

Devil On My Shoulder

Dylan Marlowe

Hell of an angel, hell of an angel
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I walked a straight line, I did the right things
I went to work, went to church, did the time thing
Slept in my own bed, didn't have no long nights
I hadn't let him in my head for a long time

He started whispering, I started listening
Damn, he started making sense

So, I drove my truck out of gas, I drank the bar out of beer
Emptied my pocket of cash, tryna make you disappear
I found a new pair of blues, thought they'd put you in the past
Everything he told me to do, girl, it ain't doing jack
God made a hell of an angel when he made you
Even the devil on my shoulder don't know what to do
Hell of an angel, hell of an angel

If you had a different smile, if you had a different kiss
If you were anybody else, then I could forget
The way you said my name, the way you pulled me close
It shouldn't be this hard for me to try to let you go

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