Number Nine

The Twilight Singers

Devil, sweet talkin' fly on the wall
Blackberry belle of the ball
Just like you told me
Im gonna crawlYou trouble me
And I aint myself anymore
Im crawlin' around like a whore
And you love me there on the floorNow come on boy, dont be such a baby
And maybe, Ill bail you out
One more time
You got number nine starin' atcha
Get back, boy or Ill make you blindYou fucker
This heres where we settle up
One last sweet drink from your cup
Hand it over slowly, Im goneNow come on boy, dont be such a baby
And maybe, Ill sell you out
One more time
You at the foot of the master
Im faster but Im gonna take my time
And Im gonna make you blindIm gonna make you blind
Im gonna make you blind
Im gonna make you blindDevil, sweet talkin' fly on the wall
Blackberry belle, belle of the ball
Just like you told me
Im gonna crawl
And Im gonna make you blind

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