

Devil Man

Cindy Morgan

Give me the money
Give me the gold
Dirty little palms
And a heart that's cold yeah
Kiss of the serpent
Bite of the fruit
You can keep the knowledge
I just want the loot
Want the loot
I just want the loot yeah

I'm making deals
With a mighty bad hand
Fishing in a boat
That is sinking in sand
And I'm messing into things
That I never should have
And I'm making plans
With the Devil Man
Sneaking through the dark
Like a vigil in black
I kiss You on the cheek
Then I stab You in the back yeah
Cause what I didn't know
Is what I didn't know
The hammer cracked and the blood it flowed yeah
And I wish I could take it back hey but

Hanging from my neck
From a dirty piece of wood
I'm known as the betrayer
Buried in a field of blood
In a field of blood, hey