

Richard McGraw

"Prophet Song"

Visit "[Prophet Song](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When I'm a prophet I might let you in
To this circle I've started of women and men
But you'll have to wait in line
These gifts that I give are not mine

And after I've prophesized if you want to sleep next to
me
With those cold and wooden thighs you've polished for
the orgy
But you'll have to wait on line like the rest of them
I cannot service all at one time

When inspiration is not divine
You'll become an addict of the certain kind
And when your inspiration just doesn't pull through
I might not be there to save you

And after the sun falls the orgy begins
And with my five and dime scissors
I'll cut the ribbons of commencement
For every graduating disciple entering my discipline

Yeah with my five and dime scissors my cape and my
crown
And the cane that I'll use to point to the crowd
But I will point you out of a million years of punch lines
And references to pain I once thought was mine

My inspiration was not divine
And I became an addict of the certain kind
And when my inspiration just didn't fall through
Tell me, where the hell were you?

And you'll sigh in the fashion of your Mary Magdalene
While you search for the Jesus you know you can't win
You know can't win with me and my purity and you in
your sin
Yes with me in my purity and you in your sin
You will search for the Jesus you know you can't win

But you'll have to wait on line
Just consider me the holiest of deli counters

You'll have to take a number
Yes one after the other you'll have to wait on line

Cause when I'm a prophet I might let you in
To this circle I've started of women and men

Visit [Richard McGraw](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.