

The Man Who Called Himself Jesus

Strawbs

He came into the shop and looked me straight between
the eyes
And said "You know I'm Jesus", and I must have looked
surprised

Because he said "Please don't be hasty, no-one
understands
But I've got a way to prove it" and he lifted up his
hands.

He was the man who called himself Jesus.

For a minute I was speechless, then I looked into his
face
With sufficient lines of sadness for the total human
race
And I said "You must be joking" but he slowly shook his
head
And said "That's what they all say, I might as well be
dead".

He asked me if I knew a place where he could start to
preach
I said "Well try a church or maybe Brighton beach"
And I was trying to be serious but he didn't seem
impressed
He said "You think I'm crazy, you're just like all the
rest".

I was really quite embarrassed, he was looking so
sincere
So I said "I close the shop soon, won't you come and
have a
beer"
Then he asked me if I meant it and he smiled a funny
smile
And he said he'd rather like that and he hung arounds a
while.

On the way he stopped to pat little children's heads
And he taught them one line prayers to say as they went
off to their beds
But mostly they were frightened and they looked at him
wide eyed
And when he said his name was Jesus, one girl even
cried.

In the pub I asked him if he'd tried to see the Pope
And he said although he'd thought about it there was
really not a hope
Then he said he thought he'd better go, he had some
work to do
He said he'd come and see me in about a week or two.

Well after he had gone I thought of what he'd said
And all his funny actions they kept running through my
head

And when I felt my mind was drowning in a sea of mud
It seemed his pint of beer had turned into a pint of
blood