

# The Devil in Stitches

Bad Religion

Angels fall down without warning,  
Cherry lipstick on the teat of dangerous curse.  
She had a bulletproof mind and big pawn-shop eyes  
And nothing you could say would get to her.

So don't look home an an angel with a man on the seat.  
I can stump twice and make it on the way.  
We'll tap every last drop until that feeling stops  
And let the Devil come join us dancing.

Across that yellow sun.  
We'll run.  
Because the Devil in Stitches only has his fun  
Performing for the Chosen One.

We can run.

She was living on the edge of a knife.  
His head was filled with restless ghosts.  
It's so easy to love a bringer of destruction.  
She said, "Darling, I love you madly."

Like teeth-stained cheeks behind your shattered window,  
Praying for a song to save her life.  
I had a paperback crime running straight down my spine,  
So let the Devil come join us dancing.

Across that yellow sun.  
We'll run,  
While the Devil in Stitches goes and has his fun  
Performing for the Chosen One.

We can run  
While in the street,  
Like a formal procession  
Of love and deceit.

I will carry hope  
Like a body from the wreckage.  
Issue punch-drunk cupids,  
Knocking out of the senses.

I know we drove it onto the brink.  
That's where they stood and looked out,  
But then he made a decision.  
That's where they made a division.

Declaring war on the weather,  
I'll act like crying forever.  
So come on and sing,  
Sing hallelujah right now.