

# Tell It To The Devil

The Marshall Tucker Band

I can't stand to see a grown man  
Hit a little kid  
Or get cussed out for somethin'  
Not even knowin' what he did

See a man any man  
Messin' 'round with your best friend's wife  
Or sit helpless in the corner  
And watch a man drink away his life  
I'm gonna clean up my soul lord  
You don't owe me no back pay  
I'm gonna tell that to the devil  
When I see him today  
Walked to a graveyard  
May they all rest in peace  
I wish they could all go to heaven  
I bet two did at least

Someone that don't feel sorry  
For the helpless and the blind  
Kinda makes you wanna pick up the bible  
And memorize every single line  
I'm gonna clean up my soul lord  
You don't owe me no back pay  
I'm gonna tell that to the devil  
When I see him today

See a man walk by a beggar  
With an empty tin cup  
Kinda makes you wanna grab him

By the back of the neck  
Knock him down and never pick him up  
I'm gonna clean up my soul lord  
You don't owe me no back pay  
I'm gonna tell that to the devil  
When I see him today

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