

The Bible And The Belt

Bucky Covington

Well I grew up back in the sticks
I was raised on cornbread and scripture
And praise God for teachin' me wrong from right
I had a wild streak
Three counties wide
They would have me
Dead in the sack
It was the hand of God'
That got me out of the hands of the law

Mama taught the bible
Daddy wore the belt
Momma set the table
Daddy rang the bell
The preacher did his best to show me the light
But daddy was the one that kept me walkin' the line
Momma sang the gospel
Daddy drove it home
Momma was an angel
Daddy was the brimstone
One foot in heaven
One foot in hell
I found religion between the bible and the belt

I guess it rings true
But the good book says
What you learn young
You never forget
Daddy's belt left quite an impression on me

I can still hear
Momma's voice in the choir
She set the whole dang church on fire
And it still burns in the deepest part of me

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