

Bruce Hornsby

"Preacher In The Ring, Pt. 1"

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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 cinder block 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

Lifted up the snake, overhead so high
Eyes closed tight but 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 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

Said 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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