

The Chosen Ones

Prototype

I heard how all the lights went out in Memphis
On the death night anniversary of the King
The pretenders talking dirty in the palace
But it doesn't have that old familiar ring
I see there's been some changes in the valley
All the renegades have finally settled down
Now, they worship in the temples of their rivals
And desecrate the holy heart of town
Can't you hear all those sweet voices singing
Takin' care of the chosen ones?
Can't you hear all those mission bells ringin'??
Say a prayer for the chosen ones
I read they're pourin' oil on troubled waters
Yet, they cast a giant shadow on the land
Let's spend another night across the border
And bury all our secrets in the sand
Now they claim, there is a message in the Bible
They swear, there is no master and his slave
But the future's lookin' dim for the lonesome cowboy
When the hand that rocks that cradle digs the grave

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