

I Wanted to Write a Gospel

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(Spoken intro, soft piano)

I wanted to write a gospel...
One of those songs that shake the church benches...
That make people clap their hands...
Even the sad ones...
But well...
There was already one problem from the start...

Verse 1

I wasn't born in Harlem
Didn't grow up in a choir
My Sundays smelled more like rain
Than old churches and stars

I never preached in a church
Never wore a suit in white
And my voice sounds much more like
Some neighbor late at night

I had thought, without much courage
Of a title like "When the Saints Go Marching In"
But the old brass bands of New Orleans
Had passed long before my guitar came in

Verse 2

Still I tried somehow to believe
In front of my old tired piano
I threw some "Oh Lord" everywhere
Like little patches on my songs

I searched for fire in the chords
For some heaven inside old refrains
But my neighbors knocked upon the wall

Long before the saints ever came

And do you have to be evangelical
To make a Hammond organ cry?
I barely know three little hymns
And still confuse their names sometimes

(Very far away: "Amen...")

Chorus

But songs sometimes choose on their own
Roads we don't understand at all
They open doors without warning
And change their voice in the middle of the night

I only wanted a melody
To help me through my sleepless nights
But now I already hear down the hallway
Voices singing behind the dark

Verse 3

They say gospel comes from sorrow
From chains and dusty days
From people singing just to survive
When life held tight onto their prayers

So what could I possibly sing
With my little French kinds of pain?
My cold coffees, deserted stations
And loves badly stitched again

I don't have the voice of Quincy Jones
Nor the hands of an old preacher
But when people sing together
I can almost hear one beating heart

Spoken bridge

I don't live in Harlem...
I never led a choir...
I don't even really know the prayers...
But when many voices sing together...
The world feels a little less heavy...
And for a few minutes...
Even lonely people...
Don't feel completely alone anymore...

Gospel Rise

Amen...
Aaaamen...

Amen...
Aaaamen...

Aaa... men...
Aaa... men...

Amen !
Amen !
Aaaamen !

Final Explosion

Amen !
Amen !
Amen !

Ohhhh Lord !
Sing together !
Let the people sing !

Amen !
Amen !
Aaaaaaaaamen !

Even the lost ones
Even the tired ones

Even the ones with no church
Even the broken ones

Sing !
Sing !
Louder now !

Amen !
Amen !
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-men !!!

AAAAAAAAAA-MENNNNNNNNNNN !!!