

# Level With the Devil

## Fake Problems

Well maybe God has a plan for me.  
I could really use some divinity.  
But if that doesn't map itself out I guess  
I'm gonna really have to man-up and  
Watch out for the devil.  
Momma says God's eye is on me.  
These songs you've been writing,  
Well, me and Jesus don't approve.  
Get over it. Well, it seem you're really nervous  
About all the sexy drugs  
That you're so convinced I do so much of.  
And I appreciate the concern, but I'm  
Kind of insulted now  
What kind of person do you think I am?  
You're absolutely terrified  
About the roof over my head.  
You count to yourself every day  
About the ways I'll end up dead.  
And I try and try reluctantly  
To do what that good book says.  
But this won't be the first time  
That I play pretend.  
And, Watch out for the devil.  
Momma says God's keeping up on me.  
I write these songs  
You've been riding.  
Well, me and God don't approve.  
So over it is getting to the point  
You say cry for weeks on end.  
And I never wanted that,  
So lets take it down and sugarcoat  
Every last word.  
Instead of lyrics from now on I'll just  
Hum every.  
And, Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo  
Doo doo doo doo doo  
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo  
Doo doo doo doo doo  
Doo doo doo doo doo And I hate repeating myself

Release after release.  
This reel to reel is nothing more  
Than a diary.  
And I know I must be  
Responsible.  
I just need myself to know  
How far this night ends. Watch out for the devil.  
I know you think hes already got me.  
These songs I've been writing  
Are the only thing that keeps me  
Away from evil. Do you believe in me?  
Do you believe in anything?  
Are you going to sleep tonight  
With a bible under your bed? Oh,  
Come on.

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