

## Party of the First Part

Bauhaus

Who are you?  
My card, pretty lady  
'Devil May Care' music production, Beelzebub, president  
I like your style, too bad you're not a singer  
Oh, but I am, I am a singer  
Hmm, no fooling  
No, no listen  
Fantastic, different  
I want to be a star, oh, please  
You've talked me into it, contract  
Just our standard contract, nothing fancy

Fame, fortune, fans, gold records, concerts, world tours  
Your name in lights  
Take your time, read it all  
Oh, I give up, can I trust you?  
Okay, I'll sign  
Write, pen  
Where's the ink?  
We always use blood, it's more permanent  
Oh, I don't know, can't we wait for dad?  
Oh, for sure, I'll be back next year, come on, Wease  
Next year? Oh wait, wait, stop, stop, I'll sign  
What about a band?  
I know a drummer

She can't be bothered kid, she's got an interview  
The interview circus is so absurd and so silly  
How do you feel about your sudden success?  
Well, I, I feel like being a big star is really great, you know  
It's, it's like fabulous, lonely too, sometimes  
Oh, that's nice  
This is the biggest thing ever to hit rock  
You're at the top now, sweetie  
Yea, but where do I go from here?  
Don't worry, I want you, we have a bargain  
No, I didn't mean that, wait  
I've been waiting, now it's my turn  
No  
According to our contract, at precisely midnight  
At the moment of her greatest triumph  
The party of the first part, that's you  
Agrees to render up her soul now and forever more  
To the party of the second part, that's me  
Shall we go?