Gourds, God's House

When you walk out of god's house

Don't complain

You've got yer gold and silver

And you've got yer pretty girl

When you walk out of god's house

Don't complain

When you trade yer money for her

Don't be ashamed

Forget yer lonely room

And yer cheap cheap solitude

When you trade yer money for her

Don't be ashamed

When his hand falls to guide you

Don't be afraid

He'll give you seeds of sorrow

To shake and make it right

When his hand falls to guide you

Don't be afraid

Amen