

Pat Green, If I Was The Devil

(Pat Green)

If I was the devil
I'd hang out in blue eye, Missouri
Where the water and the mountain collide
I'd scare all the little children
And rumble around beneath the beds
Tell them all kind of stories
I cant help but get them stuck in their heads

Then I'd take out some of your livestock
You can blame it on the beast of the night
You know it was me
Same as you know wrong and right

If I was the devil
I'd go and find your preacher man
Crusty and white hair
I'd tell him that hell is on the way
Scare him right out of his skin
See the brimstone in his eyes
Then a band of fat white deacons would take him far away
That would be just fine with me
If I was the devil

If I was the devil
I'd gather up all your dreams
And drop them to the bottom of a black lagoon
I'd steal away all your patience and steal away all your pride
Leave you with nothing but uncontrollable fear
And then I'd reveal my masterpiece
As I dance around with the night
Down in blue eye, Missouri
Where the water and the mountain collide