

Compared To What

Ray Charles

Oh, well, well, well, well
I love the lie and lie the love
Hangin' on, with push and shove
Possession is the motivation
Messing up the whole damn nation
Looks like we always end up in a rut
Everybody now
Tryin' to make it real, compared to what?
Oh, lord

Slaughterhouse is killin' hogs
Twisted children killin' frogs
Poor dumb rednecks rollin' logs
Tired old lady kissin' dogs
I hate the human, but I love that stinking mutt
Can't use it now
Tryin' to make it real, compared to what?
Oh, whoa, lord

Church on Sunday, sleep and nod
Tryin' to duck the wrath of God
Preacher's fillin' us with fright
Teachin' what they think is right
Oh, well they all got to be some kind of nut
I don't dig it
Tryin' to make it real, compared to what?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, all right, all right

Shout it out
Get it
One last message here, y'all listen
Where's the bee and where's the honey?
Where's the God and where's my money
Unreal values, crass distortion
Unwed mothers, they need abortion
Kind of brings to mind ol' young King Tut
He did it now
Tried to make it real, compared to what?