

A Dodgy Blight

Music: Herbert Howells 1936

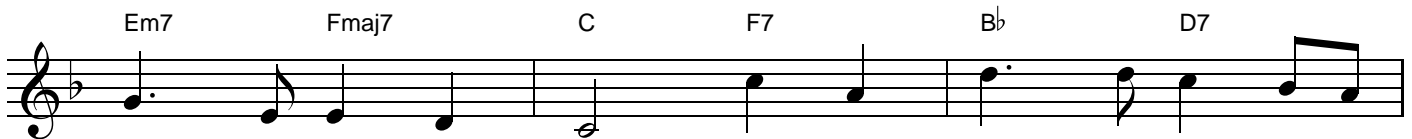
Words; Warren Mars 2018
Arrangement adjusted by Warren Mars 2018



1. All my com - mon sense is gone now. In it's place a
 2. Ma - ry was a vir - gin mo - ther, e - ven though she
 3. Je - sus preached and walked on wa - ter, turned two fish in -
 4. Sun - day is the day for res - ting, yet to church I'm
 5. When I'm dead I'll go to Hea - ven, with a ha - lo



dod - gy blight. Since I joined the Church of Je - sus I can
 had a spouse. Yah - weh's ghost - ly pe - nis slid in - side her
 to a ton. Then to save all folks not born yet, God the
 forced to go. Where I park my ach - ing back - side with the
 in the sky. Where I'll praise the Lord al - migh - ty, til I



see that black is white. With - out brain I feel no
 as she cleaned the house. It's no shit; they did their
 fa - ther killed his son. Can't see how, a dead man
 great - est dags I know. I con - fess, the priest's add -
 wish that I could die. "Let me out!" I'll scream and



pain. Drop me in and pull the long chain.
 bit: Fa - ther Son and Ho - ly Spi - rit.
 now, makes us live for - e - ver some - how.
 res, breaks my mind and bores me sense - less.
 shout. "For sure this ain't what life is a - bout."