

The Devil's Been Busy

Traveling Wilburys

While you're strolling down the fairway
Showing no remorse.
Glowing from the poisons
They've sprayed on your golf course
While you're busy sinking birdies,
And keeping your scorecard,
The devil's been busy in your back yard. Steaming down the highway,
with your trucks of toxic waste,
Where you gonna hide it
In the outer space?
You don't know what you're doing
Or what you have to guard
The devil's been busy in your back yard. Sometimes you think you're crazy
But you know you're only mad.
Sometimes your better off not knowing
How much you've been had. You see your second cousin
Wasted in a fight.
You say he had it coming,
You couldn't do it right.
You're in a western movie, playing the part
The devil's been busy in your back yard. Sometimes they say you're wicked
But you know that can't be bad.
Sometimes you're better off not knowing
It'll only make you sad. They're coming down picadilly
Dripping at the dash
Wasting sticky willy
Covering him with their cash.
They just might not have noticed, they've been beating him so hard
The devil's been busy in your back yard.

Songwriters

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