

# Born With a Tail

## Woodbox Gang

I'd rather choose my soul to lose  
Than leave around just one confused  
And lose desire  
Don't know if I'll ever learn  
Can't wait till I get my turn  
To burn in the infernal hell fireI'm waiting for my last drive  
While the bugle of my backside  
Blows a losing beat  
Hope I don't run out of gas  
Bet my sacrelicious ass  
Ain't nothing down there that scares meOh yeah, and you know  
I'm in league with Satan  
And you know  
There can't be no debatingMy hell-bound trail  
I was born with a tailI'm evil  
Yeah, and I run free  
There's molten lead in me  
So let's get the hellGot the goods, brother, bring it on  
My mother done, brought me up wrong  
And you can use my dick  
For a walkin' stick as wellOh yeah, and you know  
I'm in league with Satan  
And you know  
There can't be no debatingMy hell-bound trail  
I was born with a tail  
I'm on a hell-bound trail  
Born with a tail, alrightIt's time to fly the finger  
Yeah, that middle digit brings your point  
And it drives it home  
On my head there's no crown of thorns  
This evil scalp has earned its horns  
I'm on a high flying time with your mom before I goOh yeah, yeah, yeah, you know  
I'm in league with Satan  
And you know  
There can't be no debatingMy hell-bound trail  
I was born with a tail  
I'm on a hell-bound trail  
Born with a tail

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