

Well the preacher in his church house
All reared back in his chair
But when you tell him about his duty
He'll say that he don't care

Chorus

Do you call that religion, oh no
Do you call that religion, no child no
Do you call that religion, oh no
I declare ain't that a shame

You claim that you've been converted
Why don't you stop telling lies
Quit drinkin' your beer and your whiskey
And live a more different life

Last Sunday while the preacher was a-preachin'
Lord, you all began to shout
When he asked for a little collection
You had your mouth poked out

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