

Never More True

The Choir

There's a Yankee in the Cumberland
With a pistol in his boot
Dreamin' about salty water
And he's lookin' for a snake to shoot

I'm thinkin' it won't get any worse
I'm thinkin' about buying you a hat and a purse
I'm wishing I never came here
You know my heart was ever sincere

And every now and then I realize
You are rhythm you are melody
Giving me that silent torture
You might as well poison my tea

I'm thinkin' it won't get any worse
I'm thinkin' about buying you a hat and a purse
I'm thinkin' about strangling you
You know that never was more untrue

(Thinkin' about predestination
Predestination and free will
What about that wonderful plan)

There's a Christian underneath his house
Trying to recall the light
He's praying for divine intervention
Her lips are frozen to the pipe

I'm thinkin' it can't get any worse
I'm thinkin' about buying you a hat and a purse
I'm dreaming about thrilling you
Oh honey, my heart was never more true
You know my heart was never more true