

# 1997

## "Dancing With The Devil"

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You sold your soul to stay afloat  
they raised the stakes to watch you fold  
locked the doors and tapped the phones  
and you just fled to Mexico  
No one's gonna fix all your mistakes  
Dancing with the devil, you had better  
keep your hands above the waist

Everything you touch will turn to sand  
when you see the world as nothing more  
than money in your hand  
You'll never get the chance to understand  
just what it's like to sleep without these voices in your  
head  
the silent chorus of the dead you left behind

You taste the treason on her tongue  
you settle in the D.C. slum  
hilltop house in Washington that they call the rising sun  
She washed the lipstick smudges from her face  
Sleeping with the state, you will eventually  
just learn to love your taste

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than money in your hand  
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just what it's like to sleep without these voices in your  
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the silent chorus of the dead you left behind

[Listen! Open the door, Fed window!  
He has no idea how bad it is out there! He has no idea!  
He has no idea! None! And Bill Poole? Has no idea!]

A new hope for the poor folks, just a penny to the rich  
There's a rally down on one street as a fire burns in  
Kensington  
As you carve another notch into your gun  
Set the spark and take your mark, you've finally got  
'em on the run

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