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 III 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?