

# That's Not Jesus

Wayne Watson

I read the mornin' paper  
To my surprise and shame  
Said a black eye of embarrassment  
Been attached to Jesus' name

Some mortal man convicted of some moldy moral sin  
And the skeptics wage their tongues and say  
"There goes that Jesus again"  
The story graced the TV

And the magazines too long  
And if my heart ain't broken yet  
There must be somethin' wrong  
Because but for the grace of God

I know it could be me  
And all that's left for me to do  
Is to help the world to see

That's not Jesus  
He doesn't carry on that way  
Just some flesh and blood like you and me  
Somehow gone astray  
That's not Jesus, no

No matter what "they" say  
He doesn't need me to defend Him  
He just wants me to obey  
He just wants me to obey

Have you seen the masterpiece  
Of Jesus on the cross  
Well, if He's still a-hangin' there  
I'm hopeless--I am lost

I believe the tomb is empty  
And the stone's been rolled away  
And because of all this trouble  
I still feel compelled to say

And if your vision of Him  
Has gotten somehow blurred  
By a stumbling soldier in the field  
I'd like to say "I'm sorry"

And remind you of one thing  
One day all the Truth will be revealed