

THE "1955" BLUES

Hey everybody, have you heard the news?
The time is ripe for the '55 blues.
Our Father in Heaven has beckoned us to sup
Join in the love that fills you up.

CHORUS:

Feed on the news
The time is ripe, (clap, clap) the time is ripe
The time is ripe for the '55 blues.

The fruits of the spirit are 'in our land
Our Heavenly Father wants to take your hand.

Feed on the news
The time is ripe (clap, clap), the time is ripe
The time is ripe for the '55 blues.

Angels of circumstance everywhere
Connecting circuits, a celestial flare.

Feed on the news
The time is ripe (clap, clap), the time is ripe
The time is ripe for the '55 blues.

Overseers of live are in control
And we all share in God's Abode
Revelation is alive
Michael's spirit is at our side.

Feed on the news
The time is ripe (clap, clap), the time is ripe
The time is ripe for the '55 blues.

THREE LITTLE ANGELS

Three little angels, all dressed in white,
Tryin' to get to Heaven on the end of a kite.
But the kite string broke and down they all fell
So instead of goin' to Heaven, they all went to . . .

Two little angels all dressed in white,
Tryin' to get to Heaven on the end of a kite.
But the kite string broke and down they all fell
So instead of goin' to Heaven, they all went to . . .

One little angel, all dressed in white,
Tryin' to get to Heaven on the end of a kite.
But the kit string broke and down they all fell
So instead of goin' to Heaven, they all went to . . .

Three little martians all dressed in green,
Tryin' to get to heaven in a bubble machine.
But the bubble broke and down they all fell
So instead of goin' to Heaven, they all went to . . .

Two little martians all dressed in green
Tryin' to get to Heaven in a bubble machine.
But the bubble broke and down they all fell
So instead of goin' to Heaven, they all went to . . .

One little martian all dressed in green,
Tryin' to get to heaven in a bubble machine.
But the bubble broke and down they all fell
So instead of goin' to Heaven, they all went to

Now don't get excited, don't lose your head,
Instead of goin' to Heaven,
They all went to bed!

THE SHRINE OF NEBADON

Urantia, Urantia
Receives a celestial kiss
A gathering for children
Reflecting our Father's bliss.

CHORUS:

Adjusters do the leading
And we do the seeding
Inward, inward
We travel on the throne
The Shrine of Nebadon
Urantia is our home

Spirit, Spirit
To you we give control
Collecting love scenes
In Michael's vessel abode.

CHORUS:

Adjusters do the leading
And we do the seeding
Inward, inward
We travel on the throne
The Shrine of Nebadon
Urantia is our home.

Onward, Onward
To Paradise we flow
Nearer, Nearer
Our lighter, brighter goal.

Adjusters do the leading
And we do the seeding
Inward, Inward
We travel on the throne
The Shrine of Nebadon
Urantia is our home.