

Mormon Tabernacle screaming round the bend:  
Your ship is coming in,  
your ship is coming in.  
And all the economic forecast predict:  
My ship is coming in,  
my ship is coming in.  
(Tongues)

Insects and bugs, arachnids and slugs:  
Crawling down my leg,  
crawling down my leg.  
All the disregarded blood sausage saints:  
Pawing out for change,  
pawing out for change.  
(Tongues)

Leather briefcase, corporate waves:  
They're packing in the train.  
But I can part the waves,  
right down my spine.  
They're ozing down my spine.  
It's like a tongue of fire,  
I've got a tongue of fire.  
(Tongues)

I make the soup - a thick gravey soup.  
Come and get your spoons,  
I'm a world prophet.

Look at my shoes.  
(I've got size 12 shoes)  
I've only got half a foot.  
(Prophets don't fear the bottle)  
Walking over puddles,  
I'm a world prophet.

I make the soup - a thick gravey soup.  
Come and get your spoons,  
I'm a world prophet.

Put on your suits,  
your dark navy suits.  
Get back into the streets,  
and make a profit - a false profit.