

The Tea Party, Goodman Rag

I went on down for a walk in the woods, and then I had to see to my dismay.
I met a ripper, a mysteries ripper, something I'd have given away.
I had to admit that I new it was somewhere, in the back of my twisted mind.
It seems the child who sprang up before me, never gonna be his kind.

Hey there Mr. preacher, hey there Mr. Smith,
If you recognise my friend, you'd better get a load of this.

Good man, gonna give you what you need.
Good man, gonna play the demon seed.
Don't wanna stray, I'm never wanna leave the path.
I have to stay, cause I gotta make this feeling last.

The sweet continued on with a journey
And my revelations came in a tale or two.
Every word that my friend would say, I see them, though I saw right through.
The Puritans, and the purifying,
Raping women all through the streets.
They offer bail on my friend's occasion, every other day of the week.

Hey there Mr. preacher, hey there Mr. Smith.
If you recognise my friend, you'd better get a load of this.

Good man, gonna give you what you need.
Good man, gonna play the demon seed.

Don't gonna stray, I'm never gonna leave the path.
I have to stay, cause I gotta make this feeling last.
Oh I do, oh take to the bridge.

Oh put the lessons learned and soon forgotten.
Hardships coming to secret vales.
They wanna keep me hung on the crosses
They'll have to find some bigger nails.
I walk the streets like a doubting Thomas.
I swear at saints when they pass me by.
Nothing's pure when everything's tainted.
Where am I gonna go when I die.

Hey there Mr. preacher, hey there Mr. Smith.
If you recognise my friend, you'd better get a load of this.

Good man, gonna give you what you need.
Good man, gonna play the demon seed.

I don't wanna stray, I'm never gonna leave the path.
I have to stay, cause I gotta make this feeling last.
Yeah I do, Yeah I surly do.