

Bruce Hornsby

"Preacher in the ring, part ii"

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There were tambourines and moans and wails
Wrappin' the snake on the healing trail
But a child passed, it was the devil and the snake
And the devil prevailed
Big deep trouble for a young child gone
Maybe the book and the verse was all wrong
Keep your eyes closed, your lips sealed tight
Keep your mind right
Whoa no, whoa no
Good Lord, lift this heavy load
Maybe I'm going down a wrong road
Oh no, no, no

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

Lawmen went to the house on the hill
Found the wife and the wind so still
There was a woman and a rope and a kicked over chair
And a beam too high
Thrown out of town, got to find a new site
Someone said it's like the Israelites
They say it's the persecuted ones that will find the light
Whoa no, so long
Copperheads and the sacred songs
The book of Mark couldn'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 'em 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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