

Drive By Truckers "The Fireplace Poker"

Visit "[The Fireplace Poker](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The Reverend had his wife done in
By a guy I knew in high school
He and a friend should do her in
And make it look like a robbery

"Here's money, son, go buy a gun
And shoot her in the head
No one who dies, testifies
Make sure that she is dead"

The heathens were paid a thousand bucks
To eliminate someone
Plus they were paid five hundred more
To get themselves a gun

The guy I knew had a hunting knife
"Why bother with a gun?
She'll still be dead, why sweat details
As long as it gets done"

The Bible said that Jesus bled
For the sins of the rest of us
The Reverend had his wife done in
For fifteen hundred bucks

They knocked upon the door
Said their car broke down
And asked if they could use the phone
For a ride back into town

They stabbed her several times
And left her there for dead
Bleeding and crying out
And gasping for breath
And they went out the very next night
And bragged about it

The Reverend came home from work
And found the Mrs. dying
Life was falling from her grasp
But still she lay there trying

No one will ever know what she told him
Or know what he told her
'Cause the Reverend did his wife in
Fifteen whacks, fireplace poker

The headlines screamed out
"Brutal murder, small town preacher's wife"
The crime rocked all of Colbert County
As each new fact came to light

It seems the preacher had a girl
He counseled on the side
Now the shit was coming down
And she was scared to lie

The preacher came home from the funeral
And found policemen waiting
The heathens, it seems, got coked up and drunk
And did a lot of communicating

Life is cheap for a couple of creeps
But this here is the smoker
Their prints were found all 'round the room
But not on the fireplace poker

The preacher's son brought his father home
And followed him inside
Shots rang out in the Tuscumbia night
Was he alone when he died?

"Don't call the son for questioning
That bullet was deserved
Better call it suicide, justice has been served"
Better call it suicide, justice has been served

The Reverend had his wife done in
By a guy I knew in high school
He and a friend should do her in
And make it look like a robbery

Visit [Drive By Truckers](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.