

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

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