Slightly Stoopid, Devil's Door

Heard you knockin' on the
Devil's door
Come back tommorow baby
Cause he aint takin' any more
See you walkin' down on
Bourbon street
I can tell you girl
Who the man is you've got to meet
Well he's go the flashy diamonds
He's got the brand new car
Says he's got the kind of things
The kind of things that'll take you far
An' alls you've got to give
Alls ya got to give
Is a just a little bit 'o lovin' girl
Whoa no no yeah
Just a little bit 'o lovin girl
Whoa no no yeah
Well like a vampire
She stalks the streets at night
Say's he's gonna give you every thing you want and more
If the time is right
And no you aint got
You aint got
To take
But any bit of his lovin' girl
No no oh yeah
Any bit of his lovin girl
Say money's comin' in
But every thing is fine
Food on the fridge
And there's plenty of time
To get you back up on top again
Its better than bein' at the bottom
In the bitter end
But i got you in the game
The story's told
Devils come around
To take your soul
Said he wants to be your number one man
And tell you when to walk
And who to fuck
And when you can stand
The back seat of
A limosine
But if you make a million dollars
Baby you'll be the queen
Of it all
Oh no no yeah
You'll be the queen of it all
Whoa no no yeah