

Reverend Blowhand

Christopher Cross

You're so white
And you're so right
They used to sit with their checkbooks
And watch you on Saturday night
And you made sure they knew
They were born in sin
And gave the address
Where they could mail it in
Uh-huh
Save ya, uh-huh

So you preached
And you beseeched
The old and the sad and the weak
Were the people you reached
And they made you famous
They made you fat
And God forgave you
Or something like that
Uh-huh
Save ya, uh-huh

Ain't that sweet
Ain't that clever
They're thinking they'll live forever
You brought it
And they bought it
Now life is a breeze
Reverend Blowhard

Hey have a cigar
Ride in the car
With the bar
Your chauffeur has a halo!
You were the man
But he's got a plan
Work on your tan
But lay low

Hey buddy the chosen are few
But you got some 'splainin' to do
The hooker that died in your room
And the sailors who tied you with duct tape
And wailed with that cat-o'-nine-tails
All those tales
That's one indulgence you could not sell
Your friends of the flesh
Left their surprise from hell
Uh-huh

Ain't life whack
Ain't life funny
All the things you can get with money
They brought it
And you bought it
Get down on your knees
Ain't that sweet

Ain't that clever
Our heaven is now or never
But you brought it
And they bought it
It's all a disease
Reverend Blowhard
Blow blow Blowhard