

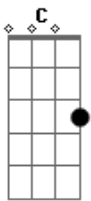
Pat Green - If I Was The Devil

Tom: C

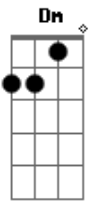
If I was the devil^{Dm}
 I'd hang out in Blue Eye, Missouri^{Am}
 Where the water and the mountain collide^G
 I'd scare all the little children^{Dm}
 And rumble around beneath the beds^{Am}
 Tell them all kind of stories^G
 You can't help but get them stuck in their heads^A
 Then I'd take out some of your livestock^{Dm}
 You can blame it on the beast of the night^{Am}
 But you know it was me^G
 Same as you know wrong and right^A
 If I was the devil^{Dm}
 I'd go and find your preacher man^{Am}
 Crusty and white hair^G
 I'd tell him that hell is on the way^{Dm}

Scare him right out of his skin^{Am}
 See the brimstone in his eyes^G
 Then a band of fat white deacons would take him far away^{Dm}
 That would be just fine with me^{Am}
 If I was the devil^G
 If I was the devil^{Dm}
 I'd gather up all your dreams^{Am}
 And drop them to the bottom of a black lagoon^G
 I'd steal away all your patience and steal away all your pride^{Dm}
 Leave you with nothing but uncontrollable fear^A
 And then I'd reveal my masterpiece^G
 As I dance around with the night^{Am}
 Down in Blue Eye, Missouri^G
 Where the water and the mountain collide^A
 Dm Am G A Dm

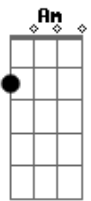
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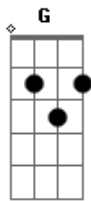
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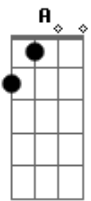
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