Hand Back Down

The Devil Makes Three

Headlights burn like torches on the way to a war
Tell me what it was that we were fighting for
Who is this god to which we sacrifice
I say whatever he wants, we better give it to him twiceYou want to help me
Give me a hand back down
'Cause I'm feeling a little rough
Around the edges nowHighway apostles, take me in your arms
Living in these alleys gonna to do me some harm
I'm outside the truck stop talking in tongues
Sermons to the deaf, selling salvation to the dumbYou want to help me
Give me a hand back down
'Cause I'm feeling a little rough
Around the edges nowTen years of rolling, it's been a hell of a ride
I learned that getting what you want don't leave you satisfiedRunaway eyes and bullet proof glass
Fearing the future running towards the past
Chained to the counter in some terrible town
I'd like to take you all away, we'd never get off the groundYou want to help me
Give me a hand back down
'Cause I'm feeling a little rough
Around the edges now

Songwriters
PETER CIAMPI BERNHARDPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/