

The Devil's Waltz

The Wallflowers

These men down in the water they are not lost
There's poison in the arrows that come across
No you don't leave your post at any cost
There's more than just bottles washing up on the rocks

And your idle hands are what he wants
Your songs of pity are the devil's waltz
They are the devil's waltz
The devil's waltz

Need a busload of faith and a healer's touch
A whole lot of feel to know the work from the luck
The future's wide open just not wide enough
It ain't any wonder these kids are still getting drunk

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