

Your Faith Shall Be Tested

Those Poor Bastards

Job, I said Job

Have you heard about the man called Job, boys?
He had wealth and a farm and a family
Old Satan made a bet with the Lord on high
He said, "I could make Job curse your name."

But Job could not be swayed
Satan filled the sky with lightning
He killed Job's sheep and some of his kin
Job just turned his cheek away
His wife said, "Go curse God and die."

But Job could not be swayed
Job, I said Job
He worked so hard his entire life
But God quit listening when he prayed at night
Then Job took ill got covered with sores
And Satan put a blight upon his crops
Still Job could not be swayed

Everything he touched did turn to dust
His footprints filled with blood and rust
This torture went on for many years
Job grew withered but he had no fears

And Job could not be swayed

Job, Job

Now put yourself there in his place
When bad times come will you keep your faith?
I bet you'll weep and wail and crawl
Your dirty rotten soul right down to Hell

But Job could not be swayed

Job