

Alabama 3 "Sister Rosetta"

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It's a rainy night in Brixton D. Wayne
Why are you taking me downtown?
I brought you down here for a reason, Larry
You've been a faithful little reverend
Due in the mountain of disseminating the dope music
To people all over the world

But I haven't been wholly straightforward with you,
Larry
But tonight, I think you're about to move a stage further
In my twelve step plan, which you have fought so
diligently
Yeah, brother, let me look in the bag

Then unrolled your fingers
Black cat bone, some rats leap out the bag to join the
cut throat
Now lets take a little touch of this, a little touch of this
Gimme that dixie bottle you're holdin' there, put some
of this in there
Mix it up real good, now you drink that down, Larry

Tell me how you feel
Oh, I feel goddamn weird D. Wayne
Do you feel the spirit?
I feel the spirit comin' to me
Are you changin' Larry?
I can change
Are you changin' from what you once were?
I can change, man I can change

You have the power to do as the Lord does and
remember, Larry
God has power, God has power and if one does
As God does enough times, you will become as God is
Feel the spirit movin' through you, Larry

As we go back
Back to the beat of the heart
Back to me and you, Larry
Now sing me a sad, sweet spiritual

In that mornin'
I wanna be walkin', yeah
I wanna be walkin' on
I wanna be walking on to gold, yeah

On line of horizons I can see
City lights are shining, yeah
Shining like diamonds
Lord, I believe I'm coming home

You gotta help me now
You gotta help me now

You see, I looked for the light in the words of Saint
Matthew
Took the heed of the call to come and congregate
I got me a ticket for that gospel train
But Lord, it got to the station just a little too late

But into the night I went looking for angels
Only to find that I was walking alone
Searchin' the line for some sign of salvation, Lord
But I found none

You've gotta help me now
Some brother, some sister, somebody
You've gotta help me now

I buried my Bible at the back of the bar room
I bought me a bottle, jukebox played Jerry Lee
I stumbled and staggered in the heat of the moonshine
A whole lot of shakin' goin' on in me

Up in the skies thunder is rollin'
River is running to bed down below
I'm gonna raise up my hands
Sing all the sweets of the cale
It's comin', comin' on strong, now

So, help me now

You gotta help me now
You gotta help me now
You gonna help me now?

Hear that D. Wayne?
I can feel brother, I got that gospel swing
I got that golden gate quartet on my turntable
Gospel music gonna let me swing

I'm gonna get down on here to Jackson

Gonna get down on my knees
I'm gonna get down to five miles in Alabama
'Cause tonight gospel music gonna set me free

Gospel music gonna set me free
Sweet pretty acid house gospel music
It's gonna set me free

'Til the morning watch me now, I'm gonna be walkin'

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