

# Miss Jones

## The Devil in Miss Jones

Miss Jones knows, what the dogs like  
And the dogs know, what they like about her  
In the fields of grass where the young boys run  
Away from, away from, away from  
Hey, hey Mrs Jones, when you get down there will you let us know?  
Father John is worried  
Hey, hey Mrs Jones, when you get down there will you let us know?  
Flames of war are b-b-burning  
The hills wish they were mountains  
And the weeds, to be trees  
In the years to come, when we all run  
Away from, away from, away from  
Hey, hey Mrs Jones, when you get down there will you let us know?  
Father John is worried  
Hey, hey Mrs Jones, when you get down there, will you let us know?  
Flames of war are b-b-burning  
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