

## Spirits

### Devil Makes Three

Four white horses in a line  
Take you to the burying ground  
On the wind I hear you sing  
When I stop not a sound

I want to go back  
But the page has been burned  
When are you coming home  
I won't ever learn

Too many spirits  
In this house now  
Too many spirits  
In my head  
Too many spirits  
In that bottle  
All I do is speak with the dead

The place where you used to laugh  
Is empty now  
Standing vacant  
Hollowed out

Dealing the cards  
I keep pulling the tower  
They say you won't know the day now  
I say you won't know the hour

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In this house now  
Too many spirits  
In my head  
Too many spirits  
In that bottle  
All I do is speak with the dead

There were three who held me up  
Three going down  
Tell me who should I call  
To reach under the ground

I hear them talking  
As clear as I hear you  
I'm standing in line  
Going to see you soon

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