

# Rough God Goes Riding

Van Morrison

Oh the mud splattered victims  
Have to pay out all along the ancient highway  
Torn between half truth and victimisation  
Fighting back with counter attacks

It's when that rough god goes riding  
When the rough god goes gliding  
And then rough god goes riding  
Riding on in

I was flabbergasted by the headlines  
People in glasshouses throwing stones  
Gaping wounds that will never heal  
Now they're moaning like a dog in a manger

It's when that rough god goes riding  
And then the rough god goes gliding  
There'll be nobody hiding  
When that rough god comes riding on in

And it's a matter of survival  
When you're born with your back against the wall  
Won't somebody hand me a bible  
Won't you give me that number to call

When that rough god goed riding  
And then that rough god goes gliding  
They'll be nobody hiding  
When that rough god goes riding on in  
Riding on in

When that rough god goed riding  
When that rough god goes gliding  
There'll be nobody hiding  
When that rough god goes riding on in  
Riding on in

There'll be no more heroes  
They'll be reduced to zero  
When that rough god goes riding  
Riding on in  
Riding on in  
Riding on in