

One Bad Pig, You're A Pagan

Feel real low, smoke a joint
Cuss real, make your point
Rock n rolls all you play
Always getting your own way
Where you goin, where you been
Your cruddy heart is full of sin
In the words of Kenneth Hagin,
Face the facts, youre a pagan

Chorus:

Youre a pagan, with a capital P
Youre a pagan, full of idolatry
Youre a pagan, that is what you bee
Theres no fakin, fry like bacon
Youre a pagan

Youre a man whose out of shape
But before that, you were an ape
In eons past, you were a worm
Not long before, you were a germ
Where you goin, where you been
Your cruddy heart is full of sin
Like Charlie Darwin and Carl Sagan
Youve evolved into a pagan

Youre a pagan, with a capital P
Youre a pagan, full of idolatry
Youre a pagan, that is what you bee
Theres no fakin, fry like bacon
Youre a pagan

Sunday morning, go to church
Every monday, fall from your perch
Wednesday prayer fill your cup
Every friday, throw it up
Where you goin, where you been
Your cruddy heart is full of sin
Hear the charge that I am makin
There is no doubt, youre a pagan

Youre a pagan, with a capital P
Youre a pagan, full of idolatry
Youre a pagan, that is what you bee
Theres no fakin, fry like bacon
Youre a pagan...