

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Don't You Hear Jerusa

Don't You Hear Jerusalem Moan

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?
Don't never let a chicken get big enough to crow
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?
Thank God there's a heaven and a ringing in my soul and my soul's got free
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

Well a hard-shell preacher you can tell him how he do
Well he chews his own tobacco and he drinks his own brew.

Well a Baptist preacher you can tell him by his coat
Has a bottle in his pocket that he can't hardly tote

Well a Cambellite preacher his soul is saved
Well he has to be baptized every other day

Well the Holy Roller preacher he sure is a sight
Well he gets em all a-rolling and he kicks out the light

Well the Presbyterian preacher he lives in town
His neck's so stiff he can't hardly look around.