Devices

Kathryn Williams

If i was left to my own devices
I wouldn't go out in the rain
If i was in a room with all of my vices
You'd never see me again
You sing 'cause you're loosing
The last threads of night
There's no time for dancing
But maybe you mightThe sort of song you sing on sundays
Could be as down as rain
The things i do to get to see you
The random hanging 'round on trains
You sing 'cause you're loosing
The last threads of night
There's no time for dancing
But maybe you might
Pick your three favourite roll necks
And catch the next flight
But you won't

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