

## Man Tap

### The Devil Makes Three

You may be sitting outside, now, just feeling like you're bullet proof  
Turns out you ain't doing a god damn thing, brown-bagging outside of that telephone booth  
All the times it seems so hard, just to get your hands upon the pouring rain  
Soon as you feel yourself crawl back up, you're on your way back down again

You just pray with me, lost daughters and sons  
Drink a little, smoke before the barrel of the gun  
Them troubles outside of my door  
There ain't no way to add them up there's going to be so many more.  
You just stay with me lost daughters and sons,  
Ain't nobody leaving until this bottle is done  
Them troubles outside of my door  
There ain't no way to add them up there's going to be,  
There's going to be, there's going to be so many more.

Now life's cheap but surely got the power to transform a creature of the sky to a creature of the land  
It only takes just one card to either make or break a great hand  
You could be making so much noise then all of sudden smack, not a single sound  
Seems like a hand sweeps out of the sky and introduces your body to the grit of the ground

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Happiness, now what is this, just a ghost trapped shadow wrapped in choking chains  
A beast that's seldom heard and seen, except inside of our miswired brains  
Top of the ladder, bottom of the barrel, both feel like they can't be satisfied  
Some cross with a dime, some leave with a dollar, both got nothing on the other side

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