

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 boob 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