

Deal With God

Damhnait Doyle

I made a deal with God
I tried to cheat fate
Was hoping He got lost or just forgot
But now He's back to get paid

Traded all of my angels
For the devil I knew
I guess I bit off
More than I could chew

But I swallowed it whole
It tasted like pink champagne
Water into wine tricks them every time
And it sure feels good
When everyone knows me by name
And after that goes I'll just cushion the blow
If it's all the same

You stopped it cold
The very air that I breathe
I got one more shot
But I feel about as lucky as the number 13

And it's hard to get up
From this bed that I made
The taste of my design
Was more than I could take

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