

## **Pulsallama**

# **"The Devil Lives In My Husband's Body."**

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Donald, Donald honey, what are you doing down there in the basement?

That's what I said to my husband Donald when he came home from work last night he said, "honey I gotta fix something downstairs".

Well as I was pulling out the casserole I heard this weird barking noise coming from the basement and you know, we don't have a dog.

[chorus]

The devil lives in my husband's body.  
No one can help up but the witch next door.  
The devil lives in my husband's body.  
Our friends can't come over anymore.

So this went on for two weeks everynight he'd go down to the basement and I'd hear this barking. So finally I called up Hilda, the next door neighbor. Well, everybody in town thinks she's a witch. But just because she has 17 cats doesn't make her a witch...does it?

[chorus]

So Hilda agreed to come over for the barbeque we have on Saturday afternoons and we were having a drink, the kids were on the swing set and Donald was making hot dogs and hamburgers. All of a sudden I looked over at him and his face began to twitch and then he started barking and then swearing, like uncontrollably.

[chorus]

So I was totally freaking out, Donald was hysterical. Hilda said he was possessed by the devil and needed an exorcism right away. I sent him to the psychiatric hospital. Two weeks later the doctor called me up and said I'm sorry but your husband has Tourette's Syndrome, an incurable psychiatric disorder. He's going to be barking like that for the rest of his life.

[chorus]  
Oh!...our insurance doesn't cover it.  
Oh!

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