

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]