

Virgil And The Holy Ghost

Paul Brandt

Me and Virgil the best of friends
Brothers till the very end
Made a pact one sunny afternoon
Down by Cold Pepper Creek

Fishing holes and skipping rocks
down the railroad tracks we'd talk
'Bout girls and cars and hopes and dreams
The way our lives would be

And we swore we'd never change
We would always be the same

Virgil met the Holy Ghost
A little younger than most
at the Gilappi Pentecostal
Tent revival halter call

Everyone from town was there that day
When Virgil gave his soul away
They were praising as I waited
Outside the gospel hall

Where we swore we'd never change
But it would never be the same

Cause it was later on that year
The winter that our mama died
When I told Virgil I don't wanna hear
About love and peace inside
Cause if this God you know is good
How could He allow the pain
Life's been hard enough
So why would I want to be born again

The other night me and Virgil spoke
He travels with the holy ghost
Holding tent revivals
He's out to seek and save

Virgil says he's been set free
By Jesus dying on a tree
And I'm not sure what I believe
My questions still remain

Virgil says that when he prays
He asks the Lord that I'd be saved
I guess some things never change