

## **Drive-by Truckers "Late For Church"**

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Late for church again  
Never seem to be on time  
Hear the bells as they peal through the holler  
Doesn't sound like a friend of mine

A hundred eyes turn as I enter  
Face burnin' as I walk past pews  
I can tell they think I'm a sinner  
Hear them whisper while I'm watching my shoes

Only seat left is right up front  
I'm not a bit surprised  
Back is soft but the seat is hard  
Why can't they get it right?

Reverend Bob is pointin' his finger  
Mom and Dad follow every last word  
All this hollerin' makes me wonder  
Does a whispered prayer get heard?

Reverend Bob is preachin' out thunder  
Fire and brimstone pouring down  
Me, I'm wondering what's for dinner  
Waitin' for 12 o'clock to come round

Everybody's got their own Heaven  
They all find it their own way

I am an angel

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