

Dog Fashion Disco, Satanic Cowboy

satanic cowboy, demonic hillbilly
possesses country folk to nashvilles southern rockabilly
the mans got problems he ain't wrapped to tight
i've seen him trottin' around on his headless horse at night
he's known to hit the seen, he poses in the nude
he started his own cult of redneck biker dudes
known irreverently to some as the overlords anxiety
claims there's a reflection of what's wrong with society

shit's goin' down so get the fuck out of town
shit's goin' down so get the fuck underground (x2)

the root of all evil is the smile of a demon
an inebriated slob on gin and tonic, blood and semen
he'll spawn his seed until this town becomes a petting zoo
the voicies in his head are singing, rock n roll's the devils's tool
rock n roll's the devils's tool, that's what they always told you
now he reaps the benifits of the records that they sold you
we must confront the incubus and see that he dies
so the town people gathered and they planned his demise

shit's goin' down so get the fuck out of town
shit's goin' down so get the fuck underground (x2)

it's all in your head (x4)

there's no such thing as evil

it's just a complex, a complex personality (x4)

there was a little boy whose daddy drank too much
and then he'd beat him up, I said he'd beat him up
there was a little boy whose daddy drank too much
and now he's all grown up, I said he's all grown up

shit's goin' down so get the fuck out of town
shit's goin' down so get the fuck underground (x2)