

Jennifer Nettles, That Man They Call Diablo

Born on the summer solstice of '73.
Daddy ran off and left her for another woman,
Said you never meant that much to me,

Baby roll with the punches
even though the end is not in sight.
Well you can pray with the people there on Sunday,
But I'm dancing with the devil; I'm dancing like the devil here tonight.

Raised by my grandmother the spirit healer,
In a house where jasmine incense filled the air.
Read your soul out to you in another language with one cold and fixed stare.

And she said, Baby roll with the punches,
Even though the end is not in sight.
Well do you pray with the people there on Sunday?
'Cause I swear I smell the devil here tonight.

Tattooed by that man they call Diablo
Knew he must have been the devil himself.
One cold grey streak in his hair, the rest like tar pitch.
And that's when she lost her will.

And she said, Baby roll with the punches,
Even though the end is not in sight.
Well I pray with the people there on Sunday
But I'm sleeping with the devil here tonight.