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Vintage - Lyrics by Louis Marshall Gould and music and performance by the excellent Nille Qwaford
the devil in me

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ARN85EmGPkE>

I'm told that water seeks its own level
And sometimes so does the devil in me
Days go by and I wonder why
I can't find a pass to paradise
That would be nice
A round trip ticket to be there twice
Silk tapestries and mastery
In something that will last
A lifetime through and cleanse my bleedin' past
Songbirds on my moonlit balcony
Whistle a merry tune
While I'm measuring coffee
And brown sugar by the tablespoon
I'm told that water seeks its own level
And sometimes so does the devil in me
Lightning Bolts and thundering skies
Out my window light up the night
There's a highway I am traveling
As my fate is unraveling before my eyes
Trees that talk and books
That walk over to my leather arm chair
Open themselves and impart
Wisdom that feels quite so rare
Carried on angel wings the
Celestial choir starts to sing
A chant of mystery (and mastery)
As I consider the I Ching before me
I throw the coins to see what they will bring
I'm told that water seeks its own level
And sometimes so does the devil in me

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