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Am  
 Welcome to the shop, my friend  
       Dm                                Am  
 This place where road meets road  
       Em7  
 The purple highways have no end  
       Am                                Dm  Am  
 But just beyond the shadows' bend's  
       Dm                                Am  
 This little shop that I must tend  
       Em7                                Am  
 Where dreams are bought and sold

The crossroads hold the marketplace  
 As everybody's heard  
 Where you can go to barter for  
 The things for which your heart is sore  
 I've everything you want, and more:  
 I've just what you deserve.

My shop is open all night long; I sell the stuff of dreams  
 But nightmare waits for some ambitious buyer  
 If you would buy betrayal then I'll take your pay in screams  
 You've nothing else to sell that I desire.

Your voice is grim and hushed as you  
 Confess what sears your skin:  
 The poison rage you hide from view,  
 The lost respect that was your due –  
 I pass the tea, and smile on cue:  
 The bargaining begins.

You barely saw the wonders and  
 The splendor on my shelf  
 But clutched within your trembling hand  
 That charm of soul and silk and sand  
 Commands the hatreds of the damned –  
 For that, you'd sell yourself.

      Dm                  D5 D          Am                                G  
 My shop is open all night long; I sell the stuff of dreams  
       Em                                                        Am  
 But nightmare waits for some ambitious buyer  
                                                         Am          Em  
 If you would buy betrayal then I'll take your pay in screams  
       Em7                                G  
 You've nothing else to sell that I desire.

You stumble out, amazed and slow,  
To my ironic bow  
Your eyes shine with a wicked glow  
But something in you quakes to know  
You've paid for someone else's woe  
*And can't remember how.*

I watch you make off with your prize,  
Profoundly unimpressed.  
My price is tailored, size for size,  
But evil sells when evil buys  
In peace, you'll never close your eyes  
Nor find a wink of rest.

My shop is open all night long; I sell the stuff of dreams  
But nightmare waits for some ambitious buyer  
If you would buy betrayal then I'll take your pay in screams  
You've nothing else to sell that I desire....

*...If you shop for hell  
Then you'll pay in fire.*