

The Gospel According To My Ol' Man

Joshua Kadison

Someone must have left the church doors open.
We could hear the gospel all around.
My dad and me leanin' 'gainst a tree with leaves falling down.
Now, daddy, he's no holy man. He never taught us how to pray.
But he saw the questions on my face.
He looked at me and I turned away.
And he said, "Believe what you want to, believe what you can,
'cause all I ever really learned from this life of mine...
love's the only thing worth a damn.
So take it or leave it, deny or recieve it,
'cause maybe it was never really ours to understand."
And that right there's the gospel according to my 'ol man.
The neighbors just put up with us.
Mrs. Jones always tried to save our souls,
with a fiery look as she held her book
and read about him calling all his little lost lambs back to the fold.
And Daddy'd say, "Now, Elna May, with all due respect,
"Believe what you want to, believe what you can,
'cause all I ever really learned from this life of mine...
love's the only thing worth a damn.
So take it or leave it, deny or recieve it,
'cause maybe it was never really ours to understand."
And that right there's the gospel according to my 'ol man.