

New Messiah, D. Wooley
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There was smoke on the highway
day almost done,
a thousand burning embers
blocked the light from the sun.

Off in the distance
a car's coming near,
people gathered round it
from far away and near.

He's the new messiah
said he'd cure all their ills,
so they took a collection
and popped his new pills.

Instrumental break:

Sold their possessions
moved out of town,
burned all their bridges
there was no turnin' round.

But, out on the highway
there was fire on the ground,
people were screamin
prayers heard all around.

So if you're looking for answers
you won't find 'em here,
ya gotta deal with your problems
and not with your fears.