

Speak Of The Devil

Kevin Fowler

Heaven sent an angel to me to save me from lots of misery
She seemed to fall right out of the sky
I caught her here in my arms

Well, life was really peachy, things were really keen
All of a sudden, that old gal got mean
Wings fell off, she started turning red
And that old, broken halo fell right off of her head

Yeah, speak of the devil, here she comes
Yeah, she's got this poor boy on the run
Oh, I'd swear she's got horns and a tail
A pitchfork and a book of spells
Speak of the devil, here she comes
And here I go

Fallen angels fell from grace
They kicked her out of that heavenly place
She was raisin' hell and breakin' all the rules
Tellin' lies, breakin' hearts, bein' mean and cruel

But now, she's down here on Earth
Doin' the devil's dirty work
Stealin' the soul of every man she can find
Sweet lips, pretty eyes, oh, they were a thin disguise
My little angel was a devil all along

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A pitchfork and a book of spells
Speak of the devil, here she comes
And here I go

Tryin' to duck, tryin' to dodge, tryin' to shake her
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, I can't escape her
She's everywhere I go, she knows my every move
Oh, I know I'm bound to lose

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And here I go