

I'm Not the Devil

Ron Pope

Amy's backyard and Yuengling case
You sitting in my lap, face pressed to my face
Meter running like in a Meg Ryan scene
Lift you clean off the ground like in my daylight dreams

Broke down Chevy, grease on my hands
I didn't know we were counting, what's the measure of a man?
I might've led you to water but never made you drink
I'm not the devil no matter what you think

Last call urgency when we kiss
Hands on every part of me that you're gonna miss
Tore the lace on the top of my brand new dress
All of this feels like something I'll have to confess

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Sunrise hits different when you haven't been to sleep
The corners of your mouth twist into a smile that I will keep
Like a cool glass of water when I'm broke and hungover
I'll drive you back to West Virginia, rest your weary head against my shoulder

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