

Mormon Tabernacle screaming round the bend:
Your ship is coming in,
your ship is coming in.
And all the economic forecast predict:
My ship is coming in,
my ship is coming in.
(Tongues)

Insects and bugs, arachnids and slugs:
Crawling down my leg,
crawling down my leg.
All the disregarded blood sausage saints:
Pawing out for change,
pawing out for change.
(Tongues)

Leather briefcase, corporate waves:
They're packing in the train.
But I can part the waves,
right down my spine.
They're ozing down my spine.
It's like a tongue of fire,
I've got a tongue of fire.
(Tongues)

I make the soup - a thick gravey soup.
Come and get your spoons,
I'm a world prophet.

Look at my shoes.
(I've got size 12 shoes)
I've only got half a foot.
(Prophets don't fear the bottle)
Walking over puddles,
I'm a world prophet.

I make the soup - a thick gravey soup.
Come and get your spoons,
I'm a world prophet.

Put on your suits,
your dark navy suits.
Get back into the streets,
and make a profit - a false profit.