

Poughkeepsie, NY

Strata

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 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! O', 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! O', Hallelujah