Dead Air At The Pulpit

Cursed

Good night, hard right.
Sleep tight Father.
It's lights out for you, lights out at the altar.
And all the lights in TV Land.
Where'd you get those pearly gates?
How'd you get them here?
Face that launched a thousand cheques.
Convincing zealot, who's up next?
You better pray.
They want what you want, they want it all.
They want insurance for their godforsaken souls.
They want an alibi, protection from all-seeing eyes.
Expensive superstition but it keeps them warm at night.
You're preaching to the retarded, what are they gonna do?
Who are these half-dead faithful gonna send their paycheques to?
Oh God, send me a sign - 'cause there's dead air at the pulpit.
Struck down.
Struck down on it.
Taken, children, taken.
So off you go to God.
A real live human being need this bed.
Real live human beings gonna need these respirators when all the TV holy men are dead.
Congregation, eyes skyward to Heaven while holy old white hands reach deep into their pockets for a taste of the Old Time Gospel Hour.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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