

Devil And A .45

The Toasters

I kept a memory back from my early years a boat out to Cyprus with the Scottish Fusiliers I was two years old, I was barely alive Already cruising 'bout with the Devil and a .45

I hear you've been straying over this side of town Talking it up, walking your mouth around But it's really not ok that you do like you do The Devil's .45 is gonna wait for you

You, you, you, you, you are heading for a beatdown.

Are you riding shotgun on the stage of broken dreams? Ain't it funny how the ego can take you to extremes and with the cards you hold I'm aurally not surprised Choose between the Devil and a .45

Keep your false pretenses, keep your fancy clothes Keep your airs and graces since I won't be needing those Since I was two years old I was learning to survive Keep on the right side of a .45