

# Beck, Sweet Satan

It was back in the old days  
In the time of my grief  
When the ladies all disowned me  
And my lungs could scarcely breathe  
And the wildlife was growing wilder by the day  
And I stuck to myself mostly  
There was a band of brothers who rode unto me  
Throwing accusations I could rarely see  
They put a hand upon me  
And hung me upside down  
And emptied out my pockets  
And kicked me on the ground  
They took out the hot poker  
And branded on my chest  
Twisted my ear off  
Gasoline on my vest  
Set me all a-flaming  
Periled and defeated  
Pelted me with stones  
That felt like certain death  
They went on to my lady  
And made her kneel low  
Tore all her hair loose  
And cut through her clothes  
Laughed and they hollered  
And they painted the horses orange  
Put the kids together  
And tied them to the porch  
Then blaze upon blaze  
Did the devils rally 'round  
With rifles and sticks  
Did they pound on the ground  
I rambled and I tumbled  
And I fell to my feet  
And I never knew  
The sweat of satan  
Tasted so sweet