

# Speak Of The Devil

Jackyl

As the devil beats his wife tonight  
All hell is breaking loose  
Across a blackened sky  
And it makes me wonder what she done  
It makes me wonder why  
Did she forget to make his bed?  
Did she burn his dinner bread (why)?  
Did she mix his drink too strong?  
What did she do so God damn wrong (why)?

Speak of the devil, hey mister devil speak to me  
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Out of the frying pan into the fire  
Out of me this devil jumps again  
As the little one looks on to see his daddy  
Growing horns here in this devil's den  
Thunder rolls across the sky  
Lightning strikes then goodbye (again)

I never meant to be the bearer of bad news  
Out of the mouths of babes comes the truth I lose  
Speak of the devil, look what I have done  
Look what I have done [x3]