

# The Devil Wears A Suit

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End of October, sun's fallen over  
Wolves on the street, wolves on the street  
Roaming, howling

Smoke in the distance, strangers are calling  
Paid for your time, paid for your time boy  
Hold on, hold on

Oh  
He's not underground, he's not in the air  
He's not in that book you take everywhere  
The devil wears a suit  
He lives in our town, he lives on our street  
In your home, in your bed

Aren't you the bright one? Aren't you the trooper?  
Where did you go? Where have you been son?  
Nowhere, with no one

Talking in circles, point of confusion  
Who needs a hug? Who needs a hug then?  
You do, you do

Oh  
He's not underground, he's not in the air  
He's not in that book you take everywhere  
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In your home, in your home, in your bed

House of your friendly local accomplice  
Shoes at the door, shoes at the door please  
Mind your secrets

Out in the garden, under the elk weed  
Ribs in the dirt, ribs in a dirt heap  
Silence, silence

Oh  
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The devil wears a suit (3x)