



The Devil's Out of Fashion

by Richard Lewis

The devil's out of fashion, he sports a pork pie hat
Climbs inside my mind of clay, what d'you think of that?
He's just a faker, making trouble, muttering away
I tell him, "come back tomorrow, please don't come today."

The devil's out of fashion, he shuns the latest craze
The need to preen his ego, was just a passing phase
Just don't fall for all those stories, you'll get your fingers burnt
Remember, there's no right or wrong, just lessons to be learnt

The devil's out of fashion, he wears a ragged coat
His soul is holed and threadbare, he'll grab you by the throat
Reel you in and spit you out, deception is his trade
He'll own you and dethrone you, as he slowly turns the blade

The devil's out of fashion, he walks in dead man's shoes
Arresting all the best refrains, always sings the blues
He's there upon the midnight stair, to scorn these guilty lines
So they come back to haunt me, before it's supper time

The devil's out of fashion, Satan has no style
But he'll charm and disarm you, with his wicked smile
He was borne a spoiler, a joker north and south
His mad hat, fiendish punch lines, will smack you in the mouth

The devil's out of fashion, he wears a crumpled suit
For fun he'll drag you under, with his heavy leaden boot
Now cracks are growing wider, and time is running out
"But how much time d'you need, he asks, I'll give you one more shout."