

# The Whistler

## The White Buffalo

This time is different  
It's not like the times before  
I crossed my heart, that I won't kill no more  
Jesus watch over me, keep my anger at home  
You better bless these wicked hands, because they got a mind of they're own  
Don't go down town

Devil whispers in my ear, "It's time for your curtain call"  
So I dress myself on up with alcohol  
Step aside, step aside -- let the whistler through  
There really ain't no help at all for folks like me and you  
Don't go downtown, Don't go downtown

Get your god damn hands out, don't you look at me  
No one's dying here alone  
Well I came to get it on  
Let's get it on

This time is different  
Not like the time before  
I crossed my heart, that I won't kill no more

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