

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

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
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There'll be no dry eye in the chapel
When Mama gets to singing the truth

Come on, Mama!