The Devil Came From Kansas

Procol Harum

(brooker / reid)
The devil came from kansas. where he went to I can't say
Though I teach I'm not a preacher, and I aim to stay that way
There's a monkey riding on my back, been there for some time
He says he knows me very well but he's no friend of mine
I am not a humble pilgrim
There's no need to scrape and squeeze
And don't beg for silver paper
When I'm trying to sell you cheese
The devil came from kansas. where he went to I can't say
If you really are my brother then you'd better start to pray
For the sins of those departed and the ones about to go
There's a dark cloud just above us, don't tell me 'cos I know

I am not a humble pilgrim
There's no need to scrape and squeeze
And don't beg for silver paper
When I'm trying to sell you cheese
No I never came from kansas, don't forget to thank the cook
Which reminds me of my duty: I was lost and now I look
For the turning and the signpost and the road which takes you down
To that pool inside the forest in whose waters I shall drown
I am not a humble pilgrim
There's no need to scrape and squeeze
And don't beg for silver paper
When I'm trying to sell you cheese

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