

# Damhnait Doyle, Deal With God

I made a deal with God  
I tried to cheat fate  
Was hoping He got lost or just forgot  
But now He's back to get paid

Traded all of my angels  
For the devil I knew  
I guess I bit off  
More than I could chew

But I swallowed it whole  
It tasted like pink champagne  
Water into wine tricks them every time  
And it sure feels good  
When everyone knows me by name  
And after that goes I'll just cushion the blow  
If it's all the same

You stopped it cold  
The very air that I breathe  
I got one more shot  
But I feel about as lucky as the number 13

And it's hard to get up  
From this bed that I made  
The taste of my design  
Was more than I could take

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(And I swallowed it whole)