

The Insyderz "Carnival"

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Oh, this is a thing called ska
Move over Satan, I'm a God blessed sinner
Try chewing on the bread of life, that's what's for
dinner
I gotta stand my ground, gotta hold the fort
Gotta pray hard because life's too short
Spirit tastes great but the worlds less filling
You can be all you can be but you gotta be willing
The operators standing by, He's waiting for your call
You know your soul is grungy, He's the stain lifter that's
all
Get funky!
Pick it up!
I've tried it on my own, I can't just do it
But now I'm in good hands
And I know He'll see me through it
If you can't say this, get a piece of the Rock
I say, time is runnin' out- tick tock, tick tock
Many times in life you're gonna take a lickin'
But when Jesus Christ has your back,
You're gonna keep on tickin'
Tickin' like a time bomb that's waiting to explode
Without pain and streets of gold is where you're gonna
go!
Can you feel it?
Ah, yeah!
Here comes that grove
Let's see ya move
Pick it up! Pick it up! Pick it up!
Ska, ska, ska, ska!

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