Raw Deal

Judas Priest

I made a spike about nine o'clock on a Saturday
All eyes hit me as I walked into the bar
Inside then the guys were fooling in the denim dudes
A couple cards played rough stuff, New York, fire islandI cased the joint, straining at the scenesI moseyed up to the counter and the tender came a-grinnin'
I snapped the smile off his face and scowled "Give me a bourbon"
The mirror on the wall was collecting and reflecting
All the heavy bodies ducking, stealing eager for some action
The scene screwed me up, I saw some contactThen the big boys, saw me and knew that
I'd had too much, floating around, statues alive, seconds are hoursSacks like a hurricane, wrapped in and shattered
I was barely holding on to this flying body symphony
I guess I dream in pictures, not colors
The true free expression I demand is human rights, rightI gave my life, I am immortalI'm going no loss, I'm going no loss
I'm going no loss, I'm going no lossNightmare, just a bunch of goddamn, rotten, steaming, raw deal

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