

Aint No Water in Hell (A Water Shut-off Parable)

for Detroit

Well when God created water, the rivers and the seas
He never did charge for delivery
Then along came a man of the business kind
Said let's make a profit what's God's is mine!
Made a deal with the devil, said might was right
Never woulda tried it if the people were white

Goes home to the safety of suburban skies
Digs himself a pool with the bills he set so high
When he finally lays his head to sleep
His mind is troubled by a voice from the deep,

"There ain't no water in Hell my boy, no there ain't no water in Hell,
better do what's right fore that final bell, cause there ain't no water in Hell."

He jerks outta bed to get some H2O
But there ain't a drop left well whadduya know?
Ain't no coffee and he's tired as hell and just right then he hears himself a bell!
There's a man and a woman all dressed in black,
"We've come for your children better get'em all packed."
He begs and he pleads, asks what did he do?
"Well there ain't no water, that's chi----ld abuse."

Now his children are gone
And his wife left too
He cries in the corner wondrin' what he's gonna do
A wreck of a man and thirsty as Hell
And just right then he hears another bell!

It's the reaper himself and he's carryin' an axe
Says get outta the house ain't paid your property tax
So he goes to the neighbors lookin' for a bed
But when he knocks on the door they try to shoot'em in the head!

"There ain't no water in Hell my boy, no there ain't no water in Hell,
better do what's right fore that final bell, cause there ain't no water in Hell."

He calls up the cops to charge assault
But when they arrive at the scene
They say it was his fault (Private property laws and all)

(Aint No Water in Hell)

He tries to explain but to no avail
Next thing ya know they throw'em in jail

He's sittin' in a cell with a tall black man
Wondrin' how it all just fell through his hands
The man says "Son, ya better trust in the father, now your lookin' mighty thirsty,
have a sip of my water."

He drinks down that water like twas liberty
And thanks the lord for delivery
Just then he awakes
It was just a bad dream
Pours cold water on his face
But still an echoing scream,

"There ain't no water in Hell my boy, no there ain't no water in Hell,
better do what's right fore that final be-----ll, cause there ain't no water in Hell."