

Tracy Chapman, Crossroads

All you folks think you own my life
But you never made any sacrifice
Demons they are on my trail
I'm standing at the crossroads of the hell
I look to the left I look to the right
There're hands that grab me on every side

All you folks think I got my price
At which I'll sell all that is mine
You think money rules when all else fails
Go sell your soul and keep your shell
I'm trying to protect what I keep inside
All the reasons why I live my life

Some say the devil be a mystical thing
I say the devil he a walking man
He a fool he a liar conjurer and a thief
He try to tell you what you want
Try to tell you what you need

Standing at the point
The road it cross you down
What is at your back
Which way do you turn
Who will come to find you first
Your devils or your gods

All you folks think you run my life
Say I should be willing to compromise
I say all you demons go back to hell
I'll save my soul save myself