

Grant Lee Buffalo, Demon Called Deception

I'm in tight with a demon called Deception
It's alright he's a treating me quite well
I'm in tight with a demon called Deception
He's right beside me when I fail

To whisper words like brother nothin' here is any good
See the birds they're a dropping like a star Wormwood
And all I wanted was a little patch of green
We were peasants and the cotton was our king

And in the fields till I sing a prisoner's song
Well Deception whistles right along
Right along

Charlie sang for a pocket full of pills
While Deception was a clickin' his high heels
We're in tight playing seven one night stands
And Deception made me as I am

As I am
As I am
As I am
As I am
I'm in tight
I'm in tight
I'm in tight

Truth is I'm in tight
I barely saw the light
Just as it clicked in
Something saved my skin
Something saved my skin