

Preacher In The Ring, Pt. I

Bruce Hornsby

Spent the night over at a friend's place
Sunday morning came he was in my face
Said I want to take you to a place
Put you in a state of grace

Drove way out to a cinder block house
I walked in like a Thomas in doubt
Saw a man in a reptile suit
With a rattling sound
Whoa no, whoa no
I can't get with this here I know
Never seen nothin' like this before
Hey-ey-hey-ey

And Hallelujah and praise the man
Upstairs with the long hand
Wrap the snake and the angels sing
Take your ride with the preacher in the ring

There was bitin' and jumpin'
And moans and wails
Believers out shakin' on the spirit trail
Then some came and threw
The man in jail, the man in jail

He lifted up the snake overhead so high
Eyes closed tight but he praised the sky
Was a wild-eyed scramble over tables
And chairs to see the light
Whoa whoa so long
Copperheads and sacred songs
The book of Mark couldn't be wrong
Hey-ey-hey-ey

Hallelujah and praise the man
Upstairs with the long hand
Wrap the snake and watch 'em all sting
As they go ten rounds with the preacher in the ring

Say they're lockin' 'em up
They've got 'em on the run
Might as well sue all the doctors
When they don't get it done
Not everything everybody does
Works all the time, son
Whoa no, whoa no
Say you got the answer
Well how do you know?
It works for me that's all I know
Hey-ey-hey-ey

Hallelujah and praise the man
Upstairs with the long hand
Wrap the snake and watch 'em all sting
As they go ten rounds with the preacher in the ring