

Dancing With The Devil

1997

You sold your soul to stay afloat
They raised the stakes to watch you fold
Locked the doors and tapped the phones
And you just fled to Mexico
No one's gonna fix all your mistakes
Dancing with the devil, you had better
Keep your hands above the waist

Everything you touch will turn to sand
When you see the world as nothing more
Than money in your hand
You'll never get the chance to understand
Just what it's like to sleep without these voices in your head
The silent chorus of the dead you left behind

You taste the treason on her tongue
You settle in the D.C. slum
Hilltop house in Washington that they call the rising sun
She washed the lipstick smudges from her face
Sleeping with the state, you will eventually
Just learn to love your taste

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(Listen! Open the door, Fed window!
He has no idea how bad it is out there! He has no idea!
He has no idea! None! And Bill Poole? Has no idea!)

A new hope for the poor folks, just a penny to the rich
There's a rally down on one street as a fire burns in Kensington
As you carve another notch into your gun
Set the spark and take your mark, you've finally got 'em on the run

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You left behind