John Roland Wood

Aaron Pritchett

Go tell the sheriff, John Roland Wood's found Jesus
Now he's living at the foot of the cross
He testified on the main drag this evening
Said he's gonna spread the gospel to the lostThe meanest sinner to ever live and breathe
Said he's been clean and sober for a week
He said his soul is not troubled anymore
He hocked his gun and gave the money to the LordGo tell the sheriff, John Roland Wood's found Jesus
At a tent revival right outside of town
Oh, what a friend this town has in Jesus
If you look at what John Roland has tore downBefore the spirit touched his soul
He kept the streets signs full of bullet holes
Back then when he was raising hell
You knew he was coming by the blue lights on his tail, look outGo tell the sheriff, John Roland Wood's found Jesus
Now that water tower must be full of wine
Let not your weary heart be troubled
Turn your women and your children back outsideWhat will we do on Friday nights
Without John Roland shootin' out the lights
Carry that ol' jukebox away
He traded B-9 for 'Amazing Grace'Go tell the sheriff, John Roland Wood's found Jesus
Now he is living at
I said he's living at the foot of
He's living at the foot of the cross, oh yeah

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