

The Stroke

Dr. John

Stickin' to my guns
Dis time I swear
Steady like tree sap
Never gonna tear
Couldn't if I wanted
Wouldn't never dare
Gonna sit my butt
In a easy chair

Round and round
Till the Stroke of Three
When I see all Hell
Comin' down on me
Not gonna holler
I'm never gonna yell
So the Devil, he can just go
Straight to Hell
So the Devil, he can just go
Straight to Hell

Goin' in the light
This time I know
Goin' like a sunbeam
Fireworks show
Gonna keep what I gotten
Gonna go real slow
Gonna plant my ass
On a rodeo

Round and round
Till the Stroke of Nine
I hear all Hell
Comin' up from behind
But it sounds pretty close
But I really can't tell
So the Devil, he can just go
Straight to Hell
So the Devil, he can just go
Straight to Hell

Gonna get a break
This time I pray
Cuz I can't get a break
Doin' things my way
Woulda be so kind
As to pass that knife
So I can cut off my head
And get on with my life

Round and round
Till the Stroke of One
Seems like the games
Have just begun
Well, I'm not gonna buy it
And I'm never gonna sell
So the Devil, he can just go
Straight to Hell

So the Devil, he can just go
Straight to Hell