

The Package

Don Francisco

I was wakened in the morning' by a knockin' on the door
So I got up and went to see what all the knockin' was
for
There stood the Devil with a box addressed to me
He said "Boy, I've got something here I think you
oughta see

I said, I know that I don't want it if it's anything
from you
'Cause I hate everything you say and don't like
anything you do
But then he pointed with his finger and he smiled kinda
sly
'Cause the package said "from God" there in the corner,
way up high

So I said, "if it's from God, then why'd He send it
here by you"
He said, "He always sends me when there's dirty work to
do"
And this box is full of misery, poverty and shame
To perfect you thru your suffering 'till you're worthy
of His name

Well, I'd been pretty patient, but that last line took
the cake
I just couldn't take no more, I'd taken all that I
could take
So I told him what I thought of him and all his filthy
lies
Then I fired a shot that got him right between the eyes

I told him "Jesus took my sickness and my poverty away
You nailed Him to the cross yourself when you murdered
Him that day
The suf'ring that I do will be for love and not for
shame
I'm already worthy by His blood, to wear His name

And I know my Father loves me and has only good in
store
So you just take that jive and get away from my front
door
You can write my name on packages until I'm ninety two
But every single one I'm sending back to Hell with you"
Go on get out of here