

Rainmakers "Wages Of Sin"

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"The Wages Of Sin" by The Rainmakers from
Tornado

I was praying last night when an angel broke the line
She said "I'm gonna have to put you on hold for a time"
I said "Hold like Hell, let me talk to the Boss"
She said "Sorry sucker (sinner), it's the Boss's day off"
And I realized then that the wages of sin
Was two bucks an hour and working weekends

I was ignoring the thief who was lashed to the cross
He cried "Help me get this son-of-a-bitch off"
I said "I would if I could, I can't so I won't
Well I wouldn't want you messing your hair up, so
don't"
And I realized then that the wages of sin
Was all the lumber you can carry, all the nails you can
bend

The wages of sin, the price that you pay
Is worrying and fretting every second of the day
If Heaven is guilt, no sex and no show
Then I'm not sure if I really want to go, Oh

The wages of sin, the reward of fear
Is worrying and fretting every second of the year
The Church and the State, your God and Countrykind
One gets your body, the other gets your mind

Mary, Mary Magdalene, how 'bout a date?
You've been wasting your time staying up so late
Your boyfriend's dead, the word is you're a whore
Just about then I heard a knock on the door
And I realized then that the wages of sin
Was a bad reputation and too many friends

The wages of sin (repeats)

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