

## **Gun Barrel "Dear Mr. Devil"**

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Four ugly motherfuckers  
Pissing gasoline  
Sworn to rock 'n' roll  
Through thick and thin  
Hellraiser maniacs  
This tune is for you  
Bang your head  
And shake your fist  
If you don't know what to do

We don't need no Cadillacs  
No silver and no gold  
All we need is to play it loud  
Out on the road  
The taste of dirt and sweat and tears  
Is what we feeding on  
This is what it's all about  
We're rocking on

Hey - Mr. Devil  
We've got some wicked souls on sale

Listen up you hounds of hell  
This devil - dude ain't bad  
He gave us blues and rock 'n' roll  
So we can bang our heads  
Sure this ain't no breaking news  
I guess that you agree  
We've heard before that hell  
Ain't such a real bad place to be

We don't need no house or boats  
No cages made of gold  
All we want is to play it loud  
Out on the road  
We don't need no gourmet dining  
It's dirt we're feeding on  
Man that's what it takes for rocking on

Hey - Mr. Devil  
We've got some wicked souls on sale  
Hey - Mr. Devil

This truly is a bargain  
The contract is in your mail

Dear Mr. Devil, we hope this finds you well  
Find enclosed our contract of hell  
Take it or leave it  
The choice is up to you  
But don't forget the pay when it's due

We don't need no house or boats  
No cages made of gold  
All we want is to play it loud  
Out on the road  
The taste of dirt and sweat and tears  
Is what we're feeding on  
This is what it's all about  
We're rocking on

Hey - Mr. Devil  
We've got some wicked souls on sale  
Hey - Mr. Devil  
This truly is a bargain  
The contract is in the mail  
This truly is a bargain  
Ooh - Mr. Devil  
Check your fucking mailbox man

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