

Spoon Feed Christianity

It is strange when all things are free.
Even spoon fed Christianity.
Get it now get it quick.
Get set free this instant.
What we want is the simple now.
Covering sins like weeds overturned by the plow.
Get the gospel no time to read.
Got to get back to work to fill our hearts with greed.
Sunday comes the clock is ticking.
Football beers in the frig chilled and misting.
Got ta get home to the game.
Hurry up this sermon, life is about money and fame.
Write a check throw it in the money bag.
Got ta get out that door to smoke a drag.
Get your sermon in five minutes or less.
Get back to makin money to escape this mess.
After all church is just a social thing.
Not about Jesus just the songs they sing.
Just a quick message about how I'm well.
Gonna enter pearly gates and escape the doom of hell.
120 decebels the songs we sing.
Can't recall what we sing, just something a wallet thing.
It's for socializin and getting ahead.
Certainly not about that book I never read.
Get the word quick I'm just killin time.
Got ta return soon to those idols of mine.
Lexus sittin in the parking lot.
Got ta get home to the precious things I bought.
Sermon's endin throw in some green.
Have to turn up my stereo on my fast machine.
Jump in the car, hear those turbos whine.
Make more money so all the toys are mine.
Turn on the seat heaters crank up the stereo.
Floor the accellerator, I don't like things slow.
Get back to the office so I can make more cash.
I need more money, so I can live life fast.
Forget about Lazarus, just let the dogs lick his wounds.
Got ta feed my belly and keep my life in tune.
Forgot about the man who saved the lost.
I got my in dash GPS at some additional cost.
Had that dream, something about a fool this night.
But I paid my tithes so things will be alright.
Slowing traffic, Rolex says its time.
Hit the next gear, I'll be just fine.
I spent an hour in church and now this red light.
I own this fast car, I'm a human in flight.
Horns blasting with a crashing sound.
Broken glass, and sirens all around.
I'm waking up after a long sleep.

I said, "Lord, Lord," and Jesus replies this one I can't keep... [Luke 12:20](#) But God said unto him, **Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?**

