

Big Tent Revival "Jimmy"

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Jimmy rode a bike with a steering wheel
Said he didn't like the way the handle bars feel
Folks said, Jimmy, son what's the deal?
And this is what Jimmy said

Ain't no more with the wonder why
I can't live like those other guys
So I dwell on the outside
And do what's right for me

Get on wit' your bad self
Get on wit' your bad self
Get on wit' your bad self, Jimmy

One day Jimmy was hangin' 'round
And a man said, "Boy, won't you come down
To a big tent meetin' outside town
Gonna be a big show"

Jimmy thought about it for a short while
And his words came back with a big smile
Well, if it ain't ordinary, then it's my style
So I guess I'll have to go

Get on wit' your bad self
Get on wit' your bad self
Get on wit' your bad self, Jimmy

From the time that he walked in that place
There was a burnin' in his soul
When he heard about Heaven and God's grace
That Jimmy was a holy rollin'

Some folks never quite figured out
Just what Jimmy was all about
Well he sure loved Jesus, but they had doubts about
About what the bike with a steering wheel

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