

Praying To The Wrong God

Charlie Daniels

You've got your diamonds and your Cadillac
Two thousand dollar suit across your back
You've got your mansion out on millionaire's row
Go all the places that the rich folks go
Your Bible is a check book and your church is a bank
You don't believe in charity and you don't give thanks
For what you've got brother that's a lot
You lie and swindle and you steal and you cheat
You throw widows and orphans right out on the street
You say when it comes to business it's alright to be tough
You think your money's enough

(first chorus)

But you're praying to the wrong god mister
You're living for your sensual pleasures and your evil desires
Praying to the wrong god mister
One of these days it's going to eat your flesh like fire, like
fire

Eat your flesh like fire

When you need answers you don't go to the Lord

You've got your tarot cards and Ouija Board

You put your faith in Scientology, in fortune tellers and astrology

You hate your neighbors and you cheat on your wife

You say you'll make it up in your next life

You say all roads lead to the mountain top

You've got a long way to drop

(second chorus)

And you're praying to the wrong god mister

Satan wants to blind you to the truth and tell you all is well

And you're praying to the wrong god mister

You're running down a highway leading you straight to Hell, to
hell

You're headed straight to Hell