

Charters Chord

"Summer Early 60's"

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It's summer, early 60s and it must be Sunday evening
Cause you can smell a good revival
And it's way past our bedtime
There are hell fire brimstone preachers,
There are tongues interpretations,
There are reasons that go deeper
Than the treason in our souls

But the air is thick, and the night is warm
And the pew's too hard to sleep on
It keeps us straight, no comfort here
This world is not our home

There ain't no mercy for the wicked,
Sing the voices from the choir
Tonight your soul might be required
In the presence of the Lord

Momma leads us past the graveyard,
She knows there's ghosts we have to pass by
And we sure don't want to wake 'em
In the middle of the night
Up ahead we see her walking
She knows there's judgment 'round the corner
But she keeps her pace steady,
Got her bible in her hand

Oh, but daddy sits at home
Got his boots up on the table
And he's watching Bonanza
As he hears the time tick by
He's got cigarettes and coffee
He's got little bean bag ashtrays
He's listenin' to Bonanza,
But the clock has got his eye

There ain't no mercy for the wicked,
Sing the voices from the choir
Tonight your soul might be required
In the presence of the Lord

He is standing, now he's pacing

There's a river that runs through him
And he can't call back his anger,
As he meets us at the door
There are questions, accusations
Then he strikes, just like a rattler
And his rage it is relentless
Never less than, always more

Feel the fire in the hallway
See the demon in the doorway
Our hearts are beating faster
As we duck between the shouts
We can hear the TV next door,
As they push the volume louder
They're convinced it ain't their business
We're just praying, make it stop

There ain't no mercy for the wicked,
Sing the voices from the choir
Tonight your soul might be required
In the presence of the Lord

There ain't no mercy for the wicked,
Sing the voices from the choir
Tonight you soul might be required
In the presence of the Lord

We've got burglar-proof houses
In our neighborhood of secrets
There's no one breaking in here
And nobody getting out

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