

## Tracy Chapman "Crossroads"

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All you folks think you own my life  
But you never made any sacrifice  
Demons are on my trail  
I'm standing at the crossroads of hell.  
I look to the left  
I look to the right  
Hands that grab me on every side.  
Mmmm...

All you folks think I got my price  
At which I sell all that is mine  
You think money rules when all else fails  
Go sell your soul and keep your shell.  
I'm trying to protect what I keep inside  
All the reasons why I live my life.  
Mmmm...

Some say the devil be a mystical thing  
I say the devil he a walking man.

He a fool, he a liar, conjurer and a thief  
He try to tell you what you want  
Try to tell you what to need.  
Mmmm...

Standing at the point  
The road it cross you down  
What is at your back?  
Which way do you turn?  
Who will come to find you first?  
Your devils or your gods?  
Mmmm...

All your folks think you run my life  
Say I should be willing to compromise.  
I say all your demons go back to hell  
I'll save my soul, save myself.

I'll save my soul, save myself. (4 x)

