

# Speak Of The Devil

Kevin Fowler

Heaven sent an angel to me to save me from lots of misery  
She seemed to fall right out of the sky  
I caught her here in my arms

Well, life was really peachy, things were really keen  
All of a sudden, that old gal got mean  
Wings fell off, she started turning red  
And that old, broken halo fell right off of her head

Yeah, speak of the devil, here she comes  
Yeah, she's got this poor boy on the run  
Oh, I'd swear she's got horns and a tail  
A pitchfork and a book of spells  
Speak of the devil, here she comes  
And here I go

Fallen angels fell from grace  
They kicked her out of that heavenly place  
She was raisin' hell and breakin' all the rules  
Tellin' lies, breakin' hearts, bein' mean and cruel

But now, she's down here on Earth  
Doin' the devil's dirty work  
Stealin' the soul of every man she can find  
Sweet lips, pretty eyes, oh, they were a thin disguise  
My little angel was a devil all along

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Yeah, she's got this poor boy on the run  
Oh, I'd swear she's got horns and a tail  
A pitchfork and a book of spells  
Speak of the devil, here she comes  
And here I go

Tryin' to duck, tryin' to dodge, tryin' to shake her  
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, I can't escape her  
She's everywhere I go, she knows my every move  
Oh, I know I'm bound to lose

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Speak of the, speak of the, speak of the devil, here she comes  
Speak of the, speak of the, speak of the devil, here she comes  
Speak of the, speak of the, speak of the devil, here she comes  
Speak of the devil, here she comes  
And here I go