Tinderbox

Fred Eaglesmith

The church is like a tinderbox
The preachers got a match
Salvation is a raining down
And falling down the cracks
The choir master revved em up
And washed em white as snow
Somebody's crying in the very back row

The cemetery's sizzling
Out behind the fence
They're buttoning down the devil
Like Jesus with a wrench
The sisters are a twisting
And the men are singing low
Somebody's crying in the very back row

The elders and the deacons
Are dancing like a bar
The children are a screaming like they're

Trapped inside a car
The world's about to end, and everybody knows

Now the shadows are a stealing
Across the empty pews
The piano players sleeping
And the choir missed it's cue
The pentecost is simmering
The preachers going home
Somebody's crying in the very back row
Somebody's crying in the very back row
Somebody's crying in the very back row
Somebody's crying in the very back row
Somebody's crying in the very back row

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!