

Preacher

Blue Cheer

(Gary L. Yoder & G.R. Grelecki)

I don't have to have no preacher

To tell me there ain't no good lovin' you

Your snake-eye touches the ladder

Everybody tells me it's true. You're gonna need

You're gonna bleed

Somebody like me. I don't need my old school teacher

To learn me in your evil ways

I sing right back to the jungle

Hang it up on Even Street. You're gonna need

You're gonna feed

Somebody like me. Way down deep in the jungle

Swingin' from tree to tree

You find me chasing around there

Trying to even the score. You're gonna need

I'm gonna please

Somebody like you. (Heh-ho, Wah-wah, Wah-wah-wah, Oo-uh, Oo-uh, Oo-uh, Oo-uh

Oh-oh, Eee-Eee, Meow, Ooh-ooh, Ha-huh-huh, Suck-suck-suck,

Oink! Hnch! Enwoooo! Oo-oo-oo-oo, Ah-ah-ah-ah, I'm gonna scratch ya, scratch ya.)

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