

Behold Black Sheep

Those Poor Bastards

Hail!
Hail!
Hail!

I don't fear Satan
and I don't fear God
six feet of cold black dirt, man,
that's all I want

Behold the black sheep of the bible belt
behold the black sheep of the bible belt

They call me worthless
and they say I'm doomed
but I can pray more fiercely
that any Christian in this room

Behold the black sheep of the bible belt
behold the black sheep of the bible belt

Why don't you save your prayers for sunday?
I don't believe there's only one way

My soul is famished, man,
I can feel it poking through my skin
watching the doves they die of hunger
when they see me passing under, Lord

Behold the black sheep of the bible belt
behold the black sheep of the bible belt

The gals ignore me, the men they kick me
everyone turns so cold hearted when they get holy
The men ignore me, and the gals, they kick me
everyone turns so cold hearted when they get holy

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Why don't you save your prayers for Sunday?
I don't believe there's only one way