Justin Rutledge "The Devil's On A Bench In Stanley Park"

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The devil's on a bench
In Stanley Park
She's a girl
Who looks like you
But only when it's dark
The January sun
Sets on her eyes
Collapses on a landscape
Filled with neon butterflies

The Devil wears
A bracelet made of bronze
She offers me calligraphy
And puts the kettle on
Out on Commercial Drive
It's growin' dark
The rest is rust
And stardust
In a vacant
Arctic Heart

Don't bury me Very far From where you'll be

Emily
No don't bury me
Very far
From where you'll be
Emily
Emily

The devil has
A hundred thousand names
These are girls
Who look like you
But only when it rains
So when I'm on the highway
Of the Lord
I have to take a shortcut
To the one that I adored

Don't bury me
Very far
From where you'll be
Emily
Don't let them bury me
Very far
From where you'll be
Emily
Emily
Sweet Emily

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