

Frankie Rose

"The Devil's Real"

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The devil ain't a legend, the devil's real
In the empty way he touched me, where I hardly feel
In the empty hole inside me, the nothing that'll ride
Me
Down into my grave, it does not heal
Nothing is as something, it'll suck you dry
As the whisper you can hardly hear that tells you why.

They told me "You ain't got no problems, you're self-
Deceived"
These seeming contradictions, well they make believe
It was then that I decided my life was being guided
By a second-rate dependence on first-class thieves
They told me I was breaking through, I was breaking
Down
By the time I learned the difference they had long left
Town.

You know that they ain't so malicious, they ain't mean
They're just vaguely well-intentioned with no love I've
Seen
And it's the emptiness that kills you, cold comfort
That'll fill you
With a sense of dread that maybe things are worse
than
They seem
They don't tell you nothing you don't already know
They just keep holding out the promise but they don't
Let go
You know they don't let go.

Well, it was hard luck and trouble, bad times too
I know I had 'em coming, but I got through
It was advice that you gave me in a dream that saved
me
You said "Get a new life contract that spells out your
Dues."
Took good will to find it, a clear conscience to sign
It
Now I dream about the good times and it all comes
true.

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