Your story's sad to tell

A highway straight to hell

The worst Episcopalian on the block

Your fate is so unclear now

Damnation's what you fear now

The lost-est sheep of any in the flock

Sunday School dropout

No confirmation day for you

Sunday school dropout

Time to ask, what would Jesus do?

He would tell you that you've gone astray

Instead you just dismissed us

You spend all your Sundays sleeping in,

Except Easter and Christmas!

Hear what I'm sayin,

Start spendin' Sundays on your knees

Baby get prayin'

And set your troubled soul at ease

If you linger on this slipp'ry slope

You'll only prove a fool

Skip the mimosas and

go back to Sunday School

Sunday School dropout

Playing with fire and tempting fate

Sunday School dropout

Stealing the money from the plate

Just look and see how paper thin's

The ice on which you're skatin'

One more slip and you will fall into

The waitin' arms of Satan

Baby don't sweat it

You're not cut out to wear the cloth

Better forget it

Keep the black robe and go for Goth

If you'd only studied Matthew

You'd have learned the Golden Rule

Open your prayer book and go back to Sunday School