

## Twilight Singers, The "Number Nine"

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Devil-  
Sweet talking fly on the wall  
Blackberry belle of the ball  
Just like you told me-  
I'm gonna crawl

You trouble me  
And I ain't myself anymore  
I'm crawlin around like a whore  
And you love me there on the floor

Come on, boy, don't be such a baby  
And maybe ã¢?? I'll bail you out  
One more time  
You got number nine starin atcha

Get back, boy ã¢?? or I'll make you blind  
You fucker ã¢??  
This here's where we settle up-  
One last sweet drink from you cup-  
Hand it over, slowly-  
I'm gone

Come on boy, don't be such a baby  
And maybe ã¢?? I'll sell you out  
One more time  
You at the foot of the master ã¢??  
I'm faster ã¢??but I'm gonna take  
My time-  
And I'm gonna make you blind-

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