

# Poughkeepsie, NY

## Strata

I met the devil in Poughkeepsie, New York  
He took a seat right beside me at the end of the bar  
He said, I looked familiar, had we met sometime before?  
Yeah, I drank with the devil in Poughkeepsie, New York And I confessed that I hadn't prayed to God  
Since nineteen eighty eight  
He said, "Oh kid, you should try again, you know  
Before it's too late" I asked him where my soul would go  
If I just dropped dead today  
He smiled and said "Oh, you've got some good friends  
Waiting for you at the gates" Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah He said, "Just say the word and I'll give you fame and fancy whores  
Or would you rather die a simple man, just honest and poor?"  
I said, "Well, now I know who my real friends are  
And I can't ask for much more"  
I thanked the devil for my drinks and made my way for the door Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah

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