

A Bible and a Belt

Joey+Rory

They were both made of leather
Both black and fraid and warm
I was brought up to respect them
Since the day that I was born
One came here for minglin'
It's been handed down for years
The other one was ordered from
A catalogue at Sears
When my mama read to me
Well, I was well into my teens
And I thought all the other one was for
Was to hold up daddy's jeans
Till I told a lie and learned
It had another purpose too
And behind the shed, my daddy said
Does it hurt me more than you?

'Cause one had my daddy's name on it
The other said King James
With love they taught us lessons
But we feared them both the same
One led us to heaven
And the other hurt like hell
But those were the days when kids were raised
With a bible and a belt

I remember when I was twelve
I stole a dime store comic book
And how mama read what the scripture said
To take back what I took
When I refused my daddy took
My arm and said "come on"
I needed more, he knew than just Matthew
Mark, Luke and John
Sometimes it made me cry
Sometimes it made me frightened mad
I wish I've been raised without them
Like some other children had
But now I'm grown with kids of my own

And I know just how they felt
And though it seems to me that what the world still needs
Is a bible and a belt

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