

Drive-By Truckers, Demonic Possession

(chorus)

Demonic Possession
His court's in session
I sign my confession
Demonic Possession

It was raining on the day she told me
them things that fella sold me
Mama wasn't thee to scold me
No prison or cell could hold me
I still recall the date
I'z probably about eight
when I sealed my fate
You honor I rightly state
(repete chorus)

Suddenly I had a foot hold
I became such a butthole
I don't need nobody consoling me
No one but the devil controlling me

I can kick ass and talk backward
I hang out with a whole bunch of slackers
and I know I can get some help from him
I listen to a lot of Led Zeppelin
(repete chorus)

I got so much money I don't need smarts
My records are flying to the top of the charts
and I'm eating in all those fancy restaurants
and Hanging out with Sam Phillips
and I owe it all to him
Oh, the shape I'm in
The devil says the only thing that's buggin him
is Hell's filling up with Republicans
(repete chorus twice)

lyrics by Patterson Hood

music by Drive-by Truckers (Cooley, Hood, Howell, Lane, Neff, Sell)