

The Devil and Me

J.D. King

I'm not the kind that gets around
Just another face in this little town
An everyday man trying to live life right
You wouldn't know it to look at me
I live in silent misery or I lead a double life I've battled with the bottle
All alone for years
I've lied a thousand lies
And I've cried a million tears I'm too tired to fight it
Too ashamed to pray
And I'm sure the Lord must be bored
With the promises I've made
So I sit here with my secret
Where no one else can see
I'll just keep it
Between the devil and me Monday morning, here I am
Hiding bottles in the garbage can
I take out the trash and pray no one sees
I keep my family in the dark
Lord knows it would break their hearts
To see their rock be so weak I've had a good old Baptist raisin'
So I've got no good excuse
I wish that I was stronger
But here's the honest truth I'm too tired to fight it
Too ashamed to pray
And I'm sure the Lord must be bored
With the promises I've made
So I sit here with my secret
Where no one else can see
I'll just keep it
Between the devil and me I'm hoping for a miracle
I know that I can change
No I'm not giving up
I know there'll come a day When I'm not too tired to fight it
Or too ashamed to pray
And I know the Lord won't be bored
With the promises I've made
I won't live here with my secret
Where no one else can see
No I won't keep it

Between the devil and me
No I won't keep it
Between the devil and me

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