

## Sweeping

### The Devil Makes Three

Red carpet crying baby blue  
Nothing that crosses your lips is true  
You'll be philosophizing, or criticizing  
Until your face turns blue

And while you're sitting in your ivory tower high  
All those drinkers in those ditches just wither and die  
Drinking off all those sweet tears that you cry  
'Cause you know it's getting so damn dry outside  
While you're sitting inside with your feet up by the fire  
We'll be sweeping, ah we'll be sweeping the steps of your empire  
Yeah we'll be sweeping, ah we'll be sweeping  
The steps of your empire

Think about your hands how they'll never hammer nails  
And how you'll never spend the night inside that hard cold jail  
How you'll never feel the falling of the rain or the hail  
Your skin will forever grow so pale  
And it ain't like there's a master or a slave  
No there isn't any way that you could ever behave  
Ain't like you're going to recognize on some beautiful day  
Now you just got to pay all them debts that you made  
While you're sitting inside thinking who started the fire  
We'll be sweeping, ah we'll be sweeping the steps of your empire  
Yeah we'll be sweeping, ah we'll be sweeping

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Yeah we'll be sweeping, ah we'll be sweeping