

# 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 comprmise  
I say all you demons go back to hell  
I'll save my soul save myself