

Unholy Thoughts

Kele

I met the devil last night
At an after-show
And then he led me in a cab
No more coke heads, no more cocaine
You're getting sloppy and someone has, someone has to say He was bad
He was bad
He was bad
He was bad I hear their thoughts now, before they speak
I feel their eyes now, goes through my soul, accusing me
We're on a park bench, bleached in the day
And these thoughts, they multiply, and one by one become unholy He was bad
He was bad
He was bad
He was bad
The mind is powerful
The mind is powerful
But it will not work
It will not work
In reverse
In reverse
In reverse
In reverse

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