

Devices

Steve Moakler

I been trying to fill
An empty space
Ain't not telling all
The crazy kinds, the hell I'd chase

I'd be off the rails
I'd be running blind
If I was left to my own devices

You give me gravity
You give me wings
You lay your healing touch on all my broken things
You see it coming before it hits me
I'd be lost, ain't no denying
If I was left to my own devices, yeah

I'd be up the creek
I'd be down on luck
I'd be a rolling edge
With all four tires stuck
I'd be half a man
Mighta lost my mind
You're some kinda angel baby
I'm so glad that you're all mine

You give me gravity
You give me wings
You lay your healing touch on all my broken things
You see it coming before it hits me
I'd be lost, ain't no denying
If I was left to my own devices, oh

Yes, I would
Mhm

You give me gravity
You give me wings
You lay your healing touch on all my broken things
You see it coming fore it hits me
I'd be lost, ain't no denying
If I was left to my own devices
If I was left to my own devices, yeah oh