

Judas Priest "Raw Deal"

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I made a spike about nine o'clock on a saturday
All eyes hit me as I walked into the door
Then ? ? ? and then the guys were fooling in the demin
dudes
A couple cards played rough stuff, new york, fire island

I cased the joint, straining at the scenes

I moseyed up to the counter and the tender came a-
grinnin'
I snapped the smile off his face and scowled 'give me
a bourbon'
The mirror on the wall was collecting and reflecting
All the heavy bodies ducking, stealing eager for some
action
The scene screwed me up, I saw some contact
Then the big boys, saw me and knew that

I'd had too much, floating around
Statues alive, seconds are hours

Sacks like a hurricane, wrapped in and shattered
I was barely holding on to this flying body symphony
I guess I dream in pictures, not colors
The true free expression I demand is human rights -
right

I gave my life, I am immortal

I'm going, no loss
I'm going, no loss
I'm going, no loss
I'm going, no loss

Nightmare, just a bunch of goddamn, rotten,
steaming, raw
Deal

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