

Devil On My Shoulder

Orla Gartland

Think I've had enough
I must find my way
I've fallen off the edge to find that I've gone blind
You're leading me astray
You haunt me like a ghost
And that scares me the most

There you are the devil on my shoulder
Smiling as the flames are growing colder
How can I believe in what I have?
For a little confidence I'll grab
But when my hand goes out don't take it
For I'm trying to make it
On my own

I feel it in my bones
Any minute now
This train of thought will leave the station
My impatience,
Will come out to play
You've turned out to be, the only face I see

There you are the devil on my shoulder
Smiling as the flames are growing colder
How can I believe in what I have?
For a little confidence I'll grab
But when my hand goes out don't take it
For I'm trying to make it
On my own

- ooown
Running through the empty hallways I can tell that I am not alone
You spin a web in every room and try to break the backbone that I've
grown
Will I make my own path or wander where I'm thrown
Will I make my own path or wander where I'm thrown

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Will I make my own path or wander where I'm thrown
Will I make my own path or,
Wander where I'm thrown