

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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