

Horrendous Disc

Deliverance

(Terry Taylor/Jerry Chamberlain)

Act I

He turns the t.v. high, the walls are paper thin
He hopes the neighbor folks aren't listening
He's killed his wife with words, confident it's private rage
When up goes the curtain and he is on the stage
He's on the stage
God sees it all
He has total recall
It is an art
Hiding murder in your heart

ACT 2

The show is over, he pours himself a drink
Best to forget about it, put a record on
The stereo and try not to think
And the record plays:
This is your life, you beat your wife
We'll spare the gory details and simply say?
Recording artist
Gods hears it all
He has total recall
Your sneaky moves
Are right here in the grooves

Act 3

He puts his car in gear, got to get out of here
Going somewhere far away
But through the headlight beams
He sees the billboard screen
His fight last night is on display
You're on display
God sees it all
He has total recall
Your bloody crime
Is up there on the sign

Lyrics provided by

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