Party Of The First Part

Bauhaus

Who are you?
My card, pretty lady
'Devil May Care' music production, Beelzebub, president
I like your style, too bad you're not a singer
Oh, but I am, I am a singer
Hmm, no fooling
No, no listen
Fantastic, different
I want to be a star, oh, please
You've talked me into it, contract
Just our standard contract, nothing fancyFame, fortune, fans, gold records, concerts, world tours
Your name in lights
Take your time, read it all
Oh, I give up, can I trust you?
Okay, I'll sign
Write, pen
Where's the ink?
We always use blood, it's more permanent
Oh, I don't know, can't we wait for dad?
Oh, for sure, I'll be back next year, come on, Wease
Next year? Oh wait, wait, stop, stop, I'll sign
What about a band?
I know a drummerShe can't be bothered kid, she's got an interview
The interview circus is so absurd and so silly
How do you feel about your sudden success?
Well, I, I feel like being a big star is really great, you know
It's, it's like fabulous, lonely too, sometimes
Oh, that's nice
This is the biggest thing ever to hit rock
You're at the top now, sweetie
Yea, but where do I go from here?
Don't worry, I want you, we have a bargain
No, I didn't mean that, wait
I've been waiting, now it's my turn
No
According to our contract, at precisely midnight
At the moment of her greatest triumph
The party of the first part, that's you
Agrees to render up her soul now and forever more

To the party of the second part, that's me
Shall we go?

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