

## **Chris Smither**

# **"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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