

Olivia Chrestomanci, Crossroad Demon Blues

This must be my lucky day
Oh what a beautiful boys come my way
Aint nobody can offer protection
to a man set on a resurrection.

Weve met before and I know his name
Oh what a beautiful boys come my way
He dont need no introduction
Hes got a well-known will for self-destruction

Ah what do I see in those eyes
Green as crumbling mountainsides
Grief-stricken hard and ready to make a deal
Hes always been a gamblin man
But the stakes have never been so lethal

His hands are shaking but his back is straight
Oh what a beautiful boys come my way
Two roads crossing in a field of wheat
The stars are screaming but he dont heed
Im the only woman can give him what he needs.

[facemelting guitar solo]

Somebodys lovely bodys growing cold as clay
Oh what a beautiful boys come my way
He aint gonna worry about the fire or the pain
If the heart hes a part of will start beating again.

Ah what do I see in those eyes
Green as moss on a mountainside
Grief-stricken certainty burnin up through his chest
Hes always been a gamblin man
So Ill see his forfeit and raise him a kiss
Hes always been such a beautiful man
so Ill take his forfeit and end him with a kiss.