

Insurance From God

45 Grave

Men coming at me
Knocking at your front door
Would you like to be free
Would you like to know more

Like a good neighbor
He will be there
As long as he gets it
An equal share

Insurance from God
You're in good hands
A piece of the rock
He understands

Christians aren't perfect
They're only slaves
So they won't have to wait for
Insurance from God

Black ties, white shirts
Little red ten speeds
Kick them with black boots
So they won't have to wait for

Insurance from God
You're in good hands
A piece of the rock
He understands

Christians aren't perfect
They're only slaves
Crucify them
So they won't have to wait for

Insurance from God
Cash in your policy
Wouldn't ya like to be free
I'm the collector of your soul

Wouldn't you like to follow me
Wouldn't you like to be free
Wouldn't you like to know more