

MEAN AS HELL

The devil in hell we're told was chained a thousand years he there remained
He neither complain nor did he groan but was determined to start a hell of
his own
Where he could torment the souls of men without being chained in a prison
pen
So he asked the Lord if he had on hand anything left when he made this land
The Lord said yes there's a plenty of hand but if I left it down by the Rio
Grande
The fact is ol' boy the stuff is so poor
I don't think you could use it as the hell anymore
But the devil went down to look at the truck
And said if he took it as a gift he was stuck
For after lookin' that over carefully and well he said this place is too dry
for hell
But in order to get it off his hand the Lord promised the devil to water the
land
So trade was closed and deed was given and the Lord went back to his home in
heaven
And the devil said now I got all what's needed to make it good hell and he
succeeded
He began by putting thorns all over the trees
He mixed up the sand with millions of fleas
He scattered tarantulas along the road put thorns on cactus and horns on
toad
Lengthened the horns of the Texas steer put an addition to the rabbits ear
Put a little devil in the bronco steed and poisoned the feet of the
centipede
The rattlesnake bites you the scorpion stings
The mosquito delights you with his buzzing wings
The sunburst are there and so the ants
And if you sit down you'll need have soles on your pants
The wild boar roams on a black chaparral it's a hell of a place that he has
for hell
The heat in the summers are hundred and ten too hot for the devil too hot
for men
The red pepper grows upon the banks of the brook
The Mexican use it in all that he cook
Just dine it with one of 'em and you're bound to shout
I've hell on the inside as well as it out
My hands are calloused July to July I use a Big Dipper to navigate by
Fight off the wolves to drink from my well so I have to be mean as hell
A sheep herder came and put up the fence
I saw him one day but I ain't seen him since
But if you're needin' mutton we've got mutton to sell
We're cowpunchers and we're mean as hell
Neither me nor my pony's got a pedigree but he takes me where I'm wantin' to
be
I'll ride him to death and when he is fell I'll get me another one mean as
hell
I shot me a calf and I cut off her head
Cause the boys in the bunkhouse are waitin' to be fed
They rise in chime with the five thirty bell
And the best one of any of 'em is mean as hell