Van Morrison, Rough God Goes Riding

Oh the mud splattered victims
Have to pay out all along the ancient highway
Torn between half truth and victimisation
Fighting back with counter attacks

It's when that rough god goes riding
When the rough god goes gliding
And then rough god goes riding
Riding on in

I was flabbergasted by the headlines
People in glasshouses throwing stones
Gaping wounds that will never heal
Now they're moaning like a dog in a manger

It's when that rough god goes riding
And then the rough god goes gliding
There'll be nobody hiding
When that rough god comes riding on in

And it's a matter of survival
When you're born with your back against the wall
Won't somebody hand me a bible
Won't you give me that number to call

When that rough god goed riding
And then that rough god goes gliding
They'll be nobody hiding
When that rough god goes riding on in
Riding on in

When that rough god goed riding
When that rough god goes gliding
There'll be nobody hiding
When that rough god goes riding on in
Riding on in

There'll be no more heroes
They'll be reduced to zero
When that rough god goes riding
Riding on in
Riding on in
Riding on in
Riding on in