

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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