

Skyclad, Great Blow For A Day Job

Hear my tale - I'm norman normal, always humble, mild and meek.
In my bank a lowly banker - run-down brach on nowhere street
'till one day a stranger called - a fetid bible black he laughed,
said "Sonny I don't want your money, I don't need an overdraft.

Boy you have a great potential, don't you let it go to waste.
My offer ends - so it's essential that you hurry on (make haste!).
For a life of milk and honey sign along the dotted line...
Thirty years of girls and money - at the end your soul is mine!"

No one can dissuade me - I'm down on my knees,
my conscience says "No" - my libido "Yes please!"
If I put my pen to paper for eternity I'm damned.
If I don't I'll never be the singer in a fiddel band.
Can anyone blame me? - I don't think they'd dare,
my soul says "No way" - But my mouth cries "Oh yeah!"

Here I am - your good friend norman, not so humble anymore.
Others age - but I look younger, stronger that I did before.
I used to drive a Fiat Panda - now a lime green Cadillac.
Guess my story goes to show not all the 'devils' own' dig black.

I know there is a price I must pay for my thirty years misspent,
when my satanic manager recoups my soul (100%).
I'll meet him at the crossroads, midnight chimes - my time has come
to party with the 'porno-queens' down by the shores of acheron.

I'll party on in acheron!

No one could dissuade me - I fell to my kness,
my conscience said "No" - my libido "Yes please!"
I have put my pen to paper and eternally am damned,
I've squandered my immortal soul by singing in a fiddle band.
Could anyone blame me? - I don't think they dare,
my soul said "No way" - but my mouth cried "Oh yeah!"

'Evil I did dwell - Lewd did I live' -
It's a small price to pay for the gift that he gives.
Was it all worth it? - I'm too drunk to tell,
I swap my cocaine for the brimstone of hell.

The end.