

Bruce Hornsby

"Preacher in the ring, part i"

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Spent the night over at a friend's place
Sunday morning came, he was in my face
Said I want to take you to a place
Put you in a state of grace
Drove way out to a cinderblock house
I walked in like a Thomas in doubt
Saw a man in a reptile suit
With a rattling sound
Whoa no, whoa no
I can't get with this here I know
Never seen nothing like this before

Hallelujah and praise the man
Upstairs with the long hand
Wrap the snake and the angels sing
Take your ride with the preacher in the ring

There was biting and jumping and moans and wails
Believers out shaking on the spirit trail
Then some came and threw the man in jail, the man in
jail
He lifted up the snake overhead so high
Eyes closed tight, he praised the sky
Was a wild-eyed scramble over tables and chairs to
see the light
Whoa whoa so long
Copperheads and sacred songs
The book of Mark shouldn't be wrong

Hallelujah and praise the man
Upstairs with the long hand
Wrap the snake and watch 'em all sting
As they go ten rounds with the preacher in the ring

They're locking them up, they've got 'em on the run
Might as well sue all the doctors when they don't get it
done
Not everything, everybody does works all the time, son
Whoa no, whoa no
Say you got the answer, well how do you know?
It works for me, that's all I know

Hallelujah and praise the man
Upstairs with the long hand
Wrap the snake and watch 'em all sting
As they go ten rounds with the preacher in the ring

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