

Beck

"Sweet Satan"

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It was back in the old days
In the time of my grief
When the ladies all disowned me
And my lungs could scarcely breathe

And the wildlife was growing wilder by the day
And I stuck to myself mostly

There was a band of brothers
Who rode unto me
Throwing accusations
I could rarely see

They put a hand upon me
And hung me upside down
And emptied out my pockets
And kicked me on the ground

They took out the hot poker
And branded on my chest
Twisted my ear off
Gasoline on my vest

Set me all a-flaming
Periled and defeated
Pelted me with stones
That felt like certain death

They went on to my lady
And made her kneel low
Tore all her hair loose
And cut through her clothes

Laughed and they hollered
And they painted the horses orange
Put the kids together
And tied them to the porch

Then blaze upon blaze
Did the devils rally 'round
With rifles and sticks

Did they pound on the ground

I rambled and I tumbled

And I fell to my feet

And I never knew the sweat of satan

Tasted so sweet

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