

The Devil Is An Angel

Julie Miller

Well, you look just like an angel, you sound so bright and true,
You seem so sweet coming down my street, but the devil is an angel too,
The devil is an angel too. Somehow you seem familiar - haven't I seen you before?
Got a different name, but is it the same old heartache coming 'round my door, my door? Got one hand on my
shoulder; you keep one behind your back,
I'm going to need some identification, baby, before I let you unpack,
You look at me so tender, but I wonder if there lies something dark and sinister behind those innocent
eyes. Well, you coo just like a baby, make me want to let you in,
You seem sincere - but if I trust you, dear, will I ever see my soul again?
You sound just like a preacher, stand upright and tall,
But I want to know - honey, after the show, do you have any love at all?
And I don't mean to doubt your sincere intent, but underneath there's the look about something mean and
malevolent,
You look just like an angel, you sound so bright and true,
You seem so sweet coming down my street, but the devil is an angel too,
I said, the devil is an angel too,
That's right, the devil is an angel too

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