

Kate Miller-Heidke

"The Devil Wears A Suit"

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End of october, suns fallen over
Wolves on the street
Wolves on the street
Roaming howling

Smoking in the distance
Strangers are calling
Paid for your time, paid
Your time boy
Hold on hold on
Oh

He's not underground
He's not in the air
He's not in that book
You take everywhere

The devil wears a suit
He lives in our town
He lives on our street
In your home, in your bed

Ä,,ren't you the bright one?
Aren't you the trooper?
Where did you go
Where have you ben son

Talking in circle, points of
Confusion
Who needs a hug? who needs
A hug then?
You do you do
Oh
House of your friendly local
Accomplice
Shoes at the door, shoes at
The door please
Mind your secrets

Out in the garden
Under the elk weed

Ribs in the firt ribs in a
Dirt heap
Silence, silence

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