

# 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