

Old Nick's Still Got It

The Buttersons

Heads in the sand
Dig for the sun
Kick for the shore
Old Nick's still got it

Temperatures rise
Hot heads collide
Brothers no more
Old Nick's still got it

Yes, he does

I was wondering alone
In the desert at dusk
Kicking the bones
Of greats we used to trust

Yes, he does

It's rich in cliché, yes, I know
But someday you'll see things my way
Keep looking around for a friend
But somehow I'm running into him

Awoke amid a foul hour
The old hag, she sits
At the foot of my bed
Cackling and licking her lips

I was wandering alone in the desert at dusk
Crushing the skulls
Old Nick's still got it

It's drenched in cliché, yes, I know
But someday you'll see things my way
Keep looking around for a friend
But somehow I'm running into him