

# The Riff

Lordi

I met Mr. Death this morning  
He offered me a ride  
I said I think I'm not quite ready yet  
To travel by your side  
Practice what you preach  
Then said the count of shadowlands  
It doesn't hurt to take a peek  
He grinned and grabbed my hand

I sat in the leather seat of his Chevy van  
The motor screamed like a pack of rats  
In a frying pan

The headlights were shooting sparks  
And the tyres spinning flames  
Well, alrighty then  
He said and opened up his case

The grim reaper played guitar  
His bony fingers cold and stiff  
The sonic thunder froze my heart  
As he cranked out the riff  
Oh yeah, the riff

Then his song was over  
And he asked me not to lie  
I felt a bit uneasy  
But I dare to criticize  
I told him, Man, the riff is a killer  
But the rest is a throw-away  
His face looked disappointed  
But he said Ah, it's ok

I asked him, has he shown  
The devil what he's got  
He's written hits  
But lately he has not

So the devil's out of touch  
And he cannot smell a hit  
Cuz he has lost his mind  
With all that hip-hop shit

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I woke up and the van was upside down  
My body bleeds  
We must have crashed right off the road  
And Death could barely speak  
He said, Listen you'd gottas take my place  
I'm leaving office soon  
I said, I'm sorry dude, I'm kinda busy.  
But tell you what: I'll take the tune

And it goes like this...

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