

# The Riff

## Lordi

I met Mr. Death this morning  
He offered me a ride  
I said I think I'm not quite ready yet  
To travel by your side "Practice what you preach"  
Then said the count of shadowlands  
"It doesn't hurt to take a peek"  
He grinned and grabbed my hand I sat in the leather seat  
Of his Chevy van  
The motor screamed like a pack of rats  
In a frying pan The headlights were shooting sparks  
And the tyres spinning flames  
"Well, alrighty then"  
He said and opened up his case [Chorus]  
The grim reaper played guitar  
His bony fingers cold and stiff  
The sonic thunder froze my heart  
As he cranked out the riff Then his song was over  
And he asked me not to lie  
I felt a bit uneasy  
But I dared to criticize I told him, "Man, the riff is a killer  
But the rest is a throw-away"  
His face looked disappointed  
But he said, "Ah, it's okay" I asked him, has he shown  
The devil what he's got  
"He's written hits  
But lately he has not" So the devil's out of touch  
And he cannot smell a hit  
"Cuz he has lost his mind  
With all that hip-hop shit" [Chorus] I woke up and the van was upside down  
My body bleeds  
We must have crashed right off the road  
And Death could barely speak He said, "Listen, you gotta take my place  
I'm leaving office soon"  
I said, "I'm sorry dude, I'm kinda busy  
But tell you what: I'll take the tune"  
And it goes like this... [Chorus x2] He cranked out the riff [x4]

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