

Devil Enough

Gord Downie

You're making me drop things
I can't hold my cup
My state of being
Isn't what it was
The light. The light
And my eyes adjust
What's for sure is
Devil enough

I'm fighting words and
I'm tired and stained
It's a good thing you hate
Being entertained
The Lights! The Lights!
Don't give it another thought
Tonight! Tonight
Is devil enough
Tonight, tonight
Is devil enough

And you're making me drop things
I can't even hold a cup
Taking up the oxygen
Until it's all used up
You'll get streets ahead
You can teach the dead
How to mourn
And how to love
And I can't even hold a cup

Talk to my coffee
Nicely, in sighs
In the morning, just softly
The light. The light
The light. The light
'Don't beat yourself up'
What's for sure is
Devil enough
Yeah, what's for sure is
Devil enough