

**A rap by John the Baptist
out in the wilderness
to a huge crowd of listeners
His Glastonbury moment**

Just look at this geezer, it's sure gonna to freeze yer, he's hangin', swingin', dyin' there;
jeeze, he's the one, the only one, the one and only one, and all alone is all he is.

Hold on guys, don't turn away, 'cos he's in a class, unmatched, carrying it all for you, for me, for all of us. This dude's cool, real cool.

You've all come out, from comfy homes, off easy sofas, so far so good;
but here you're in a savage place, no way all the rage, enough to ravage your pampered lives.

You've come to seize a glance, to hear perchance, a word of hope.
Well, I'm a preacher, who'd teach yer, and if you were a president I'd impeach yer. No comfort features here.

'Cos I'm not the geezer you want; I'm sham but, hey guys, he's the lamb, the Lamb of God. You should pay heed, 'cos to be freed, he's the one you really need.

So the word's on, that our burden's gone, and that hangin', swingin', dyin' man's the one who'll get us singin' free, free at last, so we'll praise the Lord 'cos yes free is what we're meant to be.

At last.

I have a young friend who does "raps." He's brilliant. He challenged me to write and deliver one myself. This is the result. It needs a backing tape, some heavy rhythms, and people must imagine that this is John the Baptist doing his stuff in the Judean desert.