Bruce Hornsby "Preacher In The Ring, Pt. 2"

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There were tambourines and moans and wails Wrappin' the snakes on the healing trail Child passed, it was the devil and the snake 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

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

Lawmen went to the house on the hill Found the wife and the wind so still 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 the persecuted ones Gonna find the light

Whoa, no, so long Copperheads and the sacred songs The book of Mark well it 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 '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

Wrap the snake and the angels sing
Take your ride with the preacher in the ring

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