

Heaven for Devils

eleventyseven

She's the holdup
In my heartbeat
She's the darkness
In my bloodstream
Baptized in the river
Scrubbed my soul clean
Then you show up
In my drug screen

She set a match to
My every honest dollar
Brought me chainsaw gas when I needed water
I'm afraid baby
Maybe they don't
Make a enough duct tape for my halo

Oh she take what she wanna
Oh she get what she gonna

So light me up, till I burn out completely
And send my ash down that old Tuckaseegee
Cause they don't make any key that can free me
From living in this heaven for devils forever amen

She's the punchline
To my tattoo
She's the lipstick stain on my church suit
An angel waiting
On my deathbed
Venom tastes like sugar in my cornbread

Oh she take what she wanna
Oh she get what she gonna

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