Reverend Black Grape

Black Grape

Hey, you know what I mean?

Sellin' him your religion
Say I walking down a hit song
A booming business
Buying, selling belief

Standing in the pews
Talking ballshit, ballshit
Ballshit, ballshit, ballshit
I want to know, I want to know
Can you feel the spirit of the Lord?

There's nothing more sinister
As ministers in dresses
Gather round some nice black people
While I deliver this message
Kill the message

You do nothing but socialize
And become a menace
Put on your Reeboks man
And go play funky tennis

Can I get a witness?
I said can I get a witness?

Oh come, oh ye faithful
Oh, joyful and triumphant
Gather around
While I blow my own trumpet

Oh Pope, he got the Nazis
To clean up their messes
He exchanged the gold and paintings
He gave them new addresses
Clean up your messes

Hi, hi fuhrer

Hi, hi fuhrer

Oh my fathers, fathers, fathers, father
By nature he was bendy
We are the chi chine tribe
And we are over friendly

Can I get a witness?
Yeah, I said, come on
Can I get a witness?

Oh come, oh ye faithful
Oh, joyful and triumphant
Gather around me
While I blow my own trumpet
Can I get a witness?

Poppycock for what we are about to receive
Would he agree a stately minuet
Would be preferable to a rain dance

Hey, there bothers and sisters
Hang in there, yeah

Oh come, oh ye faithful
Oh, joyful and triumphant
Gather around
While I blow my own trumpet

Oh come, oh ye faithful
You're so joyful and triumphant
Gather around
While I blow my own trumpet

I want to know
I want to know
I want to know
I want to know

Can you feel, I said, can you feel
Can you feel the spirit of the Lord?

Oh come, oh ye faithful
Oh, joyful and triumphant
Gather around

While I blow my own trumpet

Can you feel the spirit of the Lord?
Can you feel the spirit of the Lord?

Lyrics submitted by dutchie blue.

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