

## **CALL IT BLACK**

The way you preach prosperity  
Rings cheap to me.

Dittos from the choir of the company you keep  
Tied to the fingers of your hands in the kettle  
call it black, call it black

'ere the flood's the kind of muck you're racking  
Antediluvian is the thought that comes to mind  
To so many that you alienate with outdated notions of love and hate

Chorus:

You sell fire and you sell fear  
To the choir who smells the sear.  
A pox upon, you put upon a work of fiction  
Your fiction is fabulous and sad

How tolerant of intolerance should one man be?  
Your moral majority seems a bit absurd to me.  
But you rile me up from a lazy haze  
Maybe angry's not the worst way to go these days

Your Old-Time Gospel Hour keeps you company  
You teach them to believe in the politics of greed  
While you blame the real majority  
Remove the blindfold from Liberty

Chorus

Repeat first verse

© 2009 Peach League/Lupold/Williams