Rough God Goes Riding (with Shana Morrison)

Van Morrison

Oh the mud splattered victims
Have to pay out all along the ancient highway
Torn between half truth and victimization
Fighting back with counter attacksIt's 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 they're moaning like a dog in a mangerIt's 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 inAnd it's a matter of survival
When you're born with your back against the wall
Won't somebody hand me a bible
Won't you give me that number to callWhen 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 inWhen 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 inThere'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

Songwriters
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