

# Bachman-Turner Overdrive, She's a Devil

You're invited to join the procession  
There is someone I'd like you to meet  
She looks like she might be for hire  
But you won't find her out in the street  
Her hair is the color of mine  
And she's spending the night beside me  
Could this be my mind? Am I dreaming?  
Or maybe, I got you really  
She's a Devil  
She's desire  
She's an Angel  
I'm on fire  
I found in my life there were others  
But no one so equal it seems  
And you stand at the edge of my heaven  
But her fingertips pulsing to me  
Her hair is the color of mine  
And she's spending the night beside me  
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Or maybe, I got you really  
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She's desire  
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