

Grace Slick "Father Bruce"

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He's a lonely preacher and he lives at the Swiss Hotel
One night in the middle of a sermon, oh, out the
window he fell
Oh, oh, Lenny, we're so glad you're getting well well
well
You see the hardheaded people all dress up in a big
black robe
They say his word offend them, you know they're
hiding their heads in the hole
The words are killing dirty, I use it in the last line
But use a short word for loving, and dad, you wind up
doing time (you end up in jail)

Father Bruce is up and walking
Look out, he's gonna start talking
Oh, oh, Lenny, we're so glad you're getting well, well,
well

Now won't you get your feet out, Catholic
Father Bruce is back in town
You know he's our kind of preacher
Ain't none of us gonna put him down
He's trying to say something to you, listen while you're
still around
Who's gonna carry all the workload when you're ten
feet under ground

Father Bruce is up and walking
Look out, he's gonna start talking
Oh, oh, Lenny, we're so glad you're getting well, well,
well

Now you may say he's got a bad mouth, but I heard you
just the other night
When you're car wouldn't start, boy, the words you said
were out of sight
Well, you're a loco Charlie, wouldn't say that word out
in a crowd
But Lenny's right up front, baby, speaking his mind
right out loud

Father Bruce is up and walking

Look out, he's gonna start talking
Oh, oh, Lenny, we're so glad you're getting well, well,
well Fuck!

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