Old devils

William Elliott Whitmore

The old devils are at it again.
who knows what they'll do.
it's true right now like it was back then. The old devils are at it again. from behind these bars the view don't change. desperation death and despair. from what little i hear of the outside world. well its not to different out there. and they tell me there's a war without no end. The old devils are at it again. they die by the millions children women and men. The old devils are at it again. when i say devil you know who i mean these animals in the dark malicious politicians with nefarious schemes charlatans and crooked cops the moonshine still gives you five to ten The old devils are at it again. stripes on your back and a ball and chain The old devils are at it again. two men stare out of prison bars wonderin what got'em here. one saw mud but the other saw stars. prayin that the end is near. well the billboard outside says "confess your sins" The old devils are at it again. i guess i will confess that I've been sufferin. The old devils are at it again. i said The old devils are at it again. who knows what they'll do. and it's true right now like it was back then. The old devils are at it again. i said The old devils are at it again. oh oh...

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