

# Devil's Nachos

Hanson

I met the devil at the Taco Bell  
Said how ya doing, how's it burning in hell?  
He said hot damn, give me a chance  
I'll show you boy why the demons dance  
Stop short and give me your price  
I see the fire that is burning your eyes  
He said listen son I'll sell it to you cheap  
Sell you a bowl for the price of your soul

Devil's nachos  
Too hot  
Devil's nachos  
Way too hot  
Devil's nachos  
They're not your nachos

He put the bowl on the table  
Said take a bite if you think you're able  
To bear the heat of a burning sun  
In your stomach 'til the kingdom come  
Right then  
I stood straight  
And took a chip  
In my hand  
And put the thing  
On my tongue  
And felt the tingle of my taste buds

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I leaned close  
So he could hear  
Every word  
Very clear  
It's not hot  
It's not warm  
It don't sting  
It don't burn  
I won't sign on the dotted line  
'Cause the contract says that I'll burn 'til the end of time  
Hell must be frozen through  
'Cause you're not the devil that I thought I knew  
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Devil's nachos  
Way too hot

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