

The Lost

Jelly Roll

I see your fire and brimstone
That billboard sign on the road
But you can't scare me to heaven
With gasoline on my soul

It's that backroad baptism
Weed smokin' syrup sippin'
Whiskey river carry me home

I've been known to find my kind of people
That ain't at home underneath church steeples
You'd be surprised the places I find Jesus
That ain't the regular crowd

I've been
Down and out
I'm better with the lost
Than the found
My solid ground
Is better with the lost
Than the found

I learned my lessons in dive bars
Had Sunday School on the streets
I've done my searchin' behind bars
Red letters setting me free

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I'm better with the lost than the found
Lord won't you hear my prayers
I'm better with the lost than the found
It's where I find my solid ground

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