

# The Sins Of Memphisto

John Prine

From the bells of St. Mary to the Count of Monte Cristo  
Nothing can stop, nothing can stop  
Nothing can stop the sins of Memphisto  
Sally used to play with her hula hoops  
Now she tells her problems to therapy groups  
Grampa's on the front lawn staring at a rake  
Wondering if his marriage was a terrible mistake  
I'm sitting on the front steps drinking orange crush  
Wondering if it's possible if I could still blush  
Uh, huh, oh, yeah  
A boy on a bike with courderoy slacks  
Sleeps in the river by the railroad tracks  
He waits for the whistle on the train to scream  
So he can close his eyes and begin to dream  
Uh, huh, oh, yeah  
The hands on his watch spin slowly around  
With his mind on a bus that goes all over town  
Looking at the babies and the factories  
And listening to the music of Mr. Squeeze  
As if by magic or remote control  
He finds a piece of a puzzle  
That he missed in his soul  
Uh, huh, oh, yeah  
Adam and Eve and Lucy and Ricky  
Bit the big apple and got a little sticky  
Esmeralda and the Hunchback of Notre Dame  
They humped each other like they had no shame  
They paused as they posed for a Polaroid photo  
She whispered in his ear Exactly Odo Quasi Modo

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