

Lena Philipsson, The Preacher

Now tell me my friend, how many cars would you like
Eternal life, success, happiness, Gods blessing
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, raise your hands to the sky
Make a wish, make it double, be rich no problem
God is generous to those who believe
The trator gotta pay with failure and diseases
I'm the son of the son
And I've come to preach the world of the Lord
I'll make you a wonderful life
Just come with me in my limousine
And leave all you worries behind
Give your soul, give your soul, give me money
I say, give it now, give it now, faith is money
To be a good man you gotta get down on your knees
And praise every breath I take
Loyalty, submission, release
With my tounge I twist, I parade
A traitor has a loss of devotion
A traitor has a loss of belief
And if the traitor is you, you have a sure rendez-vous
With Mr. Misfortune and Mrs. Desease
Give your soul, give your soul, give me money
I say, give it now, give it now, faith is money
I am Salvation, I am healing hand
Mrs. Berger, yore not trying hard enough
Coins are only for Satan
Temptations will call you and youll fall in sin
But between you and me its easy
You just put your hands together and say your prayer
And there you got back to Him
Give your soul, give your soul, give me money
I say, give it now, give it now, faith is money
Life is wonderful
I am Salvation, I am the healing hand
You are my soldiers,
Youll strike on my command
Are you ready sons,
Were gonna strike the world with the word
And the people said
Amen!