

The Devil & Music

Brett Fuentes

She left about 12 noon
And thought I'd be following soon
But these weary legs, they don't seem to crawl
She took my heart, walked out the door
Damn that woman took everything
Left me here on this killing floor Blue nights, blue days
Troubled souls, troubled ways
Drinking whiskey in the graveyard
Devil drank his gin and tuned my guitar
Lightning boy I am
Tell the world when you hear me play

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