

# Sympathy For The Devil

Futurebirds

Please allow me to introduce myself  
I'm a man of wealth and taste  
I've been around for a long, long years  
Stole million man's soul an faith  
And I was 'round when Jesus Christ  
Had his moment of doubt and pain  
Made damn sure that Pilate  
Washed his hands and sealed his fate

Pleased to meet you  
Hope you guess my name  
But what's puzzling you  
Is the nature of my game

Stuck around St. Petersburg  
When I saw it was a time for a change  
Killed Tsar and his ministers  
Anastasia screamed in vain  
I rode a tank  
Held a general's rank  
When the blitzkrieg raged  
And the bodies stank

Pleased to meet you  
Hope you guess my name  
Ah, what's puzzling you  
Is the nature of my game

I watched with glee  
While your kings and queens  
Fought for ten decades  
For the gods they made  
I shouted out  
Who killed the Kennedys?  
When after all  
It was you and me  
Let me please introduce myself  
I'm a man of wealth and taste  
And I laid traps for troubadours  
Who get killed before they reached Bombay

Pleased to meet you  
Hope you guessed my name, oh yeah  
But what's puzzling you  
Is the nature of my game

Pleased to meet you  
Hope you guessed my name, oh yeah  
But what's confusing you  
Is just the nature of my game

Just as every cop is a criminal  
And all the sinners saints  
As heads is tails  
Just call me Lucifer  
'Cause I'm in need of some restraint  
So if you meet me

Have some courtesy  
Have some sympathy, and some taste  
Use all your well-learned politnesse  
Or I'll lay your soul to waste

Pleased to meet you  
Hope you guessed my name, oh yeah  
But what's puzzling you  
Is the nature of my game