

GOD'S ROCKER

I'm no Handel composing hallelujahs
for ringing around the world, bouncing
off satellites, spires and pious statues.
I write and sing and move to a different song;
I thump and pick and twang, loud and electric,
sometimes slack-string. I swivel low-down,
up-tempo or whiney blue. I may flat my fifths
but I don't drink 'em. I made Christ my rock.

You say my music, my hot-step rhythm is not
fitting, maybe sacrilegious. Sure, I know,
some gospel bangers you can't always tell
if they're singin' about their lovers
or the Lord. And secular rock is revved
with sex, drugs, violence and cult stuff.
But listen up-- my words come from The Word.
Maybe they're not your style
but my lyrics've got no double meaning
and my beat is honest. Out of ghetto
and jail, despair and deliverance it came.

A Bach chorale won't reach that stud
on the corner, that mama at the bar.
No Latin chant or Anglican anthem,
not even Onward Christian Soldiers will move
that dude on the Harley. When Jesus was here
he mixed with the riffraff, pimps and hookers
and roughnecks. Me, I sing for 'em, tell 'em
the story the only way they'll hear. If I did it
stately and prettified, it'd be Pharisee sound
comin' from me. It would make my witness a lie.
When people hear my music and give their lives
to God it means He's using me for His glory.

These feet-- these drums-- are my hosannas!