

Prophet Song

[Richard McGraw](#)

When Im a prophet I might let you in
To this circle Ive started of women and men
But youll have to wait in line
These gifts that I give are not mine
And after Ive prophesized if you want to sleep next to me
With those cold and wooden thighs youve polished for the orgy
But youll have to wait on line like the rest of them
I cannot service all at one time
When inspiration is not divine
Youll become an addict of the certain kind
And when your inspiration just doesnt pull through
I might not be there to save you
And after the sun falls the orgy begins
And with my five and dime scissors
Ill cut the ribbons of commencement
For every graduating disciple entering my discipline
Yeah with my five and dime scissors my cape and my crown
And the cane that Ill use to point to the crowd
But I will point you out of a million years of punch lines
And references to pain I once thought was mine
My inspiration was not divine
And I became an addict of the certain kind
And when my inspiration just didnt fall through
Tell me, where the hell were you?
And youll sigh in the fashion of your Mary Magdalene
While you search for the Jesus you know you cant win
You know cant win with me and my purity and you in your sin
Yes with me in my purity and you in your sin
You will search for the Jesus you know you cant win
But youll have to wait on line
Just consider me the holiest of deli counters
Youll have to take a number
Yes one after the other youll have to wait on line
Cause when Im a prophet I might let you in
To this circle Ive started of women and men

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