When the Devil's Loose

A.A. Bondy

Up where the evening sun, the river rolls on by
The neighbors they tell secrets, the neighbors they tell lies
And somewhere the plane went down, these things they never stop
Somebody feels the knife and somebody calls the cops

Oh the living and the dying, how easily you bruise
Oh Delia don't go 'round when the devil's loose

A figure waits in the shadow, somone drowned in the lake
The march of Georgian feet down the highway and razor blades in the gate
These dogs will tear your flesh, you'd best give them a bone
I see you there in a sea of faces, I see you there alone

In the living and the dying how easily you bruise
Oh Delia don't go 'round when the devil's loose

And what does a mirror show you, can you see the gray?
Your sadness it is quite lovely but it's the sadness of a slave
Why don't you give yourself a rest, oh give yourself some room
You can't get your arms around everybody
You cannot carry the doom...

...of the living and the dying, how easily you bruise
Oh Delia don't go 'round when the devil's loose

Lyrics submitted by Johan.

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