

Late For Church

Drive-By Truckers

Late for church again
Never seem to be on time
Hear the bells as they peal through the holler
Doesn't sound like a friend of mine

A hundred eyes turn as I enter
Face burnin' as I walk past pews
I can tell they think I'm a sinner
Hear them whisper while I'm watching my shoes

Only seat left is right up front
I'm not a bit surprised
Back is soft but the seat is hard
Why can't they get it right?

Reverend Bob is pointin' his finger
Mom and Dad follow every last word
All this hollerin' makes me wonder
Does a whispered prayer get heard?

Reverend Bob is preachin' out thunder
Fire and brimstone pouring down
Me, I'm wondering what's for dinner
Waitin' for 12 o'clock to come round

Everybody's got their own Heaven
They all find it their own way

I am an angel