

## 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 mary 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