

## **Dead And Divine "San Dimas"**

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My name is in lights above a rundown tavern. And it  
calls me.  
It's where the women want, need, and bleed for you.  
This is the kind of place where dreams come true.  
And God's shaking hands with the devil.  
They've got bids placed on my head! And it seems as  
though god is routing against me.  
And the devil's my best friend. And I swear I won't give  
in, to this feeble attempt.

So try and stop me, from seeing you, from feeling you.  
There is something about the way you move it dull this  
shiv of a man I am and my love for you.  
She was bad news, she smoked her cigarettes slow.  
She killed rock and roll.

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