

# Devil On My Shoulder

Bliss n Eso

I'm trying to shoot the devil off my shoulder  
I'mma burn this bridge as soon as I get over  
Baby I can see it in your eyes when I hold ya  
So I gotta kill the devil

Yo, check it  
I got a bullet for the devil, and that is the truth  
You won't believe who he is until he's actually you  
Reaching out for anything to use as an excuse  
When my mother passed, all I knew was smashing the booze  
Now my bands on the rise but Vic Bitter got me rude  
A loose cannon when I'm hammered, tryna bicker with my crew  
A head full of anger got me trapped when I drink  
Ten years, a case a day, how's that for a binge?  
And the music industry's a constant celebration  
Caught up, but we don't see the hell we're facing  
And the flames only grow once your name's getting known  
Now everybody's backstage shit-faced at your show  
And I wanted the right route, but nobody showed me  
If I knew then what I know now man I'd blown up the pokies  
Give back the free beer so Max can see clear  
I gave it all up and I ain't look back in three years  
And it's the best thing I've ever done  
I told the devil run  
I blew his head off my shoulder, now who's the clever cunt?  
They're just a memory, those days of acting crazy  
I put them all behind me for my lady and our baby  
And underneath the bridge is where my mother lay in peace  
I buried those ashes next to my mother's favourite tree  
Surprised I'm alive as I leave her a candle  
I'm a work in progress, trying to lead by example, yo

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So I gotta kill the devil  
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil (devil)  
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil (devil)  
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil, yes I  
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil

Man, this game can be fucked up  
No for real, man this game can fucking nuts  
And I've been cooped up in this bus for a couple months  
Bro I tell you man, it fucking sucks  
But hey, haha, let's rock and fucking roll baby  
Another day another show I gotta go baby  
Another plane it takes a toll but it's all gravy  
Because I'm rose-tinted, sipping on that Rosé  
We live a life where every day's a celebration  
A Garden of Eden with every temptation  
So honestly if you were in my spot right  
Would you be swept up by the fame and the spotlight?  
(Spotlight, spotlight, spotlight, spotlight)  
'Cause every night it's a party  
It kicks off the moment I get on stage  
(And God damn you're the mother fucking man right)

You're damn right this fame'll get you anything you damn like  
So, after the show, it's the after-party  
And after the party, it's the hotel lobby  
And after the lobby, I'm sloppy tomorrow  
I'll be sorry, a zombie, yep there goes Jonny  
On and on and on, that's the circus every night show  
But you don't see the devil underneath the tight-rope  
Throwing bitches beers and bongos like they alley-oops  
Screaming "Slam 'em, Johnny, fucking values"  
It's poison, binge drinking is just standard  
But you can't nail goals when you're hammered  
Put my career in the mirror and I wonder, huh  
Is this rockstar living or just fucking up?  
And Macka, I'm fucking proud of you brother  
It couldn't be any rougher on that road to recover  
And now you got through the withdrawals, lord knows!  
Stuck in a 50 degree Afganistan warzone  
That's G shit so I pay homage  
Now you bet I got a bullet with the devil's name on it  
I right these wrongs as I write this song  
I wanna right these wrongs as my life goes on

Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil (devil)  
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil (devil)  
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Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil  
Bang bang, bang bang, bang bang  
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