Up The Devil's Pay

Old 97's

I'm gonna tend a bad fire until you come around
I'd sing you real live love songs
If I could get the feeling down

I want to make you happy but the devil's out my way
So I'll just pack up everything
Roll it out and up the devil's pay

I want to cause a bad scene
But I gotta change my ways
I want to hear your sound again
I want to see you 'round someday

I want to make you happy
But the devil's out my way
So I'll just pack up everything
Roll it out and up the devil's pay

and it seems no one can comfort me
To take me from this station where I'm at
Cause the things I love are leaving me
And it's taken every single piece
It's a grade-A mess and it's cutting teeth
It's a big black wind that's blowing back of me

I'm gonna roll up everything into a big red sun
Boil til the room's insane
Wave my rattles on and on

I want to make you happy but the devil's out my way
So I'll just pack up everything
Roll it out and up the devil's pay