

Murder By Death, The Devil In Mexico

[Distant]

"Well, I'll take two shots," said the Devil to the Man
And laid a little book on the bar
Well, Lord knows the Devil, he only talks shit
And only drinks whiskey from the jar
And his hands were raw
And his eyes were cold
And his breath was pure alcohol
And the sound of his voice, it never got old
And he talked and talked, talked through the night
Just sippin' his shine 'til the morning light
Stumbled into the shade and as he started to go
I put three bullets in his back

[Normal]

Well, the Devil's bleedin' crude oil from a hole in his chest
And it's pangin' on the bed pan, drippin' through the bedsheets
And all the businessmen are puttin' pails beneath his wounds
And pawnin' the oil at the market
Well his heart ain't made of nothin' but piss and vinegar
And his boots have trampled more than you would know
And his breath has split open the thermometer on the sill
It's so fucking cold in here since you brought in the snow

Black heart leaking oil in the pan
Dealin' insults with his free hand
In this hospital bed bleedin'
Black heart, you shot the plan to hell
And the apathy ate you up inside

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Like the slivers on lead inside your food
He's the poison inside you
And you eat until you're full
And you eat until you're full
He lit the fires inside your belly full of medicine and whiskey
All the aspirin, Valium, Codeine pills, and silver rum

Someone sail a Hail Mary for this house
Bless the corners and burn the Devil out