

Devil Music

Randall Bramblett

Wolf cried all the way to Memphis
'Cause his mama turned him
Turned him away Don't you know he searched her out
After he was doing good
Little town in Mississippi
He was drivin a big Pontiac
You know he ran up to her
You know he called her by name
Said, mama, can I help you out, I'm doin' good
Tried to slip her some money
But she turned him away, turned him away
Devil get away from me
Sanctified Mama, I can't stop playin' that devil music
Devil music got in my soul I'm satisfied that everybody's wrong sometime
I'm satisfied that nobody knows for sure
And you can't change a sanctified mind
But the need of a mother's love can't be denied Mama, I can't stop playin' that devil music
Devil music got in my soul Older than your Bible
Mean as it needs to be
Stronger than a hurricane
Deep as the Mississippi
Keep you moanin in the midnight hour
Keep you goin when you want to give up
Make you laugh at the twists and turns
Of a life gone wrong
At the cruel world spinning
At the wrong crowd winning
Call it what you want to
Sanctified Mama, I can't stop playin' that devil music
Devil music got in my soul Keep you workin in the fields
Keep you livin through the hurricane
Big man cryin
All the way to Memphis
Cry, cry, cry
Hubert said they couldn't settle him down
Cry, cry, cry

Songwriters

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