

Harum Procol

"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 yuo 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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