

GOD'S ROCKER  
G. R. Holloway

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

You say my music is not fitting--  
maybe sacrilegious. Sure, I know--  
some gospel bangers you can't 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  
coming 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 drums are my hosannas!