

Murder City Devils, Idle Hands

It coulda been any boy, it
It coulda been any girl
I'm glad it was me
I'm glad it was you

Met a girl from Austin, Dallas
Met a girl I won't soon forget her
Sat down to write her a letter
I wrote this song instead

These idle hands
They do the devils work
These idle hands
They do a whole lot worse
These idle hands
They do the devils work
These idle hands
They do a whole lot worse
A whole lot worse

I bet you got a boy
Back in Austin, baby
But I'm not asking
But I'm not asking

These idle hands
They do the devils work
These idle hands
They do a whole lot worse
These idle hands
They do the devils work
These idle hands
They do a whole lot worse
A whole lot worse

Met a girl from Austin, Dallas
Met a girl from Austin, Dallas
Met a girl I won't soon forget

It coulda been any boy
It coulda been any girl
I'm glad it was me
I'm glad it was you

These idle hands
They do the devils work
These idle hands
They do a whole lot worse
These idle hands
They do the devils work
These idle hands
They do a whole lot
Worse