Devil's Tricks

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Hard enough sometimes just to get to sleep
Then the telephone wakes you up with a ring
Party on the line dialed the number wrong
You call him everything

Or you're in your car in the wilderness
When the motor fails miles from anywhere
You're the victim of little devil's tricks
You know it just ain't fair

But there's nothing you can do
When the devil plays a trick on you
Call it bad luck
That's the way it goes

When the mailman comes he will raise your hopes
You go and check the box expecting a letter
But there's nothing there but a bill you owe
When will things ever get better?

Or you're shooting all the film with the camera
You never realized there was no film in
Elevator's broken, so you climb the stairs
To the top of the building

There's anything you can do
When the devil plays a trick on you
It's a tough ol' world
It makes you feel so low

Dressing up in style so you look your best
Then you step outside and it's pouring down with rain
Or you spill some wine on a brand new shirt
No way that you could loose that stain

A drive to see your friends takes you two or three hours
Then a neighbour says that your man's out of town
Little things like this add up every day
Devil's trying hard to bring you down

There is nothing you can do
When the devil plays a trick on you
Call it bad luck
That's the blues...