

# 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