

Hanson

"Devil's Nachos"

Visit "[Devil's Nachos](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I met the Devil at the Taco Bell I said how ya doing,
how's it burning in hell
He said hot damn, give me a chance I show you boy,
why the demons dance

Stop short and give me a pulse I see the fire that is
burning your eyes
He said listen son, I'll sell it to you cheap Sell you a
bowl for the price of your soul

Devils Nachos Too hot Devils Nachos Way too hot
Devils Nachos They're not your Nachos

He put the bowl on the table Said take a bite if you think
you're able
To bear the burning heat of the burning sun
In your stomach tell the kingdom come

Right then I stood straight And took a chip
In my hand And put the thing On my tongue
And felt the tingle of my taste buds

I lean close So we could hear Every word They were
clear
It's not hot It's not warm It don't sting It don't burn
I won't sign on the dotted line Cause the contract says
I'll burn 'till the end of time
Hell must be frozen through Cause I'm not the devil
that I thought I knew

Visit [Hanson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.