Somewhere inside them back Florida pines
There's a town with a Choctaw name
There's a little white church and a real tight curve
On the edge of a field full of grain
Yeah, the preacher was a stand-up man shaking hands
Every Sunday morning at the door
He loved his congregation but he ran an operation
Selling more than the word of the Lord

And he called it holy water He called it holy water, yeah

He bought a brand new Lincoln, had a couple deacons thinking It was more than he could afford
They knew something was up when he was shutting his trunk
At the church around one in the morning
When he was outta sight, they snuck around inside
And found a door leading under the ground
They popped the lock on the latch, walked down and flashed
Their lights and guess what they found

A cellar full of holy water

No one knows where it comes from, buddy
But you can find it anywhere from 'Bama to Kentucky
Got the whole damn southeast side of the country
Lining up to pay top dollar
The jar tops twist when the sun starts setting
Burns like hell, gets you high like heaven, and Lord
Have mercy if they knew where they were getting
That holy water

Well, the deacons pulled up to his house in a truck With the proof all crystal clear
He tried to play it off but he knew he was caught
So he said, "Brothers, listen here
You can call the law or you can keep the secret
I'll cut you in and we can call it even"
Next Sunday morning round ten o' clock
There was two more Lincolns in the parking lot

No one knows where it comes from, buddy
But you can find it anywhere from 'Bama to Kentucky
Got the whole damn southeast side of the country
Lining up to pay top dollar
The jar tops twist when the sun starts setting
Burns like hell, gets you high like heaven, and Lord
Have mercy if they knew where they were getting
That holy water

Now there's new stained glass, new pews front to back Nobody even asked no questions And a sign out front with some letters reading John Chapter two, verse one through eleven