

## Number Nine

The Twilight Singers

Devil, sweet talking fly on the wall  
Blackberry belle of the ball  
Just like you told me  
I'm gonna crawl

You trouble me  
And I ain't myself anymore  
I'm crawlin' around like a whore  
And you love me there on the floor

Come on, boy, don't be such a baby  
And maybe, I'll bail you out  
One more time  
You got number nine starin' at ya

Get back, boy, or I'll make you blind  
You fucker, this here's where we settle up  
One last sweet drink from you cup  
Hand it over, slowly  
I'm gone

Come on boy, don't be such a baby  
And maybe, I'll sell you out  
One more time  
You at the foot of the master  
I'm faster, but I'm gonna take  
My time, and I'm gonna make you blind