

Lord!

Rich man blind,
Rich man deaf,
Rich man's voice is silent.
He ain't got nothing to say.
He's as deaf dumb and blind as his golden god.

Sorry Lord, I ain't got pity for the rich.
His ears don't hear the voices
his eyes ignore.

The poor are visible,
he must be blind, or he don't want to see.

He can't hear the cries—
unstop his ears, sweet Lord.

Rich man Jesus, Poor man Jesus,
which do I pray to?
I need a messiah to lay on the hands
and heal the afflicted.

Lord!
Ears and eyes,
they don't do me any good.
Make me blind, make me deaf,
but give me speech,
cause I'm voiceless.

Maybe then I'll be heard!

Whose burden am I Lord?

I can't eat my prayers,
and the landlord won't take them as rent.

Oh Lord I'm spent,
and there's no refund for the can.

So I Come to Jesus,

but Poor man Jesus gets pain.
Poor man Jesus gets hung out to dry.

Who put me here Lord?

Rich man Jesus says,
It's your own fault.

Show me the door Rich Jesus,
I want in.

Rich man Jesus says,
Try harder, don't get hung up
On what ain't fair.

Poor man Jesus says,
the cross is mine to bear.

Rich man Jesus?

Please make it lighter to wear.