

Dust Devil

Butthole Surfers

I drove out to the canyon grindin' dust up from the sand

I'm with the dust devil

he's got the power of an upright in his god-damned hand

The sand becomes a potent elixir, wind as hot as flame

the bodies fly right through the night

all faceless and without name.

I grab onto a foreign handle, walkin' through a door

I discovered that I was just buyin a pint of 'turkey at the liquor store.

I drove out to the canyon, baby, hit the motherfuckin road.

I paid my fine and [all the lights

looked] exactly like a picture show.

The desert skies before my eyes, they turned into a sea...

A flaming mass of oil and gas, screams of ecstasy.