

Clutch, The Devil & Me

The devil and me had a falling out.
Violation of contract beyond a shadow of a doubt.
Wherever he go, whomever he meet.
He got to cross my house on the other side of the street.

And you know that's the truth. Now here's the part that the devil sings while he's hanging his head in a hard rain:

Where I'm headed, I don't know.
Down this path, we all go.
Grace and luck, blood from stone.
Got nowhere to call my home.

What comes around goes around three-fold or more.
Now you can't get off of that killing floor.

I'm going back to Tennessee, back where I come from.
Gonna head back to Beale Street, Beale Street and Oblivion.

The devil and me, bad blood and beef.
An undisciplined child, a liar and a thief.
It's a low down shame, we were the best of friends.
But I suppose all good things got to come to an end.

What comes around goes around three-fold or more.
Now you can't get off of that killing floor.

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Gonna head back to Beale Street, Beale Street and Oblivion.
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Gotta get off of that killing floor.