



## Cleanin' Up the Town

The town was a cesspool of evil controlled by the vilest of men,  
Who saw to it most of the people were kept in the clutches of sin.  
The decent folks asked that a ranger be sent to clean up all the crime,  
But no one showed up but a preacher, who came at the opportune time.  
He preached of the need for repentance, how sin should be strictly abhorred;  
And many a crusty old sinner was saved by the grace of the Lord.

They gave up their quest for a ranger and hired a marshal instead.  
The outlaw who empire was threatened came after the officer's head.  
The preacher slipped into the jailhouse and shoved the cop into a cell;  
He swung the gate shut to ensnare him, ignoring his frustrated yell.  
He put on the marshal's old Stetson and pinned his own badge on his chest.  
He strapped on the officer's gun belt and stepped out to make the arrest.

The outlaw exploded in fury, his hand streaking down for his gun.  
The gleam in his eye was triumphant because of the battles he'd won.  
But all of a sudden he staggered, the front of his shirt spouting red;  
The instant he knew he was beaten the arrogant gunman was dead.  
So why such precipitous judgment on one who refused to repent?  
The preacher who came with the gospel was the ranger the governor sent.



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