Preacherman

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he speaks of God as an old friend
All smiles and memories and praises
The blessings he feels
he preaches
At lunch counters
And out there on the line
All that hot asphalt and concrete chip
The sun turning black skin red
And yellow eyes blue
he speaks of God and wants to know
If I know Him
I tell him I've heard the Name but
We've never met we don't
Travel in the same circles
We've been at the same party once or twice but never
At the same time
We've never spoken He
And I
he speaks of God and you'd swear
They were old roommates from college
Or
God grew up down the block in the days of old summer heat and fire hydrant spray
Tells me I'll meet Him when the time
Is right when I'm ready
Tells me to get ready
Like a blind date
Like a friend trying to set you up
With someone who would be
Just so perfect for you
But honestly I'm not looking to meet
THAT special someone
So I tune him out while
he speaks of God