

They Know Me

Voltaire

He slips in through the back door,
And he helps himself to the patients' medicine.
And he likes to look important.
And he always looks like he's impotent.
And each tale that he tells of the lives that he's saved,
Is a spade full of dirt as he's digging his grave.
And the deep blackened hallow he's patched with a badge,
Is the happiness he's never had.
And he says,

"It's all right, they know me here.
It's all right, they know me, they know me."

His flames are yesterday's tinsel,
And his belly's the sail that propels him,
Onto the rocks.
And you know that even the noble Don Quixote would,
Call him a mile away for a windmill.
And each Sunday that passes he's rid of his sins,
And he's ready to do them all over again.
And God won't be mad for the money he stole,
he put some in the offering bowl.
And he says,

"It's all right, they know me here.
It's all right, they know me, they know me."

Soon comes the moment that all souls await,
Just as sure as St. Peter will padlock the gate.
But deep in his wallet's a shiny new coin,
So, he turns and he winks and says,

"It's all right, they know me here.
It's all right, they know me, they know me."

It's all right, they know me here.
It's all right, they know me, they know me."

Devils, for liars, put brands on the fires
And everyone burns, with your glowing, red name on it.
Finally, you've come to a place where they,
Know you well