

Procol Harum

"Devil Came From Kansas"

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"The Devil Came from Kansas" by Procol Harum

lyrics by Keith Reid

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'm 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 ones about to go
There's a dark cloud just above us - don't tell me
'cause I know
I'm 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

Though I never came from Kansas, don't forget to
thank the cook
Which reminds me of my duty, I was lost but 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'm 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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