

Devil Song (Sessions at West 54th Street)

Beth Orton

When the devil comes blowing through your door
You'll know there's trouble, and he's coming back for more
You better keep what is precious hidden under the floor
Or you better treat it so good it will never want for more But looking back in retrospect
Did you ever really get what you'd expect?
Trying to rectify
Got lost a little further
You've been trying to justify
Find out how and where it came Devil was your angel, but it's not no more
The devil was your angel, when you weren't sure Do I tempt trouble to break through all these doors
Just to put a face to the voice which always home?
To fight for what is precious, to know what's under the floor
If I could treat it so good, I swear I'd never want for more But when I found my peace
There was still mistakes
However painfully awaring every step I take
Trying to rectify
Got lost a little further
Well, I've been trying to justify
Find out how and where it came The devil was my angel, now I'm just not sure.
To travel as my angel there's always my witch Gonna take you back down
I won't feel no shame
Till my dreams
Are my own again
Gonna take you right down, and I'll take the blame
Till my dreams are my own again Here I am again Devil was my angel, now I'm just not sure
To travel as my angel there's always my witch
Maybe you're an angel, tried to remember you're an angel
Remember you're an angel, if you're not sure

Songwriters

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