

## Everly "Little Children"

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I dreamed of a devil last night  
He tempted me with a wicked tongue and a rough hand  
Saying "it's alright, honey it's alright  
You can leave that man"  
When I woke my head was spinning  
As I recalled all of the things he said  
Made me feel less of a woman  
Making me feel like a whore instead

And I, I won't be going to my grave  
I've got a lot to live for  
I won't be rocking in my faith  
I got a lot to hope for  
Dreamed of a devil last night

Amazing such a little thing can get in your head  
Saying "it's alright, honey it's alright  
You can stay in my bed, stay in my bed, stay here in  
my--"  
No, no, no, no, no

I won't be going to my grave  
I've got a lot to live for  
I won't be rocking in my faith  
I've got a lot to hope  
I'm not going to my grave  
I got a lot to live for

Little children  
Going in circles  
He will sing you lullabies  
Little children  
Rest your heads  
No more monsters, no more devils  
You are not who the wicked call you

(Pure and peace and strong and joy)  
(Pure and peace and strong and joy)

All you little children  
Oh you little children

Miss Mary Mack, Mack, Mack  
All dressed in black, black, black  
With silver buttons, buttons, buttons  
All down her back, back, back

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