

# Richard

## The Geraldine Fibbers

The devil smiled and put on her party dress,  
Out on the curb her curls were a mess.  
Chaos went tumblin' through her nimble hands,  
Never skipped a beat as she netted another man.  
In forty-five minutes his head was on a plate  
Served as the main course at a banquet for the state.  
Should've stayed home.  
Should've worked late.  
Should've sent those letters in the dusty milk crate,  
But it's too late ha ha.  
It doesn't matter anyway,  
Cuz when the light goes out heads are gonna roll.  
In an hour and a half the devil was down by the sea,  
Working strange mischief on her bride to be.  
It seems the pretty girl was laughing as her world was filled with doubt,  
She laughed as her own head was chopped off and the fish came spilling out.  
Watching the fish swim into the sea through a river of red, she said,  
I've been wondering what's been troubling my head.  
And I thank you for expelling those irritating pests,  
Now if you'd slap me back together I'll be at my very best,  
And we can go you devil, we can go.  
Should've set the clocks back.  
Should've taken her time.  
Should've set her hair on fire with vodka and lime,  
But it's too late ha ha...  
It doesn't matter anyway,  
Cuz when the light goes out heads are gonna roll.  
Now the story takes a happier turn,  
Cuz the devil loved the girl and the feeling was returned.  
They cut through the trees knocking the tops off as they flew,  
To a pretty place for kissing, a place with a view.  
They watched a man lay down his hand in a game of chance,  
The lust for luck and security is a hopeless romance.  
The devil grinned and whispered, comfort is a myth...  
The clock is ticking ticking, goin' tick tick tick tick.  
Should've took the train.  
Should've wore black.  
Should've rode his high horse over a red apple jack,  
But it's too late ha ha...

It doesn't matter anyway,  
Cuz when the light goes out heads are gonna roll

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