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 dooAnd 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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