

The Way Of The Fallen

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Down in Corpus Christi always around midnight
You'll find the devil limp in' along cause his shoes is too tight
His hair's up in pigtails, his whiskers are in braids
He's talking about the promises he said God forgot He made

Oh the way of the fallen is hard
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Well the devil's drinking whiskey he asked me for a match
He lit up a Salem and said my friends call me scratch.
You people act so high and mighty thinking your God's pride and joy
You're just assembled from boxcars and put together like tinker toys

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Well the devil's got a billy goat and he feeds him marmalade
He comes from the world of the born to the world of the made
His eyes is always bloodshot, he says he don't give a damn
He's mumbling that the world at large is just an elaborate scam

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There's tears in the devils eyes, I ask what's the matter
He said ?These damn religions are spreading like pancake batter ?
Then he took off his shoes and said ?Perhaps I should mention?
I prefer to die with a bottle of wine without the comfort of religion

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