# Rough God Goes Riding

## Van Morrison

Oh, the mud splattered victims
Have to pay out all along the ancient highway
Torn between half-truth and victimisation
Fighting back with counter attacksIts when that rough God goes riding
When the rough God goes gliding
And then rough God goes riding
Riding on inI was flabbergasted by the headlines
People in glasshouses throwing stones
Gaping wounds that will never heal
Now theyre moaning like a dog in a mangerIts when that rough God goes riding
And then the rough God goes gliding
Therell be nobody hiding
When that rough God comes riding on inAnd its a matter of survival
When youre born with your back against the wall
Wont somebody hand me a Bible?
Wont you give me that number to call?When that rough God goes riding
And then that rough God goes gliding
Theyll be nobody hiding
When that rough God goes riding on in
Riding on inWhen that rough God goed riding
When that rough God goes gliding
Therell be nobody hiding
When that rough God goes riding on in
Riding on inTherell be no more heroes
Theyll be reduced to zero
When that rough God goes riding
Riding on in, riding on in
Riding on in, riding on in

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