

Robot

The Devil Makes Three

One, two, one, two, three, four
Well ever since I was a baby
I dreamed I'd be a star
Playing in the crowds and stadiums and little smoky bars
Somehow somewhere along the way something didn't go according to plan
Something spun a little out of control
Something got a little out of hand

Cause if this is just business
I'll throw my guitar away
Said give me my ball back
I don't wanna play
Hey, what the hell is this?
You got me playing this dive
Said it's your way or the highway
And I'm too drunk to drive

Well I wrote a hit song once
To the tops of the charts it rose
People always screamed for it at every single show
It's got breaks in all the right places and it goes to a minor chord
'Bout the hundredth time I played it
I got a little bored
Cause I was drunk when I wrote it
And I don't like it half as much as I did then
Someday when I quit my job I'll never play that song again

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Well I got me a big old tour bus
And I got a guy that drives me around
I play the same set in every single town
I got a Mack truck for my instruments and another bus for my band
I don't know what state I'm in and I don't give a damn

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