

Sweeping

Devil Makes Three

Red carpet crying baby blue
Nothing that crosses your lips is true
You'll be philosophizing, or criticizing
Until your face turns blue

And while you're sitting in your ivory tower high
All those drinkers in those ditches just wither and die
Drinking off all those sweet tears that you cry
'Cause you know it's getting so damn dry outside
While you're sitting inside with your feet up by the fire
We'll be sweeping, ah we'll be sweeping the steps of your empire
Yeah we'll be sweeping, ah we'll be sweeping
The steps of your empire

Think about your hands how they'll never hammer nails
And how you'll never spend the night inside that hard cold jail
How you'll never feel the falling of the rain or the hail
Your skin will forever grow so pale
And it ain't like there's a master or a slave
No there isn't any way that you could ever behave
Ain't like you're going to recognize on some beautiful day
Now you just got to pay all them debts that you made
While you're sitting inside thinking who started the fire
We'll be sweeping, ah we'll be sweeping the steps of your empire
Yeah we'll be sweeping, ah we'll be sweeping

We'll be sweeping, ah we'll be sweeping the steps of your empire
Yeah we'll be sweeping, ah we'll be sweeping