

## Twang

### "Number Nine"

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Devil-  
Sweet talking 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

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 you cup-  
Hand it over, slowly-  
I'm gone

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-

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