

## Is My Name Written There?

Lord, I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold.  
I want to get the furniture from my house that you stole.  
On the back of that fine mahogany chair so fair,  
Tell me, Jesus, you villain, is my name written there?

Lord, thy sins, they are many like the sands of the sea,  
Even worse since you started on this thieving spree,  
But since you broke in and my furniture stole  
I now realize you're nothing but a troublesome troll.

Oh, that beautiful city with its mansions of light,  
With its glorified beings, faces painted all white,  
In the rooms of those mansions with their furniture fair,  
Tell me, Jesus, you villain, you got it from where?

### CHORUS:

Is my name written there on the back of that chair  
That you stole from my house? Is my name written there?

Original Words: Mary A. Kidder

## 'Twas a Bad Day When Jesus Found Me (Tune: 'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me)

I enjoyed my sin when Jesus found me,  
Came to rescue me, what stupid crock so lame.  
So I told him to go away, not hound me.  
Didn't want to play his silly game.

Oh, the bells of churches now are ringing,  
As to advertise their nonsense they do toll,  
But my heart is filled with joyful singing.  
I ignore their fool-hearted droll.

Oh, the joy when we shall turn, oh glory,  
And their religion up their asses shove,  
And we'll end their fool, ridiculous story  
Of a savior's redeeming love.

### CHORUS:

'Twas a bad day when Jesus found me,  
When his mad people did surround me.  
When my sins they tried to take away from me  
And replace them with their hollow piety.  
'Twas a bad day, a tale so sorry.  
'Twas a bad day, I bitch and moan.  
I will shout a glad hosanna in glory  
When they finally leave me alone.

Original Words: Albert Simpson Reitz