

Worried about Satan

dEUS

{This is an interpretation}

The years they must be good to you it seems
And we share our dissevered gene
And he's twenty-five sittin' and no complaining
He says you gotta be over the fuzz
You remind even me
That I'm not an absentee
Fuck 'em all, but you mean
And you say you want rid of me

You're not kidding me!

Who's she gonna marry at all
And his face is half of a ball
And he's just been flattering his? doubling
He's staring all over this wall
But he thinks he's allowed
To be smothering in love
But he knows he's a cheese
He's shrubbery
This kinda robbery