

Vagabond From Heaven

Stephen Bishop

Every morning
Before I went to school
I had to read that bible
Mama told me what to do
So, I'd count my blessings
Between my ham and eggs
And I would still be there
If she had her way

When mama's right
Daddy's wrong
He plays golf in the night
She leads the weak and the strong
Onward Christian Soldiers
'Cause the Scatman's in town
The birdwoman too
The guy who sold his kids
To a St. Louis dude
They're all hanging on eleven
Waiting for that...
Vagabond from Heaven

Hide the trash
Before the trashman comes
If you bite your lip
At the slip of a tongue
Even Mr. Innuendo
Knows the A to Z
Of who to know
And when to let them go away

But I'll take it light
If you're dealing easy
That's all right
Just don't tease me
Those people who're forgotten
They're forgotten...

They're the people you know
With a Brook Benton smile
They sweat just like od' Satchmo
But they never lose their style
'Cause they're all hanging on eleven
Waiting for that...
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So glad that you broke through
How do you do?
I got a midget in my raincoat
And he's starin' at you
Straight from the gospel
I tell no lies

That lady named Ginger
With her do's and don'ts, does!
That taxman lost in Memphis
A has been who never was

They're all hanging on eleven
Hanging on eleven
Hanging on eleven
Waiting for that...
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