

Chris Rea

"Gospel Trail"

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You got lovers
Hiding at night
There's a certain kind of fear in her eyes
Cos the preacher say what she doing ain't right
He see his bread of life
Quickly turning stale
All along
This gospel trail

I got my brother and my best friend
Choking on your book of lies
I saw you kill the truth with your eyes
Made everybody look like a fool
I saw the good Lord's words
Written on a bomb of nails
All along, all along
This gospel trail

I see blood run like a river
Cos of all your mistakes
Your song of compassion
Turned out to be just a fake
So now the innocent on both sides
They're gonna scream and wail
All along, oh all along, along
This gospel trail

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