

Satan Pulls the Strings

The Avett Brothers

Baby's in the cradle, Mama's in the bed
Sparrow's on the windowsill and the devil's in my head.
Devil's in my head mama, devil's in my head
Baby's in the cradle and the devil's in my head

When the winter yields to summertime
The whip-poor-will she sings
My heart is in the puppet box and Satan pulls the strings
Satan pulls the strings mama, Satan pulls the strings
My heart is in the puppet box and Satan pulls the strings

Well the front beat's in my brother, Lord
And the back beat's in me
God is in the song and the devil's in my feet
Lord, devil's in our feet, mama devil's in our feet
God is in the song and the devil's in our feet

Mama's cooking something up, serving to us all
Satan's ringing in now and I gotta take the call
Gotta take the call, boys, gotta take the call
Satan's ringing in now and I gotta take the call
Gotta take the call, boys, gotta take the call
Satan's ringing in now and I gotta take the call