

Quasi, A Fable With No Moral

I went & sold my soul so I could pay my rent,
I waited by the mail, but the check was never sent.
So I called the Devil up, but I just got his machine.
I left an angry message, said I gotta have the green!
I didn't give up then, but I made another plan:
If Satan didn't want my soul I'd sell it to the man.
I tried to find the number, but it wasn't in the book.
I'd get the money anyhow, no matter what it took -
No matter what it took...
No paragon of virtue, at least I'm not a thief -
It's so easily justified but always leads to grief.
So I got a piece of cardboard & made myself a sign.
To sell my soul below the market rate was my design.
I went down on the street & I tried to make the deal.
A Land Rover drove right by with Satan at the wheel.
He saw what I was doing & said "That's not yours to sell!
You'll get your check tomorrow & I'll see your ass in Hell
-
So you'd better spend it well..."