

Devil On My Shoulder

Bliss n Eso

I'm trying to shoot the devil off my shoulder
I'mma burn this bridge as soon as I get over
Baby I can see it in your eyes when I hold ya
So I gotta kill the devil

Yo, check it
I got a bullet for the devil, and that is the truth
You won't believe who he is until he's actually you
Reaching out for anything to use as an excuse
When my mother passed, all I knew was smashing the booze
Now my bands on the rise but Vic Bitter got me rude
A loose cannon when I'm hammered, tryna bicker with my crew
A head full of anger got me trapped when I drink
Ten years, a case a day, how's that for a binge?
And the music industry's a constant celebration
Caught up, but we don't see the hell we're facing
And the flames only grow once your name's getting known
Now everybody's backstage shit-faced at your show
And I wanted the right route, but nobody showed me
If I knew then what I know now man I'd blown up the pokies
Give back the free beer so Max can see clear
I gave it all up and I ain't look back in three years
And it's the best thing I've ever done
I told the devil run
I blew his head off my shoulder, now who's the clever cunt?
They're just a memory, those days of acting crazy
I put them all behind me for my lady and our baby
And underneath the bridge is where my mother lay in peace
I buried those ashes next to my mother's favourite tree
Surprised I'm alive as I leave her a candle
I'm a work in progress, trying to lead by example, yo

'M trying to shoot the devil off my shoulder
I'mma burn this bridge as soon as I get over
Baby I can see it in your eyes when I hold ya
So I gotta kill the devil
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil (devil)
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil (devil)
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil, yes I
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil

Man, this game can be fucked up
No for real, man this game can fucking nuts
And I've been cooped up in this bus for a couple months
Bro I tell you man, it fucking sucks
But hey, haha, let's rock and fucking roll baby
Another day another show I gotta go baby
Another plane it takes a toll but it's all gravy
Because I'm rose-tinted, sipping on that Rosé
We live a life where every day's a celebration
A Garden of Eden with every temptation
So honestly if you were in my spot right
Would you be swept up by the fame and the spotlight?
(Spotlight, spotlight, spotlight, spotlight)
'Cause every night it's a party
It kicks off the moment I get on stage
(And God damn you're the mother fucking man right)

You're damn right this fame'll get you anything you damn like
So, after the show, it's the after-party
And after the party, it's the hotel lobby
And after the lobby, I'm sloppy tomorrow
I'll be sorry, a zombie, yep there goes Jonny
On and on and on, that's the circus every night show
But you don't see the devil underneath the tight-rope
Throwing bitches beers and bongs like they alley-oops
Screaming "Slam 'em, Johnny, fucking values"
It's poison, binge drinking is just standard
But you can't nail goals when you're hammered
Put my career in the mirror and I wonder, huh
Is this rockstar living or just fucking up?
And Macka, I'm fucking proud of you brother
It couldn't be any rougher on that road to recover
And now you got through the withdrawals, lord knows!
Stuck in a 50 degree Afganistan warzone
That's G shit so I pay homage
Now you bet I got a bullet with the devil's name on it
I right these wrongs as I write this song
I wanna right these wrongs as my life goes on

Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil (devil)
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil (devil)
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil, yes I
Got a bullet for the devil, for the devil
Bang bang, bang bang, bang bang
Bang bang I got a devil for the devil
Bang bang, bang bang, bang bang
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