

Travis Tritt, Bible Belt

(Travis Tritt)

Well, he was the assistant preacher and the Sunday school teacher
In the church that I grew up in
She was looker from Atlanta, led the choir, played piano
Had a body that was made for sin
She didn't care that he was married, cause the torch that she carried
Was hotter than the fires of hell
She had plans to seduce him, if she could, she could loosen
A notch in the Bible Belt
So, she called him up at home when she knew he'd be alone
Said, 'Preacher I could use advice,
I got troubles with a man that I know you'll understand
If you could help me it would sure be nice'
They met a few minutes after in the office of the Pastor
And she started telling how she felt
What a chance they were takin' when they first started breakin'
The laws of the Bible Belt
There's a lot of good people who are led astray
That believe what the good Book said
Well, I'll tell ya somethin' brother when you're dealin' with the Devil
It's tough to keep a level head
And it's hard to imagine how the flames of passion
Can burn you till your soul will melt
And it'll spread like a cancer but you're gonna have to answer
To the Lord and the Bible Belt
Someone said they went to Vegas, back home it didn't take us long
To hear the news of what they did
Nobody could believe that he left his wife to grieve
Alone with two pre-school kids
I don't know how they're doin' but I know that they're screwin' up
A good thing they once had
They better get their heads together or they're gonna slap leather
With the Lord and the Bible Belt
Repeat Chorus
They better get their heads together or they're gonna slap leather
With the Lord and the Bible Belt