Dinner Conversations

Oh Jeremiah

I set three places at the dinner table;
one for me, one for the Lord and one for the Devil.
For pleasant conversations spinning records that we love.
Music in the air and food is in the oven.
Mmm,Mmm.
Mmm,Mmm.
Mmm,Mmm.
Mmmm,Mm.
Lou plays AC/DC, Highway to his hometown.
He talks more about the revenue than the way it sounds.
He says "dollars make more sense", as he puffs a cigarette.
"If the words don't make you famous, pretty faces do the rest".
Mmm,Mmm.
Mmm,Mmm.
Mmm,Mmm.
Mmmm,Mm.
When the Devil does all the talking,
the music sounds so absurd.
The record will keep on spinning.
No one remembers the words.
Ooh,Oooh.
Ooh,Oooh.
Ooh,Oooh.
Oooh,Ooh.

All at once, God stood up and he opened up a window.
You could a street performer singing the saddest song ever known.
And suddenly a tear drop crawled from the Devil's eye.
I saw God catch it as it fell, wearing something like a smile.
Mmm,Mmm.
Mmm,Mmm.
Mmm,Mmm.
Mmmm,Mm.
When God does all the talking,
the music fills up the earth.
Everyone else is singing,
hanging on every word.
Oh, Ohh.
Oh, Ohh.

Oh, Ohh.
Ohh, Oh.
(repeat)

Lyrics Submitted by larry schouder

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