

# Judgement Day

Jackie Greene

The poor man's soul is a diamond made of coal  
He's trying every day to survive  
He makes his way, through the night and through the day  
Sayin: "don't it feel so good to be alive?"

Ah but I don't want to end up like him  
For he's down on his knees every hour to pray  
Sayin: "Lord, I been so good, just like I knew I should  
So won't you free me on my judgement day?"

She speaks good French sitting pretty on the bench  
But I know she's only after his Gold  
She looks so fine, it's naturally a crime  
But she complains that she's getting too old

So she tells her mama, that she's falling in love  
With a rich man who can take her far away  
But the Wheel of Time, make her change her mind  
The hour on her judgement day

Now that girl of mine, she ain't the gentle kind  
All she do is fuss, cuss and moan  
Well I tried so hard, but it ain't in the cards  
So I'll be leaving her alone

And if I'm right mama, you'll have to sing to me  
But if I'm wrong then I won't be in your way  
And if I find myself at the mercy of the law  
Won't you free me on my judgement day?