

# 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 attacks  
Its when that rough God goes riding  
When the rough God goes gliding  
And then rough God goes riding  
Riding on in I was flabbergasted by the headlines  
People in glasshouses throwing stones  
Gaping wounds that will never heal  
Now theyre moaning like a dog in a manger  
Its when that rough God goes riding  
And then the rough God goes gliding  
There'll be nobody hiding  
When that rough God comes riding on in  
And 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  
They'll be nobody hiding  
When that rough God goes riding on in  
Riding on in  
When that rough God goes riding  
When that rough God goes gliding  
There'll be nobody hiding  
When that rough God goes riding on in  
Riding on in  
There'll be no more heroes  
They'll 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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