Zen Gospel Singing

Mark Graham III-133

E B7 E
I once was a Baptist and on each Sunday morn
A E
I'd be in church praying just as sure as you're born.
A
We'd sing there like angels in sweet harmony
E A E B7 E
But sin and salvation are no longer for me.

A E
Cause now I'm a Buddhist I chant my mantra each day
E A E B
But I miss that good singing in the old Gospel way.
E A
So we'll sing of old Buddha and the wonders of Zen.
E A E B7 E
We'll meet in Nirvana, yes we'll be there then.

E B7 E
My old friends don't like me since I shaved my head
A E
They all talk about me as if I were dead.
A
My good old Zen buddies they think I'm ok,
E A E B7 E
But I can't get them singing more than one note a day.

A E
We sit here cross-legged eating brown rice and tea.
E A E B7
And we chant out our mantra in four square harmony.
E A
We don't sing of salvation or a heavenly home.
E A E B7 E
It's Zen gospel singing, just Om Om, sweet Om