

Strata "Poughkeepsie, NY"

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I met the devil in Poughkeepsie, New York
He took a seat right beside me at the end of the bar
He said, I looked familiar, had we met sometime
before?
Yeah, I drank with the devil in Poughkeepsie, New York

And I confessed that I hadn't prayed to God
Since nineteen eighty eight
He said, "Oh kid, you should try again, you know
Before it's too late"

I asked him where my soul would go
If I just dropped dead today
He smiled and said "Oh, you've got some good friends
Waiting for you at the gates"

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

He said, "Just say the word and I'll give you fame and
fancy whores
Or would you rather die a simple man, just honest and
poor?"
I said, "Well, now I know who my real friends are
And I can't ask for much more"
I thanked the devil for my drinks and made my way for
the door

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

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