

# The Devil Came from Kansas

Procol Harum

The devil came from kansas. where he went to I can't say  
Though I teach I'm not a preacher, and I aim to stay that way  
There's a monkey riding on my back, been there for some time  
He says he knows me very well but he's no friend of mine

I am not a humble pilgrim  
There's no need to scrape and squeeze  
And don't beg for silver paper  
When I'm trying to sell you cheese  
The devil came from kansas. where he went to I can't say  
If you really are my brother then you'd better start to pray  
For the sins of those departed and the ones about to go  
There's a dark cloud just above us, don't tell me 'cos I know

I am not a humble pilgrim  
There's no need to scrape and squeeze  
And don't beg for silver paper  
When I'm trying to sell you cheese  
No I never came from kansas, don't forget to thank the cook  
Which reminds me of my duty: I was lost and now I look  
For the turning and the signpost and the road which takes you d  
own  
To that pool inside the forest in whose waters I shall drown

I am not a humble pilgrim  
There's no need to scrape and squeeze  
And don't beg for silver paper  
When I'm trying to sell you cheese