

Blue Cheer, Preacher

(Gary L. Yoder & G.R. Grelecki)
I don't have to have no preacher
To tell me there ain't no good lovin' you
Your snake-eye touches the ladder
Everybody tells me it's true.

You're gonna need
You're gonna bleed
Somebody like me.

I don't need my old school teacher
To learn me in your evil ways
I sing right back to the jungle
Hang it up on Even Street.

You're gonna need
You're gonna feed
Somebody like me.

Way down deep in the jungle
Swingin' from tree to tree
You find me chasing around there
Trying to even the score.

You're gonna need
I'm gonna please
Somebody like you.

(Heh-ho, Wah-wah, Wah-wah-wah, Oo-uh, Oo-uh, Oo-uh, Oo-uh
Oh-oh, Eee-Eee, Meow, Ooh-ooh, Ha-huh-huh, Suck-suck-suck,
Oink! Hnch! Enwoooo! Oo-oo-oo-oo, Ah-ah-ah-ah, I'm gonna scratch ya, scratch ya.)