

Fancy God

Fred Eaglesmith

That God you got is a fancy God
And he's not the one I know
He don't live in parking lots
Outside of monster homes
My God ain't in the government
He don't put on a big show
That God you got is a fancy God
And he's not the one I know

My God lives on gravel roads

And goes down into hollers
Goes down and saves the souls
Of your very sons and daughters
Your crystal meth
And your cocaine breath
And your tingling to your toes
That God you got is a fancy God
And he's not the one I know