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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