

Ever since I was a little baby  
Had the devil on my mind  
Two dimensional Satan on the wall  
And the thread would start to wind

Hold me closer  
Move aside Mr. Wilson  
Please move aside

In the sand the circle getting bigger  
Till it all gets out of hand  
On the mountain... let go of the angel  
And to my mom I ran

Hold me closer

Any day.. yesterday.. there's tomorrow to say  
Let's forget it anyway  
Can you try to understand...  
What's this mark upon my hand

My nose was held shut and my mouth open  
With a spoon shoved down my throat  
One little piggy walking with a pumpkin  
And a mustard headed goat

Hold me closer  
Please move aside Mr. Wilson  
Would you please move aside

Hey Betty May, it's summertime in Jersey  
Don't you know the kids will freeze  
Please don't pop your eyes out for me deary  
Cause the man behind you sees

Hold me closer

Anyday... yesterday... there's tomorrow to say  
Let's forget it anyway  
Can you try to understand...  
What's this mark upon my hand?

At the bottom of a box of five black markers  
Is a buried Swedish pen  
If at Thanksgiving... if you want to see me  
Then you better be my kin

Hold me closer  
For the love of god, Mr. Wilson  
For the love of god

Anyday... yesterday... there's tomorrow to say  
Let's forget it anyway  
Can you try to understand  
What's this mark upon my hand  
Would you sing a song for me  
Cause I broke your rosary