

Nine Pound Hammer, Turned Traitor For A Piece

This ol' world ain't nothin' but gravy, if you're lucky, a real friend or two.
Start crossin' lines, everything gets blurred and hazy, nail your best friend's girl,
You got nothin' to lose.

And you find yourself lookin' in the mirror.
And you ask yourself why you're such a whore.
The halo's gone and the horns are gettin' clearer.
Get it while you can, who's keepin' score?

Now, Jesus was a man, and you get tired of your hand
All he wanted was a little taste. But Magdalene held his fate,
And for all our goodness' sakes, Jesus kept his date with the nail.

You come to a fork in the road, and you don't know which way to go.
Save your soul, or turn traitor for a piece of tail.

Us boys and girls drive each other crazy, feelin' like choptop in a meat factory.
It's your big chance to be sinful and sleazy, the world might end, so get it while the gettin's good.