

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