

# Slightly Stoopid, Devil's Door

Heard you knockin' on the  
Devil's door  
Come back tomorrow 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 got 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