

He drew fast and fixed his shots  
At the tyrant and the townspeople,  
And he hit ghosts, they did not fall,  
Nor did they acknowledg the shots

He sought the other people in the movies  
And found they were needles in the  
Proverbial haystack,

The wealthy - of course found him an  
Absurdity and prayed for his death,

And he looked for his people  
The tough - found him intellectually soft  
And flexed a kiss off kiss goodbye,

And he looked for his people  
The liberals - The bright reformers, kissed  
The tyrants feet for security and never saw him,  
The drug cult - agreed it was true and  
Bowed to the tyrant to ease thier needs

And he looked for his people.  
Jesus saw him and cried, "Take my coat,  
Grab my sleeve, and believe, believe, believe."

And he looked for his people  
The intellects - found him a sluggard and  
Sold his heresy to neglect, dark oblivion

And he looked for his people.  
The old men took him in and saved