the music, or be nowhere at all  
Go down to the river, no need to fear  
Your trials can be over, there are no judges here  
There are no judges here  
There are no judges here