

## Revival

Zach Bryan

Gather 'round this table, boys  
You bring your shame, I'll lose my voice  
Screaming at the gods about the bad we've done  
Merle said mama tried but the prison still won

Your transgressions are mine as well  
Anger grows in my bones if you could not tell  
But I'll find comfort in company  
Lord forgive us, my boys and me

We're having an all-night revival  
Someone call the women and someone steal the Bibles  
For the sake of my survival  
Baptize me in a bottle of Beam and put Johnny on the vinyl

Well the devil can scrap but the Lord has won  
And I'll talk to him on the rising sun  
His son rose and mine did too  
I was coming down but now I'm talking to you

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