

## **Bruce Hornsby**

# **"Preacher In The Ring (Part One)"**

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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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