

## Devices

Kathryn Williams

If i was left to my own devices  
I wouldn't go out in the rain  
If i was in a room with all of my vices  
You'd never see me again  
You sing 'cause you're loosing  
The last threads of night  
There's no time for dancing  
But maybe you might

The sort of song you sing on sundays  
Could be as down as rain  
The things i do to get to see you  
The random hanging 'round on trains  
You sing 'cause you're loosing  
The last threads of night  
There's no time for dancing  
But maybe you might  
Pick your three favourite roll necks  
And catch the next flight  
But you won't