

A Fable with No Moral

Quasi

I went and sold my soul so I could pay my rent
I waited by the mail, but the check was never sent
So I called the Devil up, but I just got his machine
I left an angry message, said "I gotta have the green"
I didn't give up then, but I made another plan
If Satan didn't want my soul I'd sell it to the man
I tried to find the number, but it wasn't in the book
I'd get the money anyhow, no matter what it took
No matter what it took
No paragon of virtue, at least I'm not a thief
It's so easily justified but always leads to grief
So I got a piece of cardboard and made myself a sign
To sell my soul below the market rate was my design
I went down on the street and I tried to make the deal
A Land Rover drove right by with Satan at the wheel
He saw what I was doing and said
"That's not yours to sell!
You'll get your check tomorrow
and I'll see your ass in Hell
So you'd better spend it well"