

Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ,
Who are you? What have you sacrificed?
Jesus Christ Superstar,
Do you think you're what they say you are?

Did you mean to die like that? Was that a mistake, or
Did you know your messy death would be a
record breaker?
Don't you get me wrong.
I only want to know.
Jesus Christ Superstar

By all means get us wrong, Father. We still do not think he was what you say he is. Furthermore, fond though you are of sneering that we think he was just another good man, I should guess - and it is a guess, against which I actually live in the world of the C21st - we actually think he was rather special. Just not your kind of special. Among a great many other things, this is a Protestant country and your sticking your oar into private matters is really not required.

JCS ran for 8 years in London. Do the priests know that? Probably not, far too busy looking in the mirror and preening. In 1980 when it closed that made it the longest running musical in West End history, only later eclipsed. Lloyd Webber says the album is the biggest selling double album of all time, though I have to say I haven't found anything to substantiate that - I guess it was so when he wrote it in the programme of the London revival.

We who knew Jesus and heard his discourses say that he taught Man how to break the chains of his bondage, that he might be free from his yesterdays.
But Paul is forging chains for the man of tomorrow. He would strike with his own hammer upon the anvil in the name of one whom he does not know.
The Nazarene would have us live the hour in passion and ecstasy.
The Man of Tarsus would have us be mindful of laws recorded in ancient books.
Kahlil Gibran: Jesus, Son of Man

The hardback edition is ranked #212,966 at Amazon.com, which is rather remarkable since it's out of copyright and so available at Project Gutenberg for free. <http://gutenberg.net.au/ebooks03/0301451h.html>

In My Time of Dying – from Physical Graffiti

In my time of dying, want nobody to mourn
All I want for you to do is take my body home

Well, well, well, so I can die easy (X2)

Jesus, gonna make up my dyin' bed.
Meet me, Jesus, meet me. Meet me in the middle of the air
If my wings should fail me, Lord. Please meet me with another pair

Well, well, well, so I can die easy (X2)

Jesus, gonna make up.. somebody, somebody..
Jesus gonna make up... Jesus gonna make you my dyin' bed

Oh, Saint Peter, at the gates of heaven... Won't you let me in
I never did no harm. I never did no wrong

Oh, Gabriel, let me blow your horn. Let me blow your horn

.....

And I see them in the streets
And I see them in the field
And I hear them shouting under my feet
And I know it's got to be real
Oh, Lord, deliver me
All the wrong I've done
You can deliver me, Lord
I only wanted to have some fun.

Hear the angels marchin', hear the' marchin', hear them marchin',
hear them marchin', the' marchin'

Oh my Jesus... (repeat)

In My Time of Dying, Houses of the Holy, In the Light, Battle of Evermore....It would have been helpful if Mr Blair

had emerged from the cave (sigh, see Plato) where he lurks in the Shadowlands with 'representatives of the faith communities' and read the lyrics of Physical Graffiti and Led Zeppelin (Untitled)

And if you feel that you can't go on. And your will's sinkin' low

Just believe and you can't go wrong.

In the light you will find the road. You will find the road

In the Light

To date, they [LZ] have sold more than 300 million albums worldwide, including over 100 million albums in the United States alone. The United States sales figure ranks third behind only The Beatles and Elvis Presley, according to the Recording Association of America.

Shortly after the release of Physical Graffiti, the entire Led Zeppelin catalogue of six albums was simultaneously on the top-200 album chart.

In early 2005, a census done by British radio determined that "Stairway to Heaven" was the overall most requested song.

Wikipedia: Led Zeppelin

Worldwide sales:

Led Zeppelin (Untitled) 22 million

Physical Graffiti 15 million

What we are not interested in is presumptuous, bumptious dirty old men from the Stone Age. Oh we're so terrible. Oh, we don't Have Faith, Oh, we are not being told what to think of a story of which there is assuredly more than one interpretation. Oh, they are pathetic.