

## Devil's Work

Miike Snow

The blind here are so sharp and they cut  
The light from a primitive sun  
You know I really wanted her  
Society thinks so highly now  
This hotel I vomited on  
Before I lost the sight of her

My man, he quietly closes the door  
Now the pharaoh is woken  
My hands, I feel like I've been here before  
She has already spoken  
Anyway

There's no reason to get hurt  
You don't need to sell your shirt  
To do the devil's work

You've finally found your place  
You know it always works  
You know it always works

I saw someone who looked like you on  
The platform at (unknown) station  
But from a younger era

The lights in the bell house were still on  
We all need somebody to love  
Beauty clothe the naked

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