

A.A. Bondy

"When The Devil's Loose"

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Up with 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 devils loose.

A figure waits in the shadows
Someone drowned in the lake
The march of Georgian feet down the highway
Razorblades in the cake

These dogs will tear your flesh
You best give them a bone
I see you there and I see your faces and I see they are
very long

The living and the dying how easily you bruise
No Delia don't go round when the devils loose.

And what does a mirror show you
Can you see the grey
Your sadness it is quite lovely
But it is the sadness of a slave
Why don't you give your self a rest
Give your self some room
You can't get your arms round everybody
You cannot carry the doom...

Of the living and the dying how easily you bruise
Oh Delia don't go round when the devils loose.

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