

Portugal. The Man "The Devil"

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If his patience had it's way with that lie I caught him in,
Would they send him back to Texas; weathered face
and crooked grin.
Where they sing, "Eeee." Oh!

Drives up to the next seat and onto the roots.
Drinking up the village,
And, drinking a little more
Eeee. Oh!

Found you the bed with a hammer by your side.
Sleeping out the day
Well, it's pounding on your head.
Where they sing, "Eeee." Oh!

There's movement in the air
Just above the neck.
Bodies overturned
And its been like this for days
Well, they sing, "Eeee."
Oh!

Bring him back, motherfucker.
Bring him back, motherfucker.
Bring him back, motherfucker.
To the door, motherfucker.

Devil had its way with that lie I caught him in, would
they send you back, send you back, send you back?

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