Glorify

Ivan & Alyosha

I left my family and my home
To fight the battle on my own
I stole a car and drove away
But in my hate, St. Paul did say:Glorify the Lord above
With your drink and making love
Glorify the Lord, my son,
With your whiskey and your gun.I shot my foe, now I feel bad
I beat my wife, now I feel sad
I curse my brother and my friend
I broke my mother's heart againGlorify the Lord above
With your drink and making love
Glorify the Lord, my son,
With your whiskey and your gun.Now tune my heart and tune my strings
And see what giving thanks might mean
For all I have was always thine
But I was fool to think it mineWell, glorify the Lord above
With your drink and making love
Glorify the Lord, my son,
With your whiskey and your gun.Well if you stay or if you go
Or if you stand o'er your broad low
We'll drink the wine, we'll eat the bread
But don't forget what Jesus saidGlorify the Lord above
With your drink and making love
Glorify the Lord, my son,
Till your work on earth is doneGlorify the Lord above
If you've plenty or if you've none
Glorify the Lord, my son,
With your whiskey and your gun.

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