

The Devil Wears A Suit

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End of October, sun's fallen over
Wolves on the street, wolves on the street
Roaming, howling

Smoke in the distance, strangers are calling
Paid for your time, paid for your time boy
Hold on, hold on

Oh
He's not underground, he's not in the air
He's not in that book you take everywhere
The devil wears a suit
He lives in our town, he lives on our street
In your home, in your bed

Aren't you the bright one? Aren't you the trooper?
Where did you go? Where have you been son?
Nowhere, with no one

Talking in circles, point of confusion
Who needs a hug? Who needs a hug then?
You do, you do

Oh
He's not underground, he's not in the air
He's not in that book you take everywhere
The devil wears a suit
He lives in our town, he lives on our street
In your home, in your home, in your bed

House of your friendly local accomplice
Shoes at the door, shoes at the door please
Mind your secrets

Out in the garden, under the elk weed
Ribbs in the dirt, ribs in a dirt heap
Silence, silence

Oh
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The devil wears a suit (3x)