

# The Devil Is My Running Mate

Jason Isbell

The devil is my running mate.  
This here is his favorite state  
Sorry you folks had to wait.  
He always likes to show up late.

No, that ain't a rainbow son.  
It's streetlamps on petroleum  
Let's pull in here and get us some.  
Supplies are running out now.

It ain't the reason for the war.  
That's meanness boy and nothing more.  
They tried to do this all before,  
but Daddy wouldn't let them.

Sometimes I don't what I got into.  
Sometimes I can't stand to read my name.  
Sometimes I can only hear their voices  
casting me back from where I came.

The devil is my running mate.  
Confusion is his favorite state.  
Surely you folks can relate.  
I know we've gathered here to hate.

It doesn't matter who we blame  
as long as you all hear a name.  
All them bastards look the same.  
Everyone is guilty.

Everybody look away.  
Look away. Look away.  
It doesn't matter what I say.  
It's what I do that's shifty.

Sometimes I don't know what we got into.  
Sometimes I don't think I know a thing.  
Sometimes I can't even see the trees now  
for the flames, for the flames.

The devil is my running mate,  
and this here is his favorite state.  
There ain't no other candidate.  
It wouldn't matter anyway.  
The devil is my running mate.  
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