

## No Dry Eye In The Chapel

Delta Rae

Reverend Riley knows he's prone to ramble  
Reads the Bible like it's War and Peace  
He goes on and on  
You can't help but yawn  
Even the righteous start to fall asleep  
When he's 'bout to lose that front-row faithful  
Pulls an ace out of his sleeve  
Knows they need a hymn  
So he shouts "Amen! Fire up the organ, Irene!"  
She starts hammering glory mountain

Until there's no dry eye in the chapel  
No one sitting in the pews  
Hands up high all clapping  
When Mama starts singing Hallelu-  
Hallelu-, Hallelu-, yeah!  
No dry eye in the chapel  
When Mama gets to singing the truth

Now mama's more than just a Sunday singer  
She'll play anybody's wedding or wake  
Long-shot, shotguns, third-time's-the-charm ones  
Everybody's gonna get saved  
When they kiss the bride and the [?]

There'll be no dry eye in the chapel  
No one sitting in the pews  
Hands up high all clapping  
When Mama starts singing Hallelu-  
Hallelu-, Hallelu-, yeah!  
No dry eye in the chapel  
When Mama gets to singing the truth

Then late one night the Devil came calling  
And Mama waved him right inside  
She sang "Great Ball of Fire" like a gospel choir  
And the Devil just started to cry

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When Mama starts singing Hallelu-  
Hallelu-, Hallelu-, yeah!  
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There'll be no dry eye in the chapel  
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Come on, Mama!