

## Sister Rosetta

Alabama 3

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'