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After Stealing A Cross On Saturday Night
by John Johnson

Verse:

Running through a red-light early Sunday morning
The police were sniffin' at our tail
We had poppers, goof balls, toots and bennies
Plus something one of us got in the mail.
The rain was coming down like a vertical river
It wasn't helping any with our game
Trees were falling, Mother natures calling
Might be our lives will never be the same

The thumpers went home to get their bibles
I don't believe they wished us well
A mob was yelling outside of the church
Saying, 'You're all going to Hell'
Not like were trying to piss 'em off
In fact we were wanting to do what's right
So we circled the block and yelled out the window
Stand up sit down fight, fight, fight

In the affidavit they took from me
Was a half hearted apology
They found us guilt in a big fat hurry
And I said, "Hey Judge, don't you worry, cause"

Chorus:

We're going to find it
We're going to put it right
We're going to find it
Even if it takes all night

No doubt at all we took the thing
We kinda got carried away
Spur of the moment, just went crazy
Could have happened to somebody maybe
No question we lost the thing
In fact we might have given it away
I simple act of generosity
That might have otherwise led to praise

Chorus:

It's a really big cross
Shouldn't be hard to find
Must be about ten feet tall
Where the hell could it hide

Chorus: