The Devil and Me

The Subways

When I was only sixteen, the Devil came to me
He took me with his flaming hand and taught me how to dream
'Cause I was just a young boy, I had so much to learn
I never fully understood why I began to burn

He said, "Boy when you grow up to be a man"
He said, "Do it all and do it when you can"

And when you're down on luck
Pull yourself back up, and carry on
You've got to make things right
So you stand and fight, and carry on

When I was only seventeen, an angel spoke to me
She took me by my idle hand, and I began to see
That I was still a young boy with so much left to learn
But I ran away back to that Devil, and this is what he slurred

"Life is short do whatever you please"
He said, "Never bow and don't live to your knees"

And when you're down on luck
Pull yourself back up, and carry on
You've got to make things right
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That day that I turned eighteen, the Devil crept on me
"There's so much more to teach you, boy, I could set you free"
That angel, she was waiting there behind the door
That angel, she's a clever one, the Devil was no more

She said, "Beelzebub will make each breath a sigh"
She said, "Life is short but just you take your time"

And when you're down on luck
Pull yourself back up, and carry on
You've got to make things right
So you stand and fight, and carry on
With nothing more to say
It's time to go your own way and live your life
To know yourself is truth
That's how you'll break on through and live your life

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