Viva Voce, From The Devil Himself

He had a cheap guitar
And he wrote this tune
It goes: "Somebody owes me something.
It might as well be you."

Hey now
You're gonna get your blood sucked out

He had a dirty mind
And sent this note
It said: "We're gonna get some money for nothing.
On every song you wrote."

Hey now
You're gonna get your blood sucked out

You were sent from the devil himself to me (yeah)
And I'll see you in hell before we're through
'Cause I got nothing to prove to you

He had a crooked eye
With a sideways glance
And thought: "I'll catch you in some twisted logic,
And then I'll watch you dance."

Hey now
You're gonna get your blood sucked out

Six billion people
Six billion ways (to do)
Six billion kinds of damage
That all feel the same

Hey now
You're gonna get your blood sucked out

You were sent from the devil himself to me (yeah)
And I'll see you in hell before we're through
'Cause I got nothing to prove to you

You were sent from the devil himself to me (yeah)
And I'll see you in hell before we're through
'Cause I got nothing to prove

You're gonna get your blood sucked out
You're gonna get your blood sucked out
You're gonna get your blood sucked out
You're gonna get your blood sucked out