

# The Devil Is Real

The Felice Brothers

Pharaoh, my Pharaoh, my Bonnie is dead  
She's in my Camaro with a tear in her dress  
Last night at the drive-in, she kicked off her heels  
And said boy let me know if the devil is real

Bonnie the birthmark at the base of your ass  
Is shaped like the gallows and the shadows they cast  
Pharaoh, that shadow is shaped like a cross  
Swing Bonnie, swing, 'til you swing us across

Queens Bridge, Queens Bridge, rusty Queens burrough  
You'd be our passage to the wide open world  
And we've come on driving with a song in our throats  
Howling our way into the greatest of shows

Pharaoh, my Pharaoh, the devil is real  
He's in my Camaro with his teeth on the wheel  
And mile on mile, field after field  
Skyline and silo and the devil is real