

# Charlie Daniels, Praying to the Wrong God

You got your diamonds in your carry bag  
Two thousand dollar suit across your back  
You've got your mansion out on a millionaire's row  
Go all the places that the rich folks go  
Your Bible is a check book and your church is a bank  
You don't believe in charity and you don't give thanks  
For what you've got, brother that's a lot  
You lie and swindle and you steal and you cheat  
You throw widows and orphans right out on the street  
You say when it comes to business, it's alright to be tough  
You think your money's enough  
But you're praying to the wrong God mister  
You're living for your sensual pleasures and your evil desires  
Praying to the wrong God mister  
One of these days it's going to eat your flesh like fire, like fire  
Eat your flesh like fire  
When you need answers you don't go to the Lord  
You've got your tarot cards and ouija board  
You put your faith in scientology  
In fortune tellers and astrology

You hate your neighbors and you cheat on your wife  
You say you'll make it up in your next life  
You say all roads lead to the mountain top  
You've got a long way to drop  
And you're praying to the wrong God mister  
Satan wants to blind you to the truth and tell you all is well  
And you're praying to the wrong God mister  
You're running down a highway leading you straight to Hell, to Hell  
You're headed straight to Hell  
You're praying to the wrong God mister  
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