

## That Ole Devil Called Love

Alison Moyet

It's that ole devil called love again,  
Gets behind me and keeps giving me the shove again,  
Putting rain in my eyes, tears in my dreams,  
And rocks in my heart.

It's that sly ole son of a gun again,  
He keeps telling me, I'm the lucky one again.  
But I still have that rain, still have those tears,  
And those rocks in my heart.

S'pose I didn't stay - ran away - didn't play,  
The devil what a potion, he would brew.

He'd follow me around, build me up, tear me down,  
Till I'll be so bewildered, I wont know what to do.  
Might as well, give up the fight again.  
I know darn well, he'll convince me, that he's right again.  
When he sings that sorry song, I'm just gonna tag along,  
With that ole devil called love.

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