

One Deal with the Devil

Bullet

A full moon rise close to midnight
Feel the smell of cigars
A mean face in a mean place
Dealing out the cards

I had it coming, I had it in sight
Something was haunting the air that night
I kept on flipping and switching
Claiming the gain, playing the boss
I was on top of the game

A black suit man with a smooth hand
He started pulling it in
From hell sent, my opponent
A vicious gold tooth grin

I bet my ride, I bet my gun
My luck turned, he always won
He said; my name is the Devil
And these are the rules
You owe me your soul
It's time to pay your dues

One strike of evil
One night on your own
One deal with the devil
Now greet hell with your soul

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One night on your own
One deal with the devil
Greet hell with your soul

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