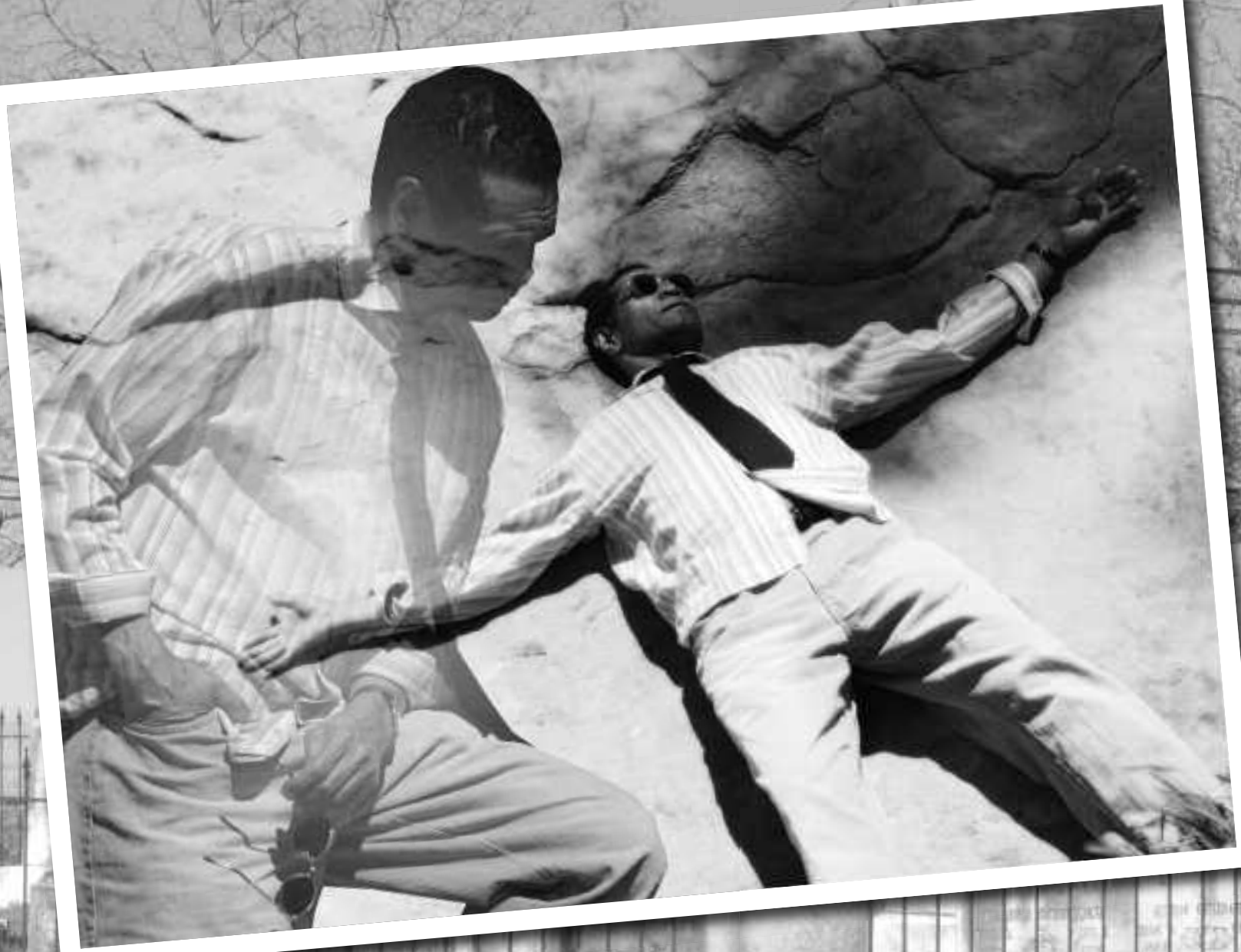


# IT'S NOT THAT SERIOUS



## ROBSOL G. PINKETT, JR.

The pall bearers didn't even know they were dead  
Listening to that man with processed hair, in all gray and long pointed shoes  
Rave and rant about sister this and brother that  
And don't you know the Lord loves a cheerful giver  
He would have them shouting, jumping, singing, dancing  
And even wanting to die  
As he lowered them deeper and deeper into the pit  
And the pall bearers didn't even know they were dead  
Sunday school to church, Sunday always came  
The collection of the hymnals was always a pleasant sight  
Books moving out, plates passing in  
Listening to that man with processed hair, in all gray and long  
Pointed shoes  
Respond to a chorus of brother that's right, you tell em, preach preacher  
Talking about someone already gone, coming back to save the world  
And the pall bearers didn't even know they were dead  
The Lord loves a cheerful giver  
As the first of the collections made it's sting  
Amidst the hallelujahs and amens  
And from within the congregation voices of angels could be heard  
As all would join in song  
The house trembled from centuries of lies  
And the pall bearers didn't even know they were dead  
The ushers, the deacons, and the sister mother's  
All stood on their P's and Q's  
Listening to that man with processed hair, in all gray and long pointed shoes  
Convert the Word into a song of getting paid  
A professional beggar, telling stories from a book that was written on high  
As the plates passed for the kind of money that folds only  
And the pall bearers didn't even know they were dead.