

Every Devil

[Tanya Donelly](#)

What it comes down to
What could ever take your place?
What it comes down to
Honey, what could take your place?
Not a song, not a thousand strong
You will not be turned away Will it come soon
The voice in the corner of the room?
The hissing head by the bed
I spit back and it just laughs
And then attacks
And I reach for you Every devil in this house wants to have it out
But I can reach for you
Not in song but with real arms warm
And not be turned away I can turn and turn, I can turn
And be still facing the wrong way
And you grab me by the belt
And spin me, you spin me
And we're dancing again
Dancing again Every devil in this house wants to have it out
But I can reach for you
Every devil in this house tries to call me out
But I can reach for you I can reach for you
I can reach for you
I can reach for you I can reach for you
I can reach for you
I can reach for you
And not be turned away

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