

SMALL VOICE CALLING

Ralph McTell

In order to judge me
I have to agree to put you above me
And that would not make sense
When the course you are taking
Is causing an aching
I believe, from sitting too hard on the fence,

And there's a small voice calling your name outside
And he wants to come in.
He says he remembers you from way back
Don't care where you've been.

The humble can stumble
Over the feet of the shuffling meek
Whoever put out that line
They can wait for the earth
For what it'd be worth
Well, I don't mind
So long as they leave me some wine.

There's a small voice calling our names outside
And he says he knows us
He says he remembers us from way back
But his name ain't Jesus
That'd be too easy now, don't you agree?

Don't give me no hard lines
I've done my share of crying
Hard luck brings me down

Give me something to smile about
Something to make me laugh out loud
And we'll both get up off of the ground

There's a small voice calling our names outside
And he says he knows us
He says he remembers us from way back
But his name ain't Jesus
That'd be too easy now, don't you agree?

To each and everyone assembled here
Well let's make it clear
Right from the very start

There's no reason or rhyme
To put out a line about what to do
Unless it comes from the heart.

There's a small voice calling our names outside
And he says he wants to come in.
He says he remembers us from way back
Oh, how can we avoid him?