

## Father Bruce

Grace Slick

He's a lonely preacher and he lives at the Swiss Hotel  
One night in the middle of a sermon, oh, out the window he fell  
Oh, oh, Lenny, we're so glad you're getting well well well  
You see the hardheaded people all dress up in a big black robe  
They say his word offend them, you know they're hiding their heads in the hole  
The words are killing dirty, I use it in the last line  
But use a short word for loving, and dad, you wind up doing time (you end up in jail)

Father Bruce is up and walking  
Look out, he's gonna start talking  
Oh, oh, Lenny, we're so glad you're getting well, well, well

Now won't you get your feet out, Catholic  
Father Bruce is back in town  
You know he's our kind of preacher  
Ain't none of us gonna put him down  
He's trying to say something to you, listen while you're still around  
Who's gonna carry all the workload when you're ten feet under ground

Father Bruce is up and walking  
Look out, he's gonna start talking  
Oh, oh, Lenny, we're so glad you're getting well, well, well

Now you may say he's got a bad mouth, but I heard you just the other night  
When your car wouldn't start, boy, the words you said were out of sight  
Well, you're a loco Charlie, wouldn't say that word out in a crowd  
But Lenny's right up front, baby, speaking his mind right out loud

Father Bruce is up and walking  
Look out, he's gonna start talking  
Oh, oh, Lenny, we're so glad you're getting well, well, well Fuck!