

A Salty Dog

"The Devil Came From Kansas"

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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 down

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

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