

Will Wakefield, The Devil Has Me Tonight

slept on a mattress, on her floor
my friends passing out, face down by the door
He say's mama always told me to eat my greens,
I'd rather smoke em if it was up to me, as I
walked to the bathroom, my feet stick to the floor

Alcohol spilled everywhere
I look into the mirror
and I ask myself if I had a good time
crashing with the devil tonight

asked for a light, who would of known,
took my arm and we danced alone
never would have guessed she was eight years my senior
never would have guessed that I could please her
walk in the bathroom, syringes clutter the floor

Alcohol spilled everywhere
I look into the mirror
and I ask myself if I had a good time
sleeping with the devil tonight □ gotta get away...
I gotta get away...
I gotta get away...
I gotta get away... but I just can't...

sometimes everything seems like a dream
as habits progress, my body screams
pills and smiles, cake and wine
somebody told me these were good times

wake up in the bathroom, my face pressed to the floor
I look up at the sky, and I see a door
I reach for it, I am so close,
I reach for it, just let me go

Alcohol spilled everywhere
I look at myself through the cracks in the mirror
I keep telling myself, keep saying I had a good time
but I've lost my grip, and I say in truth, the devil
has me tonight...