Fake Problems "Level With The Devil"

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Well maybe God has a plan for me. I could really use some divinity.
But if that doesn't map itself out I guess I'm gonna really have to man-up and Watch out for the devil.
Momma says God's eye is on me.
These songs you've been writing,
Well, me and Jesus don't approve.
Get over it.

Well, it seem you're really nervous About all the sexy drugs That you're so convinced I do so much of. And I appreciate the concern, but I'm Kind of insulted now What kind of person do you think I am?

You're absolutely terrified
About the roof over my head.
You count to yourself every day
About the ways I'll end up dead.
And I try and try reluctantly
To do what that good book says.
But this won't be the first time
That I play pretend.
And,

Watch out for the devil.

Momma says God's keeping up on me.
I write these songs
You've been riding.

Well, me and God don't approve.

So over it is getting to the point You say cry for weeks on end. And I never wanted that, So lets take it down and sugarcoat Every last word. Instead of lyrics from now on I'll just Hum every verse. And, Doo doo

And I hate repeating myself
Release after release.
This reel to reel is nothing more
Than a diary.
And I know I must be
Responsible.
I just need myself to know
How far this night ends.

Watch out for the devil.
I know you think he's already got me.
These songs I've been writing
Are the only thing that keeps me
Away from evil.

Do you believe in me?
Do you believe in anything?
Are you going to sleep tonight
With a bible under your bed?

Oh, Come on.

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