

Keys To The Kingdom

Abigail Washburn

I've got the keys to the kingdom, the world can't do me no harm

Go Gabrielle get the trumpet, move on down to the sea
Don't you sound that trumpet, til you hear from me

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Take ol' John on the Island, place him in a kettle of oil
Then the angels came from heaven down, told him that the oil wo
uldn't boil

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Take ol' Paul and Silas, place 'em in jail below
Then the angels came from heaven down and unlocked that prison
house door

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When I get in trouble, I know I done no crime
Wake up central in Glory, and Jesus come to the phone

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