Chambermaid Swing

Parov Stelar

We all four grew up together
in a small Virginia country town.
And, for some strange reason... God only knows...
we got to singin' around.
And about twice a year at the National Guard Armory
or the old school house we'd go see
the Blackwood Brothers who were coming to town
to sing especially for me.

They always drew a crowd of young folk and old women,
and men with the mortgage on their homes.
Farmers and teachers, rich men and preachers...
the old school house was full, and they would come.
And we bought up every album, every picture, every single;
their autographs were the only things free.
But the main thing they were sellin'
was Jesus and good singin'
in that old school house where the Blackwoods sang for me.

And they would sing (and they would sing)
"Hide me, old blest Rock of Ages";
every day will be Sunday by and by.
Heavenly love inside the gates,
give the world a smile each day.
They were all peace like a river to my soul.

that chilly Jordan (chilly Jordan),
and I want to be more and more like Jesus every day.
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham
at the old country church.
"God made a way for me.", that's what the good book says.

How many times (how many times)
have we heard them sing those songs?
So many times (so many times)
They've been our idols for so long.
And, God, if there's an old school house
in Heaven, let me be
somewhere close where I can hear R.W. sing for me.

The road... the road... the road of Calvary.
And, God, if there's an old school house
in Heaven, let me be
somewhere close where I can hear the Blackwoods sing for me.

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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