

Bucky Covington, Bible And The Belt

Well, I grew up back in the sticks.
I was raised on cornbread and scripture,
And praise God, for teachin' me wrong from right.
I had a wild streak three counties wide.
The Devil had me dead in his site.
It was the hand of God that kept me out of the hands of the law.

Mama brought the Bible, Daddy brought the belt.
Mama set the table, Daddy rung the bell.
The preacher did his best to show me the light,
But Daddy was the one that kept me walkin' the line.
Mama sang the gospel, Daddy drove it home.
Mama was an angel, Daddy was a brimstone.
One foot in Heaven, one foot in Hell,
I found religion 'tween the Bible and the Belt.

I guess it rings true what the "Good Book" says,
What you learn young, you never forget.
Daddy's belt left quite an impression on me.
I can still hear Mama's voice in the choir.

She set the whole dang church on fire,
and it still burns in the deepest part of me.

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