

Demonic Possession

Drive-By Truckers

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His court's in session
I sign my confession
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It was raining on the day she told me
them things that fella sold me
Mama wasn't thee to scold me
No prison or cell could hold me
I still recall the date
I'z probably about eight
when I sealed my fate
You honor I rightly state

Suddenly I had a foot hold
I became such a butthole
I don't need nobody consoling me
No one but the devil controlling me

I can kick ass and talk backward
I hang out with a whole bunch of slackers
and I know I can get some help from him
I listen to a lot of Led Zeppelin

I got so much money I don't need smarts
My records are flying to the top of the charts
and I'm eating in all those fancy restaurants
and Hanging out with Sam Phillips
and I owe it all to him
Oh, the shape I'm in
The devil says the only thing that's buggin him
is Hell's filling up with Republicans