

# The Preacher

Lena Philipsson

Now tell me my friend, how many cars would you like  
Eternal life, success, happiness, God's blessing  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, raise your hands to the sky  
Make a wish, make it double, be rich no problem  
God is generous to those who believe  
The trator gotta pay with failure and diseases  
I'm the son of the son  
And I've come to preach the world of the Lord  
I'll make you a wonderful life  
Just come with me in my limousine  
And leave all you worries behind  
Give your soul, give your soul, give me money  
I say, give it now, give it now, faith is money

To be a good man you gotta get down on your knees  
And praise every breath I take  
Loyalty, submission, release  
With my tounge I twist, I parade  
A traitor has a loss of devotion  
A traitor has a loss of belief  
And if the traitor is you, you have a sure rendez-vous  
With Mr. Misfortune and Mirs. Desease

Give your soul, give your soul, give me money  
I say, give it now, give it now, faith is money  
I am Salvation, I am healing hand

Mrs. Berger, yo're not trying hard enough  
Coins are only for Satan  
Temptations will call you and you'll fall in sin  
But between you and me it's easy  
You just put your hands together and say your prayer  
And there you got back to Him

Give your soul, give your soul, give me money  
I say, give it now, give it now, faith is money

Life is wonderful  
I am Salvation, I am the healing hand  
You are my soldiers,  
You'll strike on my command  
Are you ready sons,  
We're gonna strike the world with the word  
And the people said  
Amen!