

The Preacher

Saxon

Would you let this stranger take your hand
Do you think he sees the promised land
Holy fire, holy water

Anoint the faithful break the sacred bread
Will the message get inside your head
Let the Preacher take your hand

Come and stand among the chosen few, oh, oh, oh
Let the Preacher lay his hands on you, woah, oh, oh

Fire and brimstone send you straight to hell
Gather round beneath the mission bell
Holy fire, holy water

Come and stand among the chosen few, oh, oh, oh
Let the Preacher lay his hands on you, woah, oh, oh

See the mighty how they fall from grace
Bring the shame upon this chosen place
Let the healer take your hand

Come and stand among the chosen few, oh, oh, oh
Let the Preacher lay his hands on you, oh, oh, oh

Come and stand among the chosen few, oh, oh, oh
Let the healer lay his hands on you, oh, oh, oh