

# The Devil In Mexico

## Murder By Death

Well I'll take two shots said the devil to the man  
and layed a little book on the bar  
well lord knows the devil he only talks shit  
and only drinks whiskey from the jar  
and his hands were raw and his eyes were cold  
and his breath was pure alcohol and the sound of his voice it never got old  
and he talked and talked and talked through the night  
kept sippin his shine till the mornin' light  
tumbled in through the shades and as he started to go  
i put three bullets in his back.well the devils bleedin' crude oil from a hole in his chest  
and its panging on the bedpan drippin through the bedsheets  
and all the businessmen are putting pails beneath his wounds  
and pawnin the oil at the market  
well his heart ain't made of nothin but piss and vinegar  
and his boots have trampled more than you would know  
and his breath has split open the thermometer on the sill  
its so fucking cold in here since you brought in the snowBlack heart leaking oil in the pan,  
dealin' insults with his free hand  
in this hospital bed bleedin'  
Black heart you shot the plan to hell and the apathy ate you up insideLike slivers of lead inside your food  
he's the poison inside you  
and you eat until you're full  
and you eat until you're full  
he lit the fires inside your belly full of medicine and whiskey  
all the aspirin, valium, codiene pills and silver rum

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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