

## The Devil Plies His Trade (Sn 6 Ep 3)

Turnpike Troubadours

Have a seat at the table, my new dear friend  
And all I know, I'll tell  
There is no end, no great reward  
No Heaven high or Hell  
Your past is a memory soon to be  
Left to fade in time  
Your future just a fever dream  
A construct of your mind

Trade your water in for wine, my brother  
While you're young and free and sound  
Remember you aren't guaranteed  
A second time around

Looks like you've fallen on some hard times, friend  
Well, don't you find it odd  
That good folks just like you and me  
Feel cast aside by God  
While the Gulf Coast drowns in the wind and rain  
California catches fire  
And it's no fault of yours nor mine  
Nor a wrathful angel's choir

Trade the water for the wine, my brother  
While you're young and free and sound  
Remember no one's guaranteed  
A second time around

All you ever needed was some help along  
To see what's really true  
I'll teach you all you need to know  
What the world would keep from you  
And I won't ask much, but in return  
Just free that from your mind  
Well, the deal is struck, the trade is made  
We'll settle in due time