

# Jimmy

## Big Tent Revival

Jimmy rode a bike with a steering wheel  
Said he didn't like the way the handle bars feel  
Folks said, Jimmy, son what's the deal?  
And this is what Jimmy said Ain't no more with the wonder why  
I can't live like those other guys  
So I dwell on the outside  
And do what's right for me Get on wit' your bad self  
Get on wit' your bad self  
Get on wit' your bad self, Jimmy One day Jimmy was hangin' 'round  
And a man said, "Boy, won't you come down  
To a big tent meetin' outside town  
Gonna be a big show" Jimmy thought about it for a short while  
And his words came back with a big smile  
Well, if it ain't ordinary, then it's my style  
So I guess I'll have to go Get on wit' your bad self  
Get on wit' your bad self  
Get on wit' your bad self, Jimmy From the time that he walked in that place  
There was a burnin' in his soul  
When he heard about Heaven and God's grace  
That Jimmy was a holy rollin' Some folks never quite figured out  
Just what Jimmy was all about  
Well he sure loved Jesus, but they had doubts about  
About what the bike with a steering wheel

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