

Jackie Greene, Judgement Day

The poor mans soul is a diamond made of coal
Hes trying every day to survive
He makes his way, through the night and through the day
Sayin: dont it feel so good to be alive?

Ah but I dont want to end up like him
For hes down on his knees every hour to pray
Sayin: Lord, I been so good, just like I knew I should
So wont you free me on my judgement day?

She speaks good French sitting pretty on the bench
But I know shes only after his Gold
She looks so fine, its naturally a crime
But she complains that shes getting too old

So she tells her mama, that shes falling in love
With a rich man who can take her far away
But the Wheel of Time, make her change her mind
The hour on her judgement day

Now that girl of mine, she aint the gentle kind
All she do is fuss, cuss and moan
Well I tried so hard, but it aint in the cards
So Ill be leaving her alone

And if Im right mama, youll have to sing to me
But if Im wrong then I wont be in your way
And if I find myself at the mercy of the law
Wont you free me on my judgement day?