

Little Children

Everly

I dreamed of a devil last night
He tempted me with a wicked tongue and a rough hand
Saying "it's alright, honey it's alright
You can leave that man"
When I woke my head was spinning
As I recalled all of the things he said
Made me feel less of a woman
Making me feel like a whore instead And I, I won't be going to my grave
I've got a lot to live for
I won't be rocking in my faith
I got a lot to hope for
Dreamed of a devil last night Amazing such a little thing can get in your head
Saying "it's alright, honey it's alright
You can stay in my bed, stay in my bed, stay here in my--"
No, no, no, no, no I won't be going to my grave
I've got a lot to live for
I won't be rocking in my faith
I've got a lot to hope
I'm not going to my grave
I got a lot to live for Little children
Going in circles
He will sing you lullabies
Little children
Rest your heads
No more monsters, no more devils
You are not who the wicked call you (Pure and peace and strong and joy)
(Pure and peace and strong and joy) All you little children
Oh you little children Miss Mary Mack, Mack, Mack
All dressed in black, black, black
With silver buttons, buttons, buttons
All down her back, back, back

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