

# Abigail Washburn, Keys To The Kingdom

I've got the keys to the kingdom, the world can't do me no harm

Go Gabrielle get the trumpet, move on down to the sea  
Don't you sound that trumpet, til you hear from me

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Take ol' John on the Island, place him in a kettle of oil  
Then the angels came from heaven down, told him that the oil wouldn't boil

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Take ol' Paul and Silas, place 'em in jail below  
Then the angels came from heaven down and unlocked that prison house door

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When I get in trouble, I know I done no crime  
Wake up central in Glory, and Jesus come to the phone

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