

# 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