

Dr Schwamp

CONDEMNED TO SWING

I just can't stop moving around. Shaking and dancing to that devil beat. Oh! Stop that dancin!

Trouble ain't my middle name
Trouble, ain't truly my game
Beelzebub, the Dark One, Mephistopheles
Let go your hold of my soul I'm begging you please

I tell you folks what you gotta do
When the judge hands down inevitable doom
You gotta stand up (get up) throw back (your head) and shout
(Your honour) I'd sooner be dead

Condemned to Swing – I won't drop dead now
Condemned to Swing – I can't stop it now
The Devil's gotta hold of me, he ain't letting go, before I
shot my lady done an' told her so...

These boots keep a-jigging and a-jiving 'cross town
Every time I hear that big band sound
With the hassle I get, the trouble I give
I'd sooner drop dead now rather than

Condemned to Swing – I won't drop dead now
Condemned to Swing – I can't stop it now
The Devil's gotta hold of me, he ain't letting go, before I
shot my lady done an' told her so...

Ooh it's not that devil beat again. I can't stop dancin'

Order in the court! Send in the prisoner, docket number 279
Son, please state your name for the record (George Aloysious Jones)
Plead your case for the good jury to hear.

Heading home from cotton picking at the setting of the sun
When I come upon the crossroads, done heard a song

From way over yonder by Perdition Swamp, kinda catchy little number wants to giddup and stomp
Closer I get, it's Benny's Sing, Sing, Sing. It's a demon band they got the right swing
Well my body started twitching, popping so, like some puppet master jerking me, pulling to and fro
All of a sudden from the shadows and trees, these crazy naked ladies come a dancing on their knees
What's a man to do when this goes on? Bless my soul, two shakes, they had my clothes off
Folks of the jury, my fellow men, throw myself at your mercy and hope you see sense
It weren't my fault that depravity, 'twas the devil's music – inside of me

Burnin'...it's the Devil's dance
Burnin'...you take a chance
Burnin'...it's the Devil's dance
Burnin'...you take a chance
Ahhhhh burnin'... it's the Devil's dance – you take a chance
If the tie around yer neck, don't feel too loose, maybe
Old Scratch gotchya in da Hangman's noose
I tell you folks what you gotta do
When the judge hands down inevitable doom
(You) gotta stand up (get up) throw back (your head) and shout
(Your honour) I'd sooner be dead

Condemned to Swing – Won't drop dead now
Condemned to Swing – I can't stop it now
The Devil's gotta hold of me, he ain't letting go, before I
shot my lady done an' told her so...

These boots keep a-jigging and a-jiving 'cross town
Every time I hear that big band sound
With the hassle I get, the trouble I give
I'd sooner drop dead now rather than
Living round back by the railroad track
Old Scratch got me in a gunny sack
Whatchya gonna do to me, whatchya gonna do through me
Make me dance, make me prance, make me romance...

Condemned to Swing – Can't stop it now
Condemned to Swing – Won't drop dead now
The Devil's gotta hold of me, he ain't letting go
The Devil's gotta hold of me, he ain't letting go
The Devil's gotta hold of me, he ain't letting go, before I
shot my sister done an' told her so...

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