

Mr. Johnny knows that book just like the back of his hand
Trust in the lord, man, he'll take you to the promised land
As he shakes the bible in his hand

Mr. Johnny's got his tent and he's got his fans
Fancy cars in the driveway and the people say Look at this
They don't know his ignorance is bliss

Screaming "love thy neighbor" as he laughs at midgets on TV
Thumbing the cross around his neck and trying sobriety
He looks so peculiar through his specs, 'cause he still can't see

Is it clear to anyone but me? Is he kidding anyone but me?

Mr. Johnny knows not much and he knows it well
Two types of people, those to heaven and those to hell
He takes a drag but he doesn't inhale
Somewhere down that long tough and winding path
Mr Johnny's golden rule turn the water green crimson black
His fundamentals are a thing of the past

Teaching the children all the virtues of equality
Boy tuck your shirt tail in, no room for minorities
He looks so peculiar through his specs cause he still can't see
Is he kidding anyone but me? Is it clear to anyone but me?

Mr. Johnny raises his brow as the sun goes down
Through this strange cacophony he hears the trumpet sound
And then he smiles as his feet leave the ground

Screaming "love thy neighbor" as he laughs at midgets on tv
Thumbing the cross around his neck, he's trying sobriety
Looks so peculiar through his specs because he still can't see
Is he kidding anyone but me? Is it clear to anyone but me?