

Rodney Crowell, Prechin' To The Choir

My self importance is a god forsaken bore
I aim for heaven but I wake up on the floor
I'd take up with rattlesnakes to get my point across
I'd argue with a parking brake to show em who's the boss
It's my intention to inspire Instead I'm Preachin to the choir

I had some money but I blew it living high
My wine and women were the best that you could buy
I tried to prove myself a man of certain taste
But all I've got to show you now is written on my face
I'm not someone you'd admire but I'm still Preachin' to the choir

I'm born a lion but I don't believe it fits
I'm no King of the jungle out there livin by my wits
This morning's paper called for romance on a whim
I reckon I'd believe em' if they told me sink or swim
I'm under water not on fire but I'm still preachin to the choir

Baytown Texas there's a fisherman I knew
He read the bible and he spit tobacco too
He said that crap about the rod you spare to spoil the child
Is only propaganda meant to keep you in denial
Go on and follow your desire but he was Preachin to the choir

Time is of the essence when you're hanging by a thread
And the answer to your questions won't unravel in your head
When you're staring at forever from the edge of life's abyss
No one's gonna tell you how it all came down to this
If you say different your a liar I'm just preachin' to the choir

When I'm standing at the St Peters gate a trying to slip on in
I might as well plead guilty to the worst of who I've been
I used to like to think I had a special way with words
But right now I'm convinced I've more in common with the birds
I'm not ready to retire I'll keep on Preachin to the choir