

# The Devil Stole The Beat From The Lord

The Hellcopters

Got you concerned by some unconscious mistake  
A bit blacker magic for that soul selling sake  
Kinda caught you cold, a wicked twist on your fate  
Could call it crucifixion or subdue to create

Got you fooled by a mass demand  
Bragging 'bout fortunes you're about to land  
And your loudmouth got your conscious sore  
But it feels so good when you scream for more

The Devil stole the beat from the Lord  
It's time to set things straight  
Bragging like a brat that you got away  
You're goin' down and you have to pay

Got you counting numbers and talking in tongues  
Got your name in blood, suck the air from your lungs  
And they have you playin' such devious games  
Where no bets are even, the dealer's always the same

Now your illusions, they don't seem so grand  
What you call yours is just second hand  
Never question what they want from you  
Just get up and dance when they tell you to

The Devil stole the beat from the Lord  
It's time to set things straight  
Bragging like a brat that you got away  
You're goin' down and you have to pay

It's hard to smile  
When you choke on your laughter  
But the Lord works in mysterious ways  
Without a hint or a clue

Got you fooled by a mass demand  
Bragging 'bout fortunes you're about to land  
And your loudmouth got your conscious sore  
But it feels so good when you scream for more

The devil stole the beat from the Lord  
Do you got what it takes  
Keep braggin' like a brat that you got away  
Thought you'd last till the end  
But you don't have the means, oh no, you don't

The Devil stole the beat from the Lord  
And the melody sway  
You're goin' down and you have to pay  
[Incomprehensible]  
Yeah, you have to pay