

## The Twilight Singers "Number Nine"

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Devil, sweet talkin' fly on the wall  
Blackberry belle of the ball  
Just like you told me  
I'm gonna crawl

You trouble me  
And I ain't myself anymore  
I'm crawlin' around like a whore  
And you love me there on the floor

Now come on boy, don't be such a baby  
And maybe, I'll bail you out  
One more time  
You got number nine starin' atcha  
Get back, boy or I'll make you blind

You fucker  
This here's where we settle up  
One last sweet drink from your cup  
Hand it over slowly, I'm gone

Now come on boy, don't be such a baby  
And maybe, I'll sell you out  
One more time  
You at the foot of the master  
I'm faster but I'm gonna take my time  
And I'm gonna make you blind

I'm gonna make you blind  
I'm gonna make you blind  
I'm gonna make you blind

Devil, sweet talkin' fly on the wall  
Blackberry belle, belle of the ball  
Just like you told me  
I'm gonna crawl  
And I'm gonna make you blind

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