

Ray Wylie Hubbard

"The Way Of The Fallen"

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Down in Corpus Christi always around midnight
You'll find the devil limpin' along cause his shoes is
Too tight
His hair's up in pigtails, his whiskers are in braids
He's talking about the promises he said God forgot He
Made

Oh the way of the fallen is hard
The way of the fallen is hard
The way of the fallen is hard
The way of the fallen is hard

Well the devil's drinking whiskey he asked me for a
Match
He lit up a Salem and said my friends call me scratch.
You people act so high and mighty thinking your God's
Pride and joy
You're just assembled from boxcars and put together
Like tinker toys

Chorus

Well the devil's got a billy goat and he feeds him
Marmalade
He comes from the world of the born to the world of the
Made
His eyes is always bloodshot, he says he don't give a
Damn
He's mumbling that the world at large is just an
Elaborate scam

Chorus

There's tears in the devils eyes, I ask what's the
Matter
He said "These damn religions are spreading like
Pancake batter"
Then he took off his shoes and said "Perhaps I should
Mention"
I prefer to die with a bottle of wine without the
Comfort of religion

Chorus

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