

Chorus:

Verse:

Now, the telephone rang an' it jumped off the wall
That was the preacher, a-makin' his call
He said, "Kind friend, this may be the end
An' you got your last chance of salvation of sin"

Chorus:

Verse:

The churches was jammed and the churches was packed
An' that dusty old dust storm blowed so black
Preacher could not read a word of his text
An' he folded his specs an' he took up collection, said

Chorus: