Jacks Of All Trades, Part of the Plan

Since 1969 the devil has been messing with your mind wanting your soul content with nothing less Digging you a hole leaving you a mess Six-feet-deep is where you gonna end up Throw your hands in the air let me see you surrender This is no game wake up it's real life I wanna drown myself in the blood of Christ

Hear me - God can you hear me Save me - Take away the yoke of sin Take me - Take my hand Lord Hand - Walk with me Lord Let me - Let me God let me Just be - Oh God I wanna be part of your plan

Since 1978 I've been knock knock knocking on heaven's gate I won't let sin control my life
Won't let dope gimme a high
The toob spits sex right in your faces
I'm so sick of violence drug dealers and hate
When I think of all this I feel like going insane
With heavenly thoughts I wanna fill my brain