

Emily Jane White, The Demon

If there was a demon would you hold her?

And be a nurse by her side?

I'll take a corset of your words,

Tie them up high, and bind them.

You seem like you've always been,

Wrote a book that's already been read,

And if there was a beast would you hold him?

And be a doctor by his side?

He'll take the drugs that you've stolen,

You'll be drunk on electric wine.

Oh this town you've never seen before,

There's always big guns at your door,

The sentiment of class is blood born,

I'd like to write a song for you,

With arms wide open the way I do,

And I'd like to tell the truth to you,

Shot through the chest the way I do.

If there was a demon would you hold her?

And be a nurse by her side?

I'll take a corset of your words,

tie them up high and bind them.